

# Chatelaine

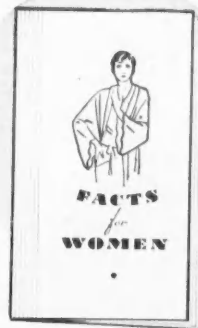
A Magazine for Canadian Women

November  
1932



10¢

In This Issue: **The Jewelled Dagger**—A Thrilling Detective Mystery by **BENGE ATLEE**



# WOMEN *must* *break down the* BARRIERS

that have been placed  
about an intimate subject  
by a generation older  
than ours . .



WOMEN today would not care to be bound by the restrictions that hedged in their mothers. Intelligent though they may have been—those women of a former generation—advanced though they may have been for their time—those women often knew fear. There was no reliable source of information for them, no safe place for them to seek the knowledge they so badly needed.

It may have been just as well. For the practice of feminine hygiene was then fraught with danger. More than knowledge was needed. There actually was no safe method to follow.

## *Why there was no safe way*

The only strong antiseptics in other days were terrible, caustic poisons. And no matter how much doctors were in sympathy with women who demanded surgical cleanliness, they could not, they would not approve the use of

poisons. Their attitude is exactly the same today. When a woman questions her physician about certain antiseptics for feminine hygiene he is likely to ask a couple of questions: Would you rinse your mouth with a solution of one of these poisons? How then *can* you apply it to the most delicate membranes of the human body?

## *Zonite removes all worry*

Naturally you would expect that modern scientific research could produce a germicide that was at once strong and safe. It could. *It has.* Many women still do not know, but it has. Look at Zonite. *This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.*

Zonite removes all cause for worry. Non-caustic, non-poisonous Zonite can never do any damage. Women are most grateful for its strength, its effectiveness—and its safety. Used for dozens of other antiseptic purposes besides

feminine hygiene. No embarrassment, therefore, about it. Bottles cost 30c, 60c and \$1.00.

## *Intimate information book*

Every woman wants to have all possible information. She can never be sure about the advice she gets from friends. However, she need have no fear regarding anything in "Facts for Women." She will really know all when she has finished reading. Might have been daring a few years ago. Not today. It is free. Send coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste Therese, P.Q.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women  
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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**Testing Ground**  
of a  
**Nation's Roads**  
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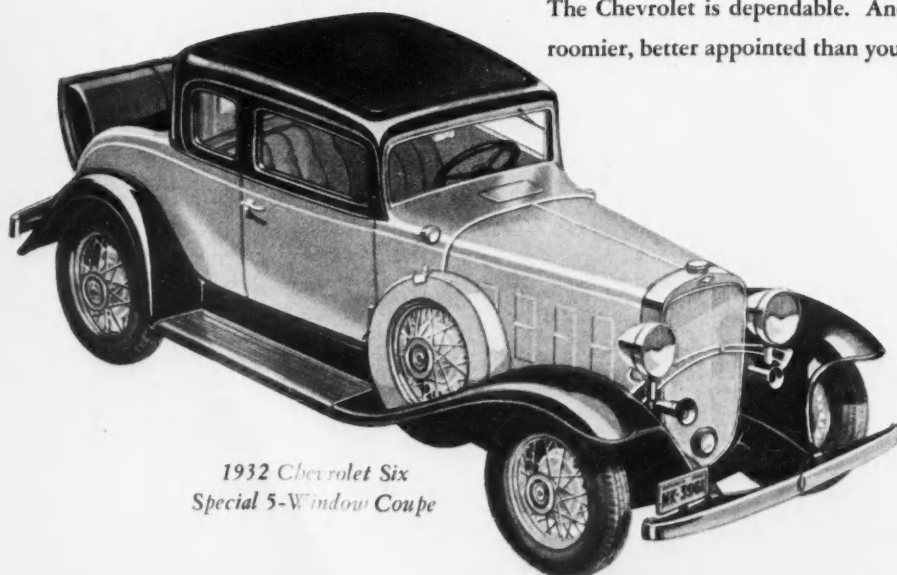
"AN ONTARIO SIDE ROAD"—From a painting by Fred H. Brigden, O.S.A.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND owners of low-priced cars throughout Canada were invited recently to tell what they thought was Chevrolet's most important story. Like a recurrent theme through the thousands of entries received was this conviction—*Chevrolet leadership is based on the goodwill of the men and women who have tested the Chevrolet Six in millions of miles of driving.*

The Chevrolet Six you buy today is a proved car; proved on the hard testing ground of a nation's roads and byways to the satisfaction of thousands of your fellow-Canadians. It has won acknowledgment today as the Great Canadian Value.

The Chevrolet is dependable. And it is smarter, roomier, better appointed than you ever supposed

a car of its price could be—because it is the only one with that fine-car feature—Fisher bodies. It handles with an ease and safety that give you perfect confidence, because it is the only low-priced car with that matchless driving combination—quick, quiet, easy Syncro-Mesh gear-shift and Simplified Free Wheeling. It is the only car to combine unequalled economy with smooth, quiet, restful, multi-cylinder operation. It is available in a wide variety of modish, spacious body styles. And to top it all, Chevrolet delivered prices compare with those of the cheapest car you can buy! Point out these Chevrolet advantages when the family council is considering what car to buy. You can be as firm about them as you like, for the facts have been gathered from thousands and thousands of satisfied owners!



1932 Chevrolet Six  
Special 5-Window Coupe

**CHEVROLET**  
**SIX**

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*There is a Chevrolet Dealer Near You to Serve You.*



**"IT'S A  
FAMILY SECRET  
... about teeth"**

**I**T'S something like the family skeleton—you simply do not talk about it to outsiders. A generation ago it was different, but nowadays many people really feel a keen humiliation when they lose a tooth—even after the gap has been filled by a dentist's skill.

*Lost Teeth—and Humiliation*

There is a peculiar hurt connected with the admission that you are losing your teeth. It looks like advancing age, although it may not be. It looks like lack of personal care, although by this we mean more than tooth-brushing. You may brush your teeth scrupulously clean, but that will not keep out the dreaded pyorrhea disease. For pyorrhea is *not* tooth trouble.

It is *gum* trouble. That is what maddens people about pyorrhea. They lose *sound* teeth. Only a dentist can detect pyorrhea in its early stages. So check up with your dentist twice a year. He dreads this gum disease, so familiar to him, so hard to fight. He prefers to *prevent* pyorrhea from getting a hold on your gums rather than to go through the long battle against the loss of teeth.

*Use a Pyorrhea Specialist's Toothpaste*

Throughout North America the name most closely connected with pyorrhea is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan. He is the dental specialist who worked twenty-six years studying this

gum disease. His special pyorrhea treatment is employed at the chair by thousands of dentists throughout the country. For home treatment, Dr. Forhan's formula is embodied in the toothpaste which bears his name.

Use Forhan's Toothpaste twice a day. Use it for both teeth and gums. Remember: Four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhea. This one disease is the actual cause of half the adult teeth which are lost.

*Avoid the Tragedy of Lost Teeth*

You *can* protect yourself against the loss of teeth. You can start this protection *today*. Get a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste. It's a big tube and lasts a long time. Forhan's will clean and polish your teeth to your complete pleasure and satisfaction. There is no finer toothpaste made. Instruct the children to use Forhan's twice a day on their teeth *and* gums. It is never too early for serious thought about teeth. See directions on package. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

## The Editor's own Page

**E**DITORS are constantly struggling to get away from piled-up desks, to wander up and down the world outside and discover what is really going on. So much in the magazine is about daily living; so many stories of struggle and triumph, of laughter and tragedy come in through the mails, that it is easy for an editor to get too immersed in these tales—both fictional and true. So, very determinedly, editors are prone to leave everything behind and try to get down to the verities of life outside.

Yet it's quite astonishing sometimes to realize how much of life comes to the desk every day, and how true a picture one can gain in the reading of stories and letters.

These days, for instance, nearly every other story, whether it's written by a famous author or by some timid soul who is dreaming over the success of her first venture—nearly every story tells of the wife who is discontented, ready to revolt; and who, through some circumstance or other, realizes her blessings and is suitably grateful.

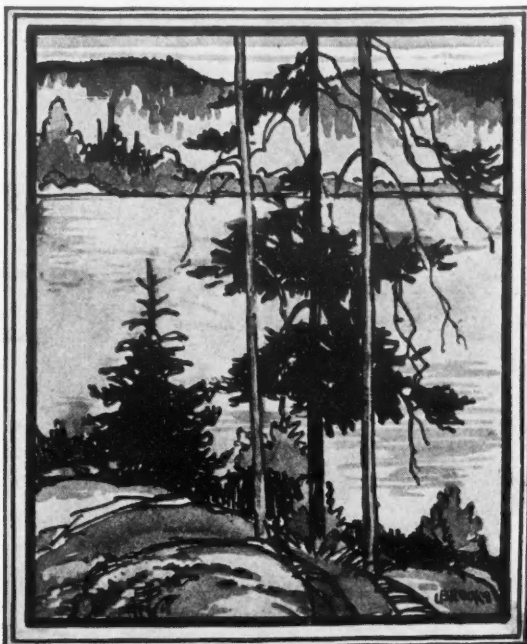
I imagine just that sort of thing is going on in thousands of women's minds in these days of new adjustments. There is so much worry, so much fear, so much adjusting to unexpected demands. Yet, in a surprising way, we seem to come out of the dark hours realizing more deeply the ineffable gifts of life that have been left in our lap, while much that is dross has been wrenched from our reluctant hands.

So too, with the fugitive verse that comes in by the score. Here women everywhere are singing of the quiet beauty of little gardens in the rain; of the sun on glinting curls; of the clasp of a man's hand at eventide; of the sweetness of hungry youngsters sitting eager-eyed round the table, waiting like noisy robins for their bowl of porridge.

With a deep realization of this spirit of quiet courage and a new vision of what are the enduring things in life, I go out into the world beyond these office walls, and find the same spirit flooding the homes everywhere. Remembrance Day will bring it deeply to mind. For can we not link more closely in memory with the spirit of those brave sons who have gone before, when we too are facing heavy odds and learning to live day by day with a courage that does not come when life goes easily?

**B**UT let me tell you something of the men and women who have contributed to this issue. First story, this month, is from the Maritimes, which have in Dr. H. B. Atlee another notably successful writer. Bengé Atlee lives in Halifax, and has made a popular success with his detective stories. This month he brings a new character into being—Sarah Greer, the big-hearted, hard-headed woman lawyer. "The Jewelled Dagger" is a first-rate mystery story; and since there have been many requests for something of this type—well, we all hope you like it.

A vivid change from the dramatic, sensational nature of "The Jewelled Dagger" is Constance Nicholson Lea's homey little story "The Bond," which will bring a glow of sympathetic understanding, I believe, from every married woman who has known the problem of bringing mutual interests into the lives of two strange mothers-in-law—or "in-laws" of any kind, for that matter! Mrs. Lea is a Toronto writer who has a gift of catching the details of everyday life, and writing of them with a vitality that makes her characters very real. For part of the year, she lives in a storybook house with her



family, in a curving valley where fragrant hyacinths, jonquils and narcissus blossom surprisingly beneath the spruce and firs of the pasture land that has been converted into a rare garden.

Florence E. Webb, who presents the saga of a newspaperman's wife, lived until recently in Saskatoon, where she contributed to the newspapers. Recently she moved east, and so can call at the office from her Toronto home for the probable abuse she will receive for her article from indignant wives.

If you are of an enquiring mind, you like to see "back stage" as much as possible; and so I hope you'll like "City Order!"—the first-hand experience of what it means to be behind the telephone in a department store. Surely, no one will read this, and then mumble their name and address or speak curtly to the gentle voice at the other end of a grocery order!

This month, Marie le Cerf gives us a whole page of Christmas handicrafts. We believe this is a unique Canadian service in *Chatelaine*, and it will solve many, many gift problems. The handicrafts are all exquisitely prepared for your working, and are sent ready to be put together.

**T**HE OTHER DAY, in poring over that interesting venture of the Women's Institute in one county in England, *The Surrey Cook Book*, I came across this delightful old recipe for a good housekeeper, which I promptly copied for you.

"To make a housekeeper—in all times—Take equal quantities of economy, industry, regularity and cleanliness; let them boil moderately together in an old-fashioned vessel called a conscience. When cool add a little spirit of authority and good humor to your taste. Cleanse your vessel well before you put in the ingredients and dip the cover in a little essence of watchfulness which will prevent them from separating. If not clear, put in a few grains of resolution, which will make it bright. It will be fit for use in two or three years, and will keep a long time and be better for age.

Be very careful in following the directions of this recipe and it will never fail."

Small need to ask the Institute to "test and approve" that recipe!

*Byrne Hope Sanders.*

Vol. VI. Toronto, November, 1932 Number 11.

H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director    Byrne Hope Sanders, Editor    George H. Tyndall, Business Manager.

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Cover painted by W. V. Chambers

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# Chateau Cheese

THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE CHEESE FAMILY

Jane Carr, a new British film star is playing in "Let Me Explain, Dear," a B. I. P. picture now being made at Elstree. She is a radiant blonde.

Here is a charming study of Anne Grey, already a popular English star, who is appearing in the British International Picture, "Arms and the Man," with Barry Jones, well known as an actor on the legitimate stage in Canada.



Box-office receipts everywhere are being broken by the riotous "Prosperity," in which Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are pugnacious mothers-in-law.

"Divorce in the Family" is a well-told story of modern family life, starring that poignant little actor, Jackie Cooper.



THERE is a good deal of infectious humor in the new British picture from the Gainsborough studios, "Jack's the Boy," and the night I saw the pre-view with a small group of others, we all laughed uproariously, although, as a rule, the constraint of a dozen people solemnly watching a picture in a tiny auditorium, just large enough to hold them, means that there is very little laughter. It's easy to laugh loudly when your laugh is drowned in that of thousands; but when it is heard in a small room, one is inclined to snicker quietly. Thus the fact that the dozen people who saw "Jack's the Boy" with me, roared with laughter, must mean that it is a very funny picture indeed.

The English know well how to laugh at themselves; and in this picture, which had an even greater success in England than "Sunshine Susie," there is a great deal of fun poked at the solemnity of the English policeman. Once you have seen Jack Hulbert as the very distinguished English "Bobby" go through his antics, you'll never feel the same about a policeman again. I am sure I will not.

It was interesting to see this humor after the chaotic madness of the Marx Brothers' latest picture, "Horse Feathers." The four Marx boys' idea of humor is mad exaggeration and rough and tumble hilarity. Jack Hulbert and his wife, Cicely Courtneidge, bring a new subtlety to

humor which, I believe will be eagerly welcomed. Audiences everywhere, resent the widespread implication of the average movie, that the public has the mind of a fourteen-year-old child. "Jack's the Boy" gives us some delicate satire, some exaggerations, and some ridiculously funny situations.

In the story, Jack Hulbert, son of one of the chiefs of the police force, enters the force secretly as a policeman, in order to show his father what he can do. We see him walking pompously on point duty, and breaking into a cleverly ludicrous dance which, personally, will make me watch every policeman I see. For I have the feeling, after watching Hulbert slide into pomposity again when any one looks at him, that every policeman will break into tap-dancing the moment my back is turned.

Cicely Courtneidge his wife, is a clever "pantomimist," and as the proprietress of Loch Lomond, a Scotch restaurant, she teams with Jack Hulbert in his adventures, and has many opportunities for real humor. The final sequences in which these two try to capture and identify a thief in Madame Tussaud's will delight those who have seen these famous waxworks, as well as the rest of us.

Some exceedingly clever dancing, a couple of catchy tunes, photography that is far ahead of anything that has yet been done in England, make "Jack's the Boy" another triumph for English pictures.

And, by the way, there's interesting news to hand of the new pictures coming this way from England. Don't miss "The Faithful Heart." It's a well told story that I think you can't help enjoying. Renate Muller, the "Sunshine Susie" girl, is coming in "Marry Me," a musical comedy written about a matrimonial agency story . . . "The Man from Toronto," the famous stage comedy is being filmed and should be released early in the new year. A number of the Edgar Wallace thrillers are being [Continued on page 49]



Jack Hulbert and his wife, Cicely Courtneidge are hilariously funny in the new English comedy, "Jack's the Boy." Every one remembers Hulbert from "Sunshine Susie" and "The Ghost Train"



# The Jewelled Dagger

*We present a brilliant new character in detective fiction, Sarah Greer, the woman lawyer, who had, in this case, one of the most baffling mysteries to solve*

by  
BENGE ATLEE

**S**HE was a splendid old wreck, Sarah Greer—this woman lawyer who stood addressing the jury toward the close of a long heat-ridden afternoon. Tall, wide-shouldered, broad in the beam, for sixty years she had carried a heart large as God's heaven and open like heaven's gate to all human need and suffering. The poor, stricken, life-torn, bedraggled creature in the prisoner's box, a woman who had stolen to keep life in her children's bodies, was one of an untold army she had defended.

She stood there now—Sarah Greer against the world—Sarah Greer against a world of men and man-made laws—fighting for this poor creature. With every weapon at her command, a voice that went to the heart, eyes that pierced the pretensions of twelve haphazard jurors, and her capacity to act a part, she would have made a magnificent Lady Macbeth.

When finally she sat down, there was a silence that even his lordship could not break for a moment—a tribute to her triumph over men's spirits. It was twenty minutes later, when the jury were coming back with an acquittal, that the court policeman tiptoed to the table where she sat fanning herself with a brief cover and whispered:

"You're wanted right away at your office, Miss Greer."

One of the young lawyers gave her a lift downtown. As she entered the outer office on the third floor of the Tramway Building, the little old man in the alpaca coat who had been writing something in a ledger at the high desk at which he stood, turned and said:

"Ah!"

This was Ambrose J. Moody. He was a neat little

gentleman of her own generation, with a drooping walrus mustache and mild, bluish eyes. He had a faithful, dog-like air. In the breasts of most rugged males, he excited something between pity and derision, though deserving of neither.

He advanced toward her rubbing his hands together. "Acquittal?"

"What the devil else did you expect?" she grunted back. "You sent for me?"

"Mrs. Samuel Rudolf—she has rung twice in the last half hour. Wants you urgently—very urgently I should say. Quite upset over something."

"Humph!" muttered Sarah. "Hysterical as usual! It's probably noth—"

The insistent ring of a telephone bell broke in on her cynicism. She picked up the desk receiver. "Sarah Greer speaking! . . . Oh? . . . What's biting you today, Lucy? That husband of yours—*what?* . . . Great Calamity! . . . Of course I will! . . . Right away! . . . Hold everything and shun hysteria till I get there!"

Jamming down the receiver she swung on her clerk. "Trouble this time, all right. Her sister Jane has just killed herself."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ambrose.

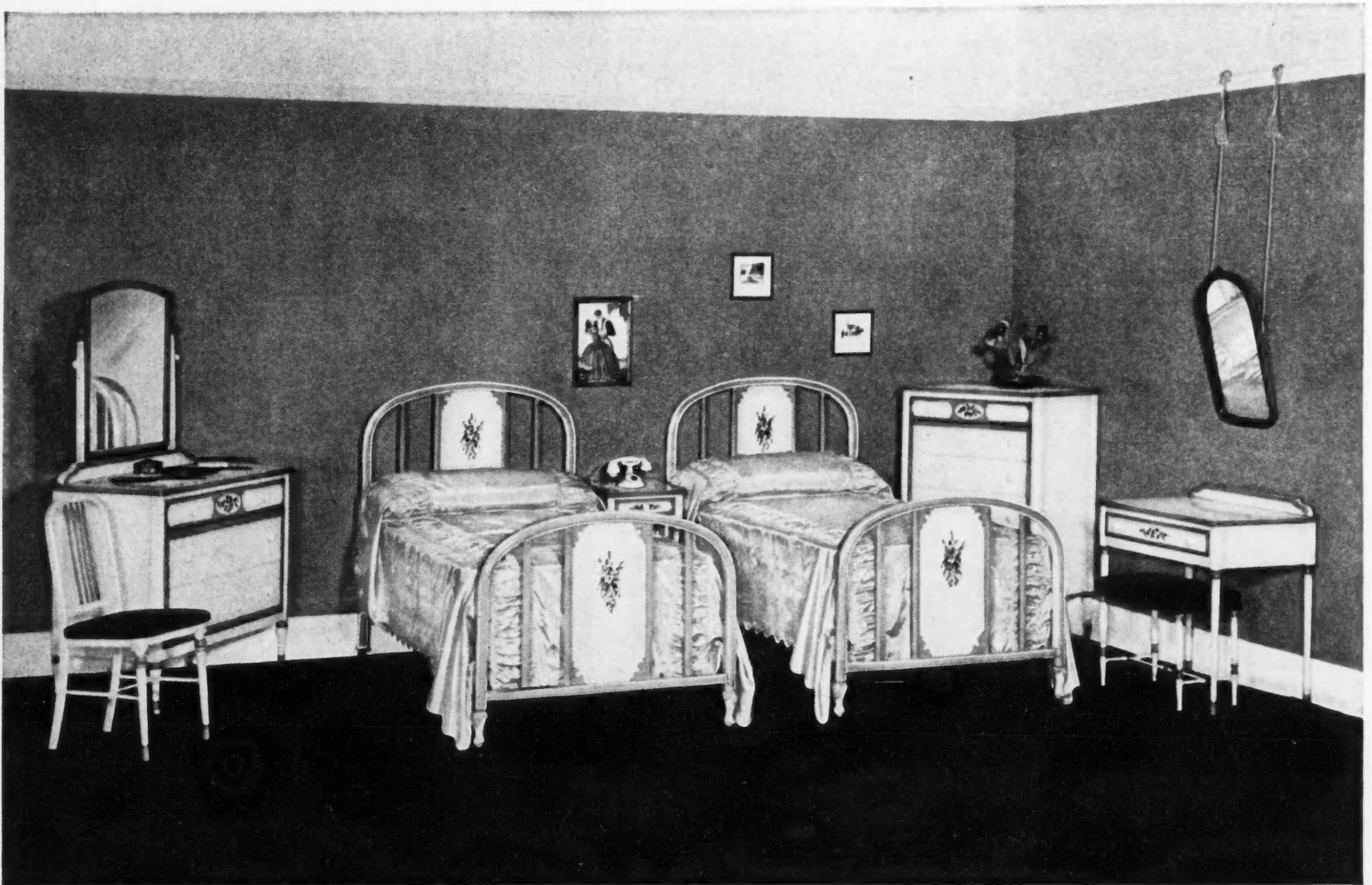


*Sarah Greer, was against the world of men and man-made laws. Tall, wide-shouldered, for sixty years she had carried a heart as large as God's heaven. Yet she was a lawyer many people learned to fear.*

SIMMONS  
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**D**EVELOPED by Simmons designers and craftsmen for the bedroom beautiful, Graceline brings you everything you have ever desired in furniture . . . in a new and unusual way.

Eminent interior decorators salute it as the new vogue in furniture. For Graceline has convinced even the most conservative among them, that warmth, artistic colour and grace and that indefinable something called charm, can be interpreted in metal. An inspection of the beautiful suites now on display with leading home furnishers, will convince the most skeptical home-lover just as thoroughly.

Every piece of furniture needed in the bedroom is included in Graceline . . . dressers, chiffoniers, vanity tables, night tables, chairs, benches . . . and of course, beds. They can be chosen en suite, or individually to match the Simmons beds you are now so proud of. Graceline . . . the new vogue in bedroom furniture . . . is offered in the widest range of finishes. You can choose any one of a dozen dainty pastel colours or a natural wood finish with perfectly matched grainings.

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Illustrated by  
JACK KEAY

*Did Jane really kill herself?  
The case seemed absolutely  
clear, until Sarah Greer—  
the enthralling new heroine,  
began to ask questions. How  
would you have solved the  
mystery?*

*"Now will you believe it,  
doubting Thomas!" Sarah  
hissed in Ambrose's ear.  
"They're there for what I fished  
up—or I'm the hind leg of a  
donkey. Esther must have told  
them I was suspicious!"*

part that she was moved to enquire: "Looking for trout?" He swung sharply on her, stung beyond endurance. "Lookit, Miss Greer, I don't like the way you're wise-crackin'! This ain't the time for it. We're enquirin' into a death."

"Glad you reminded me," she muttered. "Mightn't 've known."

He let out a grunt of exasperation, plunged down the slope toward the house. When she reached the bottom, he was talking to Sam Rudolf, making arrangements for the coroner to view the body. A few minutes later, with a bare grunt in her direction, he stepped into the police car and backed out into the hill road.

THE others were still in the living room. Though taut with curiosity, none of them seemed to be able to ask the question that urged for utterance. In reply to his wife's imploring glance Sam Rudolf said: "The coroner'll be over shortly. We'll know something definite when he's through."

"I'd like to get a few things straight," Sarah said, "Jane left the house for William's Lake around four o'clock—that right?"

Sam Rudolf thought it might have been a little before four.

"And the chauffeur found her up there somewhere around five?"

They nodded their heads.

"Where were you people during that time?"

Did she imagine it—or was it a tremor of uneasiness that passed through them? Sam Rudolf asked gruffly: "What's that got to do with it, Sarah?"

"I don't know," the old fox came back. "I'm taking it you sent for me for my legal advice. I'm simply asking you

questions that'll be put to you at the inquest. You might call this a rehearsal."

Tom Langford laughed in his fatuous way: "For a minute I thought you—" and suddenly, realizing what he was saying, he shut up.

"You thought I suspected you of murder? That what you were going to say, Tom?" Sarah snapped at him.

"Sarah!" gasped Lucy Rudolf in horror, her hand at her throat. "Sarah, you surely—"

"Calm yourself, girl!" the old woman grunted. Then to the others generally: "Come on, trot out your stories. We'll start with you, Sam. Where were you between four and five?"

For a moment Rudolf stared at her indecisively. Suddenly he thrust his hands into his pockets and said: "I'm hanged if I see the necessity of this! It's too harrowing! Especially for Lucy and Esther. Their own sister—"

"I agree!" Langford cut in quickly, not to be outdone in husbandry.

BUT Jack Brennan, who was sitting on the chesterfield beside Esther Langford, leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. "This isn't getting us anywhere," he said, in his quiet, slightly husky voice. "Jane's dead. Sarah only wants to clear up the circumstances. It's much better for us to face the inquest with stories that hold together than be caught napping with uncertainties that'll make things more painful than they are. Better to get it over at once."

"Sometimes," Sarah said, gazing at him in a solemn, motherly way, "I think the angels still have hopes for you, Jack Brennan." She swung toward Rudolf: "Let's carry on from there. Spill it, Sam!"

"All right," he growled, flinging himself into a big,

overstuffed chair. "I went over to the Saraguay Club shortly after Jane left. Got back about a quarter to five. I met you on the terrace then, didn't I, Jack?"

"That's right," Brennan agreed.

"Anybody see you at the Saraguay?"

"Of course! Mrs. Harley Morrison, Jennie Stewart and her kids, and the usual set of bridge-playing hens."

"What about you, Tom?" Sarah turned to Langford.

"Didn't arrive until after the thing was discovered," he took unctious in saying. "Came from town in my car."

"The negligible quantity as usual!" grunted Sarah, pricking the bubble of his smugness neatly. Then at Brennan: "Well?"

"I spent the time in a deck-chair on the terrace," he replied, with a slow, twisted smile. "When I wasn't sleeping I either gazed across at

Maplewood or read one of the newspapers."

"Can you prove you were there all the time?" Sarah shot at him implacably.

He hesitated oddly, staring at the pattern of the rug at his feet. "No," he answered slowly, "I can't."

Esther Langford, beside him, leaned forward as though she would speak, but bit her lip and sat back again. "Well, Esther," Sarah grunted, "where were you?"

"Asleep in my room."

"And you, Lucy?"

Lucy Rudolf's delicate eyelids quivered above her quick, restless eyes. Her smile seemed the least frozen. "I was in the swinging couch in the rose arbor—doing nothing. Dreaming, darling Sarah, just dreaming."

"Anybody see you or Esther dreaming?"

"If they did I didn't see them," Lucy replied, and Esther Langford shook her head curtly.

"Where were the servants?" Sarah rose to her feet. "I'd better find out what they know."

"The two maids are out—their afternoon off," Lucy replied. "There's just cook in."

"I'll see her and the chauffeur." As the Rudolfs rose to follow her she grunted: "Better let me do it my own way."

She found cook in the kitchen, putting the finishing touches to a cold-salad meal. "Well, Dawkins," she said, creaking down into the chair by the window, "it's a sad business."

"Awful, Miss Greer, ain't it? Give me a fair shock it did. Er so young and—"

She would have gone on, for she was garrulous as only a cockney girl can be, and had the fat credulous face of the true gossip. Sarah cut her short: "Where were you between four and five?"

"Right 'ere, mixing of a—" [Continued on page 50]

"My car's in the garage being overhauled. Gimme your keys. I'll take that rattletrap of yours."

It was evident that Ambrose hated parting with the keys. He was the proud possessor of a 1927 model, which he simonized with loving hands every Sabbath morning, and Sarah Greer was a terrible woman with a car.

"Please, Miss Sarah!" he implored. "Not faster than thirty—"

"Don't talk like an old woman!" she snapped, snatching the keys from his hand. "What's a car for but to be driven?"

She swept out of the office—a battleship going into action.

FIVE people sat waiting her in the living room of the pseudo-Tudor mansion on the west shore of the North-West Arm, and their tension seemed to lessen as her reassuring figure stumped in through the door.

"Well," she snapped at them, flinging her gauntlets on the table, "what happened?"

Lucy Rudolf swept toward her, would have laid a hand on her arm in a cloying way she had, but for the grim eyes that suddenly transfixed her. As it was she came to a somewhat irresolute halt, allowed her tear-stained face to take on that pity-me look that was so effective on the mere male, and cried:

"Oh, Sarah, it's too horrible!"

She was a dark, slim creature with a sinuous body and a narrow little face trained to wistfulness. She was, as Sarah herself had said more than once: "Just another misunderstood wife working the Delilah complex."

"Darling Jane—so young—so—" She seemed to choke genuinely over the words and Sarah swung curtly on the tall man with the dark, heavy face, and the thin black hair smeared back from a wide forehead.

"You spill it, Sam Rudolf! I can't stand here all night while Lucy elocutes!"

"She left the house about two hours ago," Sam Rudolf replied in his flat, dry voice.

Sarah glanced at her wrist-watch. It was just six o'clock.

"She said she was going to William's Lake for a walk. The chauffeur found her a few minutes after five. She was lying by the old well, with a jewelled knife stuck in—her chest."

"Whose knife?"

"Her own," Lucy Rudolf answered, with a dry sob. "She must have taken it with her. I saw it on her dressing table only this morning. Oh, Sarah, what shall we—"

"Where is she now?"

"Upstairs—in her room," Rudolf answered. "I helped the chauffeur carry her down the hill."

"Notified the police?"

"No—we wanted to get your advice first. Above everything we want to avoid a scandal, Sarah—" Sam Rudolf's dark features were creased with anxiety—"for her sake as well as our own. Is there any way in which this thing can be kept quiet—"

"Use your head, Sam!" she cut in brusquely. "If you try to cover up a thing like this it'll raise all kinds of trouble. Can't be done anyway. Send for the cops!"

"Sarah darling," wailed Lucy Rudolf, "can you do nothing—nothing?"

"Don't go off the deep end, Lucy. We all feel as badly as you do. I told you Sarah couldn't help us." It was her sister, Esther Langford who had spoken, who had moved forward and taken her by the arm.

Esther Langford had a wilful, passionate face, and might have been beautiful but for a hardness that streaked her whole physique. She dressed a taut and compact body with an ultra-smartness that heightened this effect, but lent her at the same time a somewhat vivid picturesqueness. Her husband, the man with the smooth, pink face and the white, plumed hair who stood behind her, was considerably her senior. He looked distinguished but was not.

Sarah Greer had turned to the tall, magnificently-shouldered man with the fine grey eyes who stood, sombre in spite of white flannels and thick white sweater, slightly apart. At forty Jack Brennan was still a playboy whose toys had never brought him happiness. Too much money, too little discipline; but one of those rare personages as attractive to men as to women.

She gave him a pitying, motherly smile—knowing that with the dead girl upstairs had gone his last hope of salvation. Then she turned on Lucy Rudolf: "Take me up to her."

She tried to avoid the other woman's arm, but Lucy seemed to have to have some one to cling to. They went into the hall. "Oh, Sarah, I hoped we could avoid a dreadful inquest! . . . Why should she have done it? . . . I can't understand . . . She was so young—so lovely!"

For once she did not exaggerate. The girl lying on the old sleigh bed in the sun-smothered western bedroom was beautiful even in the pallor of death. One of those rare ash-blondes who lack the usual coldness of the type, and achieve a warmth and color. The green silk dress in which she lay betrayed poignantly the superbly-proportioned limbs beneath. But the bodice of that dress was ravaged by a wide, reddish stain from the centre of which stuck up the jewelled handle of the knife that had surely

drained her life-blood.

Sarah Greer's shrewd old eyes took it all in, while a blind anger against the fate that had encompassed it, concentrated in her ample bosom. Finally, she swung on the woman beside her, gave her a searching glance, and said brusquely: "Run along downstairs. I'll stay here until the police arrive."

"But, Sarah—"

"Beat it, Lucy. If there's anything I can do for you I'll do it. But I'll do it my own way."

And then she was alone with the dead.

After a while she sat down in a near-by chair. She let out a sigh.

"Money!" she muttered. "There's a curse on the darn stuff! . . . Those three girls—pampered since they were kids! . . . Told their fool mother she wasn't handling 'em right! . . . And that father of theirs! . . . Bill Abbott had no right to divide his money up among 'em the way he did! . . . Asking for trouble! . . . Janey was the only decent one—the only one they couldn't spoil! . . . And she's dead!"

DETECTIVE—

Sergeant Murphy viewed the body and scratched his head. He was the dark, hairy Irish type, and took his work seriously. "Nasty business, Miss Greer. What'd she do it for? Broken heart?"

"Perhaps!" Sarah grunted laconically, watching him with shrewd, wary eyes. "What are you going to do?"

She asked that question sharply, creaking suddenly to her feet beside him. He had reached for the knife handle, obviously with the intention of removing it from the dead girl's breast. Startled by the abruptness of the question, he swung around, stared at Sarah somewhat blankly.

"That's an exhibit. I'm taking it," he said.

She gazed meditatively at the knife. "How'd you s'pose she did it, Murphy?" she asked.

The sergeant scratched his head, but realizing that his professional competence was being challenged, proceeded to demonstrate. "Must've taken nerve to jab it in," he wound up.

"Let's see now," said Sarah, screwing up her eyes, and tilting her head sideways. "The direction of the blade is from without in—that right?"

"Yeah, 'at's right."

"And slightly downward."

"Yup."

"I suppose you'll check up on the finger prints."

He glanced sharply at her—frowned. He had a funny feeling—as though he was being taken for a bit of a ride. But there was no evidence of it in Sarah Greer's guileless old face.

"Don't seem to be any need for that, Miss Greer. It's a open an' shut case of suicide."

"Suit yourself, Murphy. I won't try to teach my uncle how to suck eggs."

Murphy was troubled. That last crack had sounded kind of sarcastic—she was always taking a jab at the police. "Well," he said, with a shrug, "it won't do no harm. Ain't gonna have you say I don't know my job."

"I'd never be saying a thing like that about a broth of a lad like yourself," she said with a gentleness that should have warned him he was being played with.

With handkerchief covered hand he removed the weapon.

"Yes," Sarah said, "we were right about the direction



Sam Rudolf and Tom Langford stood by the well. They had a ladder which they were thrusting down into it. Presently, Rudolf, who was clad only in a bathing suit, disappeared down it.

of the blade. From without in and slightly downward."

"Huh!" he grunted in agreement.

"Don't forget it, either."

Again he faced her frowning. "Why?"

"The coronor'll want to know," she suggested mildly.

"O.K.! Well, I gotta trot up an' lookit that well."

"I'll go with you. Not every day I get the chance to watch a real Sherlock Holmes in action."

MURPHY didn't like it. His face went red. He started to say something hot, thought better of it and swung on his heel. Sarah followed him. All the way up the hill at the back of the house—along a narrow path that led through a lawn, a clump of spruces and a maze of undergrowth—she kept muttering half aloud that the Irish had no sense of humor anyway. She seemed deliberately trying to annoy him. By the time they got to the well, his trig little lower jaw was set at a vicious angle and his glance shot fire.

This well had long since lost its use and was now merely ornamental. Rimmed of granite, it stood beneath an enormous lime tree, and a rustic seat backed against it. From here one could look down the Arm toward the harbor. A pleasant little nook, hidden from all the world by caressing tree and shrubbery.

A pool of congealing blood lay on the flagged stones somewhat to one side of the rustic seat. Sarah pointed the fact out to the close-lipped Murphy, and remarked that it was odd.

"How d'ya mean?" he growled.

"I'd have expected it to be directly in front of the seat. She'd likely sit down to do a thing like that, wouldn't she?"

"She coulda' done it there an' tumbled to the left. Mr. Rudolf told me they found her lyin' on her back here."

He indicated a position alongside the blood-stain.

"Lying on her back, eh?" Sarah mused.

"That's what he said!" Murphy snapped back. He walked slowly around the flagged circle, searching the ground. He then stepped beside the well and glanced down into its murky depths. It was so obvious that he was doing this to preclude any further captious sarcasm on her

Illustrated by  
C. VAUGHAN



When Duke arrived, she went off with him calmly. She looked a little tired herself, a little pale. The glance she threw Tony from the door puzzled him.

headed toward her house. Neither of them said much more until they reached it.

Dressing for dinner, Tony frowned at the edge he had caught in her voice. He would not believe that Sally was the petulant person she had sounded. She was just nervous. He held firmly to his theory that under her smooth exterior she was only a wilful child. And anyway, he conceded, shrugging into his dinner jacket, he adored her. Whatever she was and whatever she did, he adored her and he was going through with this thing if it broke his heart.

After dinner there was a dutiful and polite rubber of bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Morse. Sally and Tony played together and won. Sally always won, no matter who her partner or who her opponents. Her bridge was inspired. When she had made the last, decisive grand slam her parents rose, murmuring tactfully. Mrs. Morse gave Tony an arch look that made him feel a fool. Then she followed her husband across the hall into the impressive panelled library where they would be meekly out of the way.

Sally and Tony were left in the living room. She leaned back against the cushions of an enormous divan, her legs stretched straightly out upon it, one arm along its back. A lamp behind her made her hair an aureole. Tony sat on the fender.

She began it.

"Well, Tony, what about it?"

"What about what?"

"You got my wire. Do you still want me to marry you?"

"I came out here, didn't I?" he countered. Then he added honestly, "Yes, I do."

Sally smiled faintly. He knocked his cigarette ash into the grate behind him and leaned forward. He wanted to be perfectly sure.

"Look here, Sally. What's the idea? You wouldn't hear of it before, and now you want to marry me. How come?" She thudded a small fist into her chiffon lap.

"I'm fed up. I want to get away from here. I'm sick of saying the same thing to the same people over and over again. I'm sick of being a bridesmaid and a Junior Leaguer and—and 'the popular debutante daughter of . . . ' I want to get out of it."

Tony looked down at his hands. He could hear the blood roaring in his ears as he asked, "You're not by any chance the smallest bit in love with me?"

He waited for her answer, and when it did not come he went on hurriedly to hide the sudden straining of his whole body toward her.

"Because look, Sally. You mustn't kid yourself. How do you know it wouldn't be out of the frying pan into the fire? Getting married's not just moving from Winnipeg to Montreal. Gosh! This is the deuce of a position for a man to be in. It's not so darn pleasant, even if I do happen to want to let it be this way. Only you've got to know what you're doing. You might not like it. You might not like me."

She looked him straight in the eye.

"I know what I want. And I can look out for myself, thanks."

"Then you're not a bit in love with me?"

"You're the only man I'd think of marrying, Tony."

His earnestness had shaken him so that his hurt showed.

"I'm honored!" he snapped.

"Yes," she said.

The calm monosyllable nearly knocked him off the fender. Her assurance was colossal! It was—why, it was insolent! For one furious second he wished she were a man. His

right fist actually clenched. But his tension snapped.

Then, in the almost hysterical moment that followed, Tony did something which he was always afterwards to consider the most inspired act of his life. He laughed—loudly and honestly.

Sally jumped. He stood up and strode across to stand over her, still grinning into her startled eyes.

"My child," he said, "you've got a nerve! But if you will do me the honor to become my wife, let's consider ourselves engaged."

Her answering smile was uncertain. The startled look persisted. But she recovered.

"All right," she said.

Tony had not counted upon what her nearness would do to him. He stared down at her slender length, conscious of the faint perfume she used, searching for something—something in those deep eyes. He could not find it, and turned away abruptly to walk across the room.

There was a moment that ran up and down his nerves. Then Sally said,

"Well, why don't you kiss me?"

He stood still. "Do you want me to?"

"I've been led to expect it. It's quite the thing in these cases."

Her tone stiffened his shaken will.

"Quite. We ought to do it according to Hoyle."

He came over behind her couch and, with one hand gripping its back, he kissed her lightly on the forehead. The perfume was stronger.

Sally jerked her head back. For a second her eyes blazed. Then, before he could straighten, she gripped an arm about his neck so that his mouth was crushed against hers.

"That, my friend, is according to Hoyle," she said presently.

He found a cigarette and lit it; then smiled. "Who is this guy Hoyle, anyway? He must be quite a boy!"

TWO DAYS later Tony went back to Montreal.

Everything was settled. Once decided, Sally would not wait. In spite of her mother's shocked, tearful protests and her father's amusement, she set the wedding for a date one month later.

"Hey!" Tony gasped, when she announced her decision. "Whoa, girl! What's your hurry? Is this a shotgun marriage?"

She stared at him. Her mouth had that discontented twist again.

"No. But when I'm set to do a thing I like action. The sooner I start on this 'new life,' the better I'll be pleased."

"Change of surroundings!" he muttered.

"What?"

"Nothing. But I've got my own arrangements to make, Sally. I'll do my best, but—"

"You can arrange it, all right," she told him coolly. She was so sure of him.

Tony supposed he could. He did. They were married in a month.

The wedding was a blur. He hardly saw Sally beforehand. She was the centre of a vortex and he was on its edge. He was actually relieved that it was so, and because he knew painfully that his relief was all wrong, he drank more than he should have at the bachelor dinner, and regretted it.

But when Sally stood beside him at the altar, everything else faded. She was lovely in her white gown with the veil. His heart soared unreasonably. He was glad. On whatever terms, he was glad he was marrying her. He almost shouted his "I do!" like a challenge.

There was, however, a moment of panic later. The wedding was over. They were on the train for Palm Beach. Tony had explained that the honeymoon would have to be short on account of business. But he had taken a suite for several days at the Florida resort. Leaning against the door-frame of their train drawing-room, he watched Sally rummage through one of her bags. She was in black now, and it made her look more slender than ever. She had taken off her hat. He could see the downy back of her neck, and one ear.

"Wife," he thought experimentally. "Wife."

And a wave of terror went over him. What had he done? What dumb stunt was this he'd pulled, marrying this slim, wilful creature? She did not love him. She probably never would. Yet, on a defiant impulse, he had tied her to him, to show her, to teach her a lesson. It was ridiculous. It was bound to destroy his casual pose. The aching tenderness he felt was sure to show, sure to be trampled on. And then the game would be up.

[Continued on page 30]

# A CHANGE OF SURROUNDINGS

*A love story of two young people who married in haste and repented in the traditional manner*

by ELEANOR DELAMATER

**M**R. ANTHONY ALLARD took the telegram. He said "Thanks," and closed the door of his bachelor apartment upon the messenger. The telegram came from Winnipeg. It said:

*"Bored to death stop Need change of surroundings stop If offer still stands will marry you stop Wire what train you arrive."*

Sally."

Tony Allard stood there near the door for several minutes. He stared at the paper in his hand, and his dark, clear-cut face grew darker than ever. At last he crumpled the message into a ball and flung it violently into the fireplace. He sat down on the couch before the hearth as if his muscles had given way.

"Well, I'll be shot!" he muttered.

He laughed shortly, but did it without smiling. His lips were tight. They looked a little pale at the corners.

The truth was that the telegram was a knife in Tony's ribs.

"Not angry," he said aloud. "Oh, no! Just terribly, terribly hurt."

And he was. He was in love with Sally Morse; had been since he'd met her about a year ago; had fallen more and more in love with her every time he'd seen her. It wasn't calf-love. This was the real, shy, hushed sort of thing. This was it. He knew it so surely that he had dared to tell Sally. On the three occasions when he had asked her to marry him he had let her see it. She had refused him lightly enough, but she knew how he felt.

That was why her wire hurt so. It mocked his emotion. "Bored to death. Need change of surroundings." As if he were Niagara or the Alps! She threw a sop to his pride with her "If offer still stands," but that calm "Wire what train you arrive" was insulting. It was a slap in the face.

Tony unfolded his length abruptly from the couch. He began to pace the long room. Under his startled, little-boy hurt the beginnings of anger were stirring. He had wandered blindly into the kitchenette when the telephone rang in the living room. He went out to it.

"Yes. What?—Oh, yes.—Well, hold everything. I'll be down in a minute."

He hung up. He had forgotten his dinner engagement with Fraser Powell, who was waiting now in the lobby. The wire had put it out of his head. But he'd keep it. No use sticking around the apartment to nurse his bruised feelings. And Powell was just on the edge of buying some of that new Excelsis bond issue.

Tony sold bonds. He sold a good many, considering that he was not quite thirty and that the market had been in a state of coma for almost two years. Emphatically he was not going to miss a chance to turn a rich college friend into a customer. He, Tony, would be a fool to miss a selling chance like this. Anger was stronger in him now.

**T**ONY took the elevator and dropped. He strolled out into a street in the east of Montreal. Fraser Powell was leaning against his roadster. He was tall, slim, beautifully tailored. He looked older than he was.

"Ah, there, Tony, my lad."

"Hello, Duke."

It was a nickname which had stuck since childhood.

"Hop in."

Tony hopped. They went to their favorite restaurant.

"Well," Duke asked as they sat down, "what'll it be?"

They ordered. Tony drew two neat parallel lines on the cloth with his knife. He bisected them, and began a series of squares. He was frowning. "Bored to death out here. Need change of surroundings." It hurt his throat when he thought of it.

Powell said, "Come on, Allard. It's a business conference, isn't it? Let's get that over. Go into your act, why don't you?"

Tony went into his act.

At the end, when he was pretty sure that he had made rather a big sale, he found that his mind was suddenly full of Sally. Pictures of her, that first time he had met her, when he was one of Len Sorrel's ushers and she a bridesmaid in the same wedding. Sally, slim and fair and aloof in her picture hat, catching the bride's bouquet without giggling. Sally, in a backless evening gown, clinking her champagne glass against his, and smiling calmly out of eyes whose blue was so much darker than you expected. Sally on the golf course, her bright hair flying. It was blonde, but not the conventional yellow. There was silver in it. Ash blonde, platinum blonde—whatever you called it. She was calm under it. Not coldly calm, but securely, confidently.

Yes. That was it. It was just that Sally had the confidence of a child. Rather a spoiled child, maybe. Every one—parents and friends and servants—had always given her what she wanted almost before she asked. She needed a little discipline. She needed a spanking. Some one ought to teach her a lesson. Some one who loved her. Some one—

Tony jumped. He had forgotten Duke Powell whose dry voice was prodding him now.

"What's eating you, Tony? You make whoopee like an oyster. Girl turned you down?"

It was so pat that Tony smiled in spite of himself.

"No," he began. "Not exac—"

Then he stopped, staring at Duke with his mouth open. Something seemed to make a contact in his mind. Sally needed discipline, did she? Some one ought to teach her a lesson, ought he? Some one who loved her?

"Good lord!" whispered Tony, rapt.



*Tony's taut nerves had snapped. He would not go through one of those unnatural, repressed evenings with Sally.*

His brain was whirling. Why not? Well, why not? She'd asked for it. He had it in writing that she'd asked for it. And he did love her. Oh, but he did love her!

Take her up on it. He could do it, all right. He had the money to make her perfectly comfortable. It wasn't like snatching her from riches to rags. Why not take the proud beauty at her word? Get her, and then show her. All's fair in love. Give her a dose of her own medicine. Take a chance. Marry the girl!

"Duke!" said Tony solemnly, "you've said a mouthful."

"Quite," Duke agreed, mystified but agreeable.

"Unless, of course," Tony added reasonably, "some one put her up to it. It may be all a joke."

**I**T WAS not a joke. Tony struck for a few days of his belated vacation and went to Winnipeg to find out.

Sally met him at the station. He had not seen her for several months and his heart jumped so at sight of her that he had to swallow hard. This was not going to be easy. She looked cool and lovely but he thought her mouth had a discontented droop.

She had the grace to be a little shy at first.

"Well, Tony."

He made his voice light and pleasant.

"Hello there, Sally. This is great. How's everything?"

"Rotten," she told him as they got into her car. "I'm sick of everything!" Her voice was almost pettish. She was edging them skilfully through the traffic about the station.

Tony said carefully, "Maybe you need a tonic." He would wait for her to mention the telegram and the object of his visit.

"Tonic, my eye! I'm a misfit here, Tony. I need a change."

"New worlds to conquer?" he murmured.

She looked at him quickly and away without answering. The car gathered speed as they left the congestion and

dip in front and tie. Myriads of belts and all of them conspicuous and all essential.

The hip line should be kept as slender as possible, but not fitted too closely. Below the hip the skirt should flow into a comfortable width without looking wide. Generally speaking, the new skirts have a kind of skimpy look and, generally speaking, also anything that happens in the way of box or inverted pleats happens below the knees.

All daytime frocks—I mean frocks for getting about in with no mincing of steps—are from ten to twelve inches from the floor. That is the correct length also for matinee-dinner-dance models.

Slim-bodied evening frocks have billowing skirts or skirts that fall in soft folds like that of the Lelong model and the one signed Worth. Or they may be like slim sheaths from just under the bust. The Patou evening frocks are really lovely. They mold the figure to the middle of the hips and from there flow out, almost but not quite to the ground.

The new mode is simple as I said above, but it's a most deceptive simplicity. There's a tremendous lot of sewing and cutting to the winter things. The new sleeve, for instance, without having the air of it is a most complicated affair when you come to examine it closely.

Most of the fussiness occurs on the upper part above a long slim cuff. Many recall



When you're planning an evening wrap, consider this idea from Jean Patou—a one-sided collar on a navy blue velvet cape, worn with a flowered chiffon evening frock in rose and pale blue.

The berets that are being worn this season are more impudent than ever. Jean Patou designed in black and green felt, to perch effectively over one eye. If you can wear it, it's all right.



Chatelaine presents regularly this first-hand letter from our own Paris correspondent who watches, month by month, for important developments in the world of smart women

There's a distinctly military air to this ensemble from Worth's, with a tressed band about the neckline, and loops over the shoulders.



A beige coat is furred lavishly with brown fur scallops above the elbow in this French model that is a dream of slim simplicity. The scalloped lines of the gloves accent the distinction of the fur.

the leg of mutton sleeve as does that in the photograph of the Lyolene coat model.

Still lots of little cape effects on the shoulders. Some of the houses set on bigish sleeves with a series of cartridge pleats. What all sleeves do is to give importance to shoulders in a softly rounded feminine way.

Sleeves half of one color and half of another or half of one material and half of another are featured everywhere. Patou makes a particular point of parti-colored sleeves.

Necklines are high or inclined that way. Heaps of fish-netty crochety collars and prim ruching, the old-fashioned narrow kind almost paperlike in stiffness. Draped effects and soft rolled ones that stand out from the neck and skimpy collarettes that untie and that can be swung about in the hand.

And scarves, millions of them. Schiaparelli has them in tricot that look as if they had been smocked with ruffled borders and in shirred and ruffled silk.

Clips and buttons are used lavishly. Clips come in all shapes and colors, in silver, in copper, plain and combined with enamel. Then there are large pins like glorified safety pins to keep things closed, short jackets and long ones and crossed-over bodices.

You simply cannot be too extravagant in the use of buttons. Dull and shiny ones are equally good and flat ones made of leather. Buttoned-up-the-back frocks run throughout the collections. Molyneux trims belts of wool suits and frocks with rows of buttons sewn all the way

ing, all longish coats have a hefty look. They have bulk to them without bulkiness. A great many are fur trimmed, but there are quite a number also that aren't.

The newest evening wraps are long, completely covering the frock all the way round or at least in the back. Callot evening wraps are skirt length back, but come only to the normal waistline in front. The short evening wrap and the just-below-the-hips variety are still on the map, but they lack the exquisite charm of absolute newness.

Wool for practical wear, crêped and crumpled and woven

round and so close together, the belt proper is scarcely visible.

The suspender frock is still good for wear at all hours, evening included; and short coat ensembles with the gay color of the blouse reflected in the lining of the coat. Three quarter, loose fitting coats that stand out from the figure with a slim skirt showing below are new. Lelong has revived the cape as a daytime wrap, a cape that is as snug as a coat.

Generally speaking, all longish coats have a hefty look. They have bulk to them without bulkiness. A great many are fur trimmed, but there are quite a number also that aren't.

aslant, transparent while still being worn. Corduroy for variety. Velvet for grand occasions, and shineless silk crêpes for the frock that is neither morning nor afternoon nor evening, but can be worn with chic and propriety any "old" time.

Wool crêpes and soft jersey cloth and soft hand-woven woollens such as Maggy Rouff has gone in for will be winter features.

The smartest winter ensembles are those which not only show a combination of two or more colors, but of two fabrics as well. I mean if you go abroad looking as if you had hastily picked up the coat of one ensemble, the skirt of another and the bodice of a third, you'll be looking absolutely right from the Parisian point of view.

One of the colors must be bright, the other sober, but not necessarily dark. All the brightness should be kept above the belt line.

Here are some examples. Beginning with Molyneux—tunic blouse of vivid red-orange crinkley crêpe, skirt and three-quarter length coat of black velvet, hat of orange crêpe. Chez Patou, medieval brown for skirts and coats, bodices of his lovely new tea rose pink or his equally lovely creamy yellow, the former in wool and the latter in silk. Patou combines camel's hair jersey cloth in a deep green frock with a fabric that resembles crochet and in a vivid lettuce green, the latter forms the yoke and the lower part of the sleeves and over it he puts a practical coat in deep green corduroy.

Many three-color costumes in the Schiaparelli collection. Such as hip-length jacket of cabbage red combined with black to make a sort of check pattern, skirt in plain Chou (cabbage or purplish) red wool, knitted blouse of grey wool, vest-like scarf of grey and red wool. [Continued on page 45]

# The Paris Letter

Direct from Paris itself, come this fashion letter and photographs of the newest thoughts for Fall fashions

by  
Mary  
Wyndham

Chic simplicity is reflected in this stunning afternoon frock in mid-blue georgette with the graceful cape and new treatment of the lingerie collar. An Isobel frock.

Here's an enchanting ensemble from Jean Patou, worn with a new thought in hats, created in white piqué and organdy. See, too, the way touches of white are being worn on frocks.

Here's the leg-of-mutton sleeve influence in a navy blue coat with the new neckline and squared closing—proving again that it's smart to be old-fashioned.



Maggy Rouff designed this black and white wool homespun, fastened with clips of black enamel and steel.



**B**UILDING a winter wardrobe would have been such a restful business if Patou hadn't gone Moyen Age as regards waist lines. He has muddled things up a bit. However, I do not think women are going to take him seriously. He may have started a movement but it will not be felt, at least not to any great extent, this winter. Imagine, belts down midway on the hips and never a curve, or hardly ever, from under the arms there down! It may have suited the lily ladies of the middle ages, but it is certainly not a happy silhouette to suggest to the generously proportioned.

The safest outline, and the one which is most likely to stay with us since it runs throughout all the new collections, Patou's excepted, is that with a neat curve from under the bust to the natural waist line. Safest for the plumpish and the slender.

The body should neither look pinched in at the beltline nor have the air of being tightly corseted. You may please yourself about being belted or beltless. Generally speaking, if you raise the waist line above normal in a one-piece, one-color frock, it is a bit smarter to be beltless particularly if you are a mere snippet of a woman.

If you leave the waist line at normal, belt and with great emphasis; it's always smart. To be in the new movement, your belt or girdle must be the most decorative feature of your frock, and since simplicity is the keynote of the new winter things it may be the only decorative feature.

Every couturier has some distinctive kind of belt. But all of them feature the *ceinture* made of five to seven little rolls sewn together and looking most important. They either fasten behind with ties of the dress fabric (Worth), or with a long flat buckle of overlapping petals or discs as *chez* Maggy Rouff, Lanvin and Schiaparelli.

Similar belts but made of braided or twisted strands of heavy yarn in two or more

colors enliven the waists of daytime woollen frocks. Crushed or twisted velvet girdles go with velvet trimmed models. Half belts leaving the front or the back beltless are used with tailleur skirts that extend up on to the blouse.

Lots of leather belts on suits and frocks and fur coats. Lots of satin belts, two colors overlapped irregularly. Girdles with two or three bows at the back. Sewn down belts. Encrusted on belts. Sparkley belts on evening frocks and ermine coats. Belts that slope to the back. Belts that



MY OLD HOME in Quebec was a tall, dark house that stood flush with the Rue St. Louis. In past days it had been a centre of gaiety and fashion, but as its delicate, buff-colored stucco had become darkened with grime and the interior shabby, it had come to the fate of many of its fellows that were used as pensions or for the offices of notaries or assurance agents. Once high heels had clicked on the curved stairway; curled and powdered heads had been held proudly in the dance; fringed shawls had been gathered about tiny-waisted forms; roses had breathed their last and cast their petals on soft breasts that were the receptacles of many a state secret and intrigue of the times.

Near by, behind a rough grass plot stood the house where

Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, when in command of the Royal Fusiliers, had dwelt with his comely mistress, the Baroness de Fortisson.

Madame St. Hilaire had prepared the third floor for our use, and the large gilt and brocade drawing-room on the second floor was also at our disposal. Vicky and Theo were in love with the house. Its small-paned windows, the frames of which were, outside, painted black with a narrow gilt rim, and, inside, darkened by solid red shutters, imparted a feeling of pleasurable mystery. They had travelled not at all, and their minds were almost as responsive to impressions as Toby's.

They liked the little iron grating over the door of their



"I have to play second fiddle to this revenge business. I'll be glad, I'll tell you, when Vicky and I are free to live our own lives."

*It was Clara who came in, her black dress, her flaming hair, almost violently thrown against the ivory white of the door. "No wonder you came away to hide" she said. "So that you couldn't see what those girls were going to do!"*



bedroom; they were charmed by the niche on the stairway that held a statue of Our Lady, before which a red-shaded, electric bulb burned day and night. Above all, their bright eyes sought out Madame St. Hilaire, for here was Toby's aunt, and the one person who could tell them something of their father's secret marriage.

It was an unforgettable conversation that took place in the dim dining room, where the heavy maroon curtains sobered to dusk the Indian summer sunlight that had penetrated between the shutters.

Around us the ugly black and gilt furniture shouldered the very ceiling from which depended the massive gasolier, its four cylindrical, red glass shades hung by crimson velvet cords. Madame St. Hilaire, in a tight black satin dress that with difficulty restrained her puffy embonpoint, faced us, successive emotions of alarm, defense, relief and greed, passing like the succeeding seasons across the florid sphere of her face.

She feared, oh, greatly, that something to the discredit of her niece, her family, was to be raked from out of the past. As Vicky touched lightly on the unsuitability of the too hasty marriage, anger, resentment like a spring flood melted the ice of her fear; when she learned of the birth of Tobias and his acceptance into the bosom of the family, a swift summer of relief sunned her into benignity; and, last, when Theo broke in to tell her that we were on our way to England to put Toby in possession of his heritage, the hope of a harvest set her into a mellow glow.

Her nephew—flesh of her flesh—the infant of her beloved Anne! Never should she rest till his head lay pillowed on her breast as the head of one of her own cherished sons. Three of these she kept in the house—handsome, well-clothed young men.

"Yes, yes," said Vicky, impatiently, "but tell us how she managed—how this engagement came about. My father was visiting Mr. Elliot. Your niece was staying with you. Did you know what was going on?"

"No, no, a thousand times, no!" cried Madame St. Hilaire. "In the first place, I could see for myself that he possessed a fiery temper, a strong will. My Anne had both of these. I could see no happiness there. Then, also, Monsieur Elliot was bitterly opposed to the marriage, and I desire above all things to please him. Oh, I had seen the looks, the little conversation on the stairway, her anxiety to go to the door of the dining room, after Marianne had carried in the breakfast, to ask: 'Etes-vous bien servis, messieurs?' And her blushes when she retires from the door. From behind the screen of the small room in the front I saw much. I was more slender then . . ."

"At last I sent my niece away. Understand, Mees Lazbruke, I was utterly against that marriage."

"Why were you so sure he would marry her?" asked Vicky.

"Otherwise, I knew he would not get her. My niece was rear from infancy by the Ursuline Sisters. She was religious. A pure, good girl of fine character, but a temper—" she raised her eyes to the gasolier.

"Yes. And you sent her away?"

"To an old friend in the country. Shortly after Sir Richard left also. I wrote to my friend to send Anne back to me. She wrote that Anne had already left. The next day, after a night of prayer, I had a letter from my niece. They had been married and were on their way to the Coast. I became tranquil. I prayed only for their happiness. But before six months had passed she wrote to me that they were miserable. Before the year was out she returned to this house. She hated the thought of him, she said."

Theo got up and began to walk sharply up and down the room. Vicky, with a lift of the head, looked madame coldly in the eyes.

"Pardon, mesdemoiselles. He was your papa. Nevertheless, my Anne said he was cruel [Continued on page 47]



*Bent on a cruel revenge, Vicky takes the new heir back to England to oust her cousin, in this installment of the new novel*

# THE THUNDER OF NEW WINGS

by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Illustrated by R. W. MAJOR

THAT valiant and bracing air of Baldry's stood us in good stead in those last days before we left the farm. There was much to be done; there was a strange, unnatural situation to be borne. Although he had his own affairs in Balmeny to settle, he found time to write letters to our lawyers, to take in hand the matter of a fresh lease, with stricter terms for Captain Haight. He took Toby to his own tailor and had two suits made for him. Vicky would not let him order more, for she did not admire the cut of Baldry's clothes. He insisted that he must order his clothes in the town of which he was mayor. An editor might appear in foreign clothes, but the mayor never. Such was the etiquette of Balmeny.

Two dinners were given for us before we left, one at the Rectory, the other by Miss Fiveash. I shall never forget Toby as he entered the Rectory dining room, his small head and face insolently handsome, his graceful shoulders set off by the new dinner jacket. He was so deeply tanned that he looked like a young Spaniard. Kind old Father Pearse was there, and he could scarcely eat his dinner for astonishment. "He's a marvel—a marvel," he whispered to me. "But then, blood will tell."

Though Toby's appearance was above reproach, his manners at the table were not. He did exciting things with his knife. He used his dinner napkin as one might use a towel. He was strung up, poor boy, bewildered by this complex way of satisfying hunger. To Theo his oddities were irritating; to Pat, amusing; but Vicky seemed not to notice them at all. It was enough that he looked charming, well-bred. The polishing would come later. She showed her good sense by not embarrassing him with directions, even suggestions, trusting to his own quick eyes and eager sensibility. Pat, I know, had some enlightening talks with him. With astonishing adaptability he soon became presentable—on the surface, at least. None of us knew just what lay beneath his almost pathetic eagerness to be what an English baronet should be. I never had any faith in Tobias. I had found him a hardy young barbarian, and I expected nothing more of him than that he should acquire the mask of civilization.

We left Balmeny at eight o'clock one morning in late September in a wild, drenching rainstorm. I was glad to leave that unhappy house with its guard of crowding, wet spruce trees, and its two weather-stained parts so grotesquely joined together. A portion of the plaster from the parlor ceiling had fallen that morning, loosened by the damp, and it lay scattered over the floor as we crowded down an early breakfast.

We could dimly see, through the wet pane, the figure of Toby fidgeting up and down watching for the taxicabs.

Vicky was alert, self-possessed, in her trim grey tweed suit, her hair drawn in fine, silvery bands across the top of her broad little head. She had an excellent appetite. She made an incision in the yolk of her poached egg, and into this she dipped, delicately and rapidly, narrow fingers of buttered toast. Theo, slumping in her chair, ate with a bored expression. She was going a journey, and she knew she could not go on an empty stomach. Pat kept making such idiotic remarks as:

"Sensational Escape of the Mayor of Balmeny—Miraculous Increase in the Circulation of the *Balmeny Era*—Enterprising English Baronet saws wood lying down—"

Vicky smiled at him indulgently and sometimes wrinkled her nose in an adorable way she had. Theo rose, at last, with a shrug of irritation. She went to the window and I followed her in a moment. The bells of Balmeny came muffled across the harbor, but we could see nothing of the town. Theo wrote on the fogged pane:

"Balmeny drowned in tears."

"What are you writing?" asked Pat.

"You shan't see," she replied.

"Shan't I?" he exclaimed, and he caught her wrist and drew her hand from the pane. Not before she had swept it across the writing. "You shall not see," she reiterated.

"But I do see. I see 'tears'!"

"It isn't tears. It's leers." She drew her hand sharply away.

"Poor darling," said Vicky. "This terrible place has really got on her nerves. A winter here would have made wrecks of us all."

"But I never saw a wreck," sang Pat in his rumbling bass.

"No, I never saw a wreck  
Like the wreck she's made of me!"

Vicky ran at him and thumped his broad chest with her little fists. He caught them in his hands and looked down at her, a world of limpid tenderness in his eyes.

Old Fairbairn and Jarge carried down our boxes, the rain beating on their bent, blue-shirted backs over which their braces traversed like dingy crossroads. Toby, who had changed his sou'wester for a tweed travelling cap, lounged in the doorway with a self-conscious smile.

Baldry snatched up the end of a large trunk. "This is too heavy for those men. Here, Toby, you take the other end."

"Where's the driver? He's got a right to come and help. It's his business."

"You young puppy," said Pat, "take hold of this trunk or you'll be sorry." Toby sulkily lifted the other end, and something in the situation struck Baldry as funny, for he shook with laughter as they heaved the trunk on to the taxi.

Captain Haight came forward from the shelter of an old cedar whose moss-grown trunk was almost as furry as his ancient cap. "Good-by, Tobias," he said, and, to our amazement, he put his hands on the youth's shoulders and planted a kiss on his mouth that shot from out his dense beard like the report of a gun from a forest. "Be a good bye. Don't forget your old father, nor your sick ma, nor your brother Jarge."

"Nor me, Toby, nor me!" came in hysterical tones from Myrtle, hidden among the wet foliage. "I'll always keep the green necklet you brought me from the Fair."

"Green is the tinge of jealousy," said Alonzo solemnly. "And well ye may be jealous, my gal, for the future that lies ahead of our Tobias."

Toby darted in among the greenery to say

*The door opened and closed.  
Some one had come in. For  
a moment I did not look up  
from where I sat before the  
empty grate. I dreaded  
whoever it might be.*

good-by to Myrtle. The rest of us got into the taxi. Isaac Fairbairn and Jarge shyly offered their toil-worn hands. Toby returned, flushed and smiling secretly.

The door was slammed to. The car jolted and rocked over sodden ruts, and splashed through slippery-bottomed pools. The windows were so obscure, the light so dim that we should not have known when we reached the town but for the rattling over cobblestones. We did not speak a word. Each was full of his own thoughts. Toby sat in front with the driver. Theo and I on the two little seats that were let down from the sides. In the dimness I could see Baldry's hand close over Vicky's and his head bend toward her.

So, in rain, as we had entered it, we left Balmeny. But how different our condition! We had come to it three heart-whole girls, straining with eagerness toward an adventure. We left it—Vicky, belonging, as much as she could ever belong to any man, to Baldry; Theo, her sweet body her own, but her wild spirit bound in a hopeless and secret love; I who must starve my own love into subjection. But it was not easy to starve, for it fed on Baldry's robust body; it drew life and color from his brilliant glance; even quietly, furtively, it sucked sustenance from the sight of his hand closing over Vicky's in the dimness, his face almost touching hers. That second I was Vicky. My hand trembled in his like a little stone in the rushing of a stream; my eyes that had been called cold met his with an ardor that surpassed his own.

Now, we were no longer three but a company of five. Two strong-fibred masculine spirits had thrust themselves into our midst, dulling our bright contact with each other, dimming the clearness of our vision—Toby and Pat whose destinies were now to be one with ours.



**H**ELEN BENSON, presiding at the supper table in the big farm kitchen, was conscious of the unusual strain in the atmosphere. She glanced keenly at her husband and wondered if he noticed it, too, but John Benson, with the hearty appetite of the out-of-door worker, was giving his undivided attention to his plate.

Helen chatted animatedly and hoped that the two mothers-in-law would soon like one another better. There was no doubt of the hostility between them. It had been apparent from the very moment that she introduced them, and she had the uncomfortable feeling that her own mother was the more to blame.

Grandma Benson had come in all smiles and friendliness when John had driven her home from the station. She had been eager to meet Helen's mother and was prepared to like her for Helen's sake. Then there had come the introduction and Mrs. Temple's cool, distant "How do you do, Mrs. Benson?" accompanied by the high handshake which the other woman had never seen before and did not at all understand. In that moment Helen saw the cheerful, kindly light die out of her mother-in-law's eyes and an expression of resentment come in its place. The air had been tense ever since.

The two grandmothers sat opposite each other at the table and they presented a strange contrast.

Elizabeth Temple was slender and dignified. Her simple black dress with its white hem-stitched collar and cuffs gave her an air of distinction. Her grey hair was curled and dressed. Her life had been a sheltered one and she did not look her sixty years. From the crown of her well-poised head to the soles of her neatly-shod feet she was the perfect English gentlewoman.

Mary Benson was ten years older than Helen's mother. She belonged to the pioneer stock that is accustomed to hard work from childhood. She had labored even more than others of her class and had known fewer comforts because she had wanted her children to have advantages that she and her husband had been denied. The evidence of long hours of toil, out of doors as well as in the house, was to be seen in her shapeless, stooped form. Her white hair was drawn tightly back from her lined forehead and wound into a hard little knob at the nape of her neck. She had very few teeth and her cheeks were sunken. Her dress was of dark grey cloth, evidently of home manufacture and ill fitting. On her feet were low-heeled boots with elastic sides. Her short skirt revealed hand-knitted woollen stockings. Under the critical eyes of the Englishwoman she felt self-conscious and embarrassed, and so managed her knife and fork with more awkwardness than usual.

She was strangely quiet, too, and Helen was glad of the children's chatter. It caused a diversion and filled the uncomfortable pauses in the conversation. Twelve-year-old



Mary Benson glanced at the Englishwoman with veiled contempt. She had a poor opinion of a person who didn't make quilts, but then the English were queer. She couldn't understand them.

## THE BOND

by Constance Nicholson Lea

Raymond was telling his grandmother Benson about the new colt:

"Dad says that he'll make a peach of a riding horse when he's full grown. He says that if I pass into the Entrance class this year he'll give him to me for my very own. Won't that be great, grandma?"

"Jackie wants 'orse!" cried the youngest of the Bensons, hitting his enamel plate with his spoon and knocking over his mug of milk.

Margaret, who was nine, removed the plates and brought the dessert to the table.

"Margaret's learning to be so useful, grandma," said Helen to her mother-in-law. "She washes the dishes as well as I can."

"That's fine," said the older woman. "You and John'll have a power of help when the children is grown."

"I'm going to Agricultural College, aren't I, dad?" said Raymond, and his father, with a tender glance at the old lady, replied,

"It was your grandmother's doing that I went to college, son. She was bound I'd go. It was her self-denial that made it possible."

"Aw, shucks!" said Mrs. Benson, with an embarrassed laugh. "Your father worked, too, Raymond. All the

splendidly. That's a bit unusual, you know, when you consider that this was her home. Some women would resent having to go away and would feel none too kindly disposed toward the new daughter-in-law, but Mother Benson has always been just sweet to me. She comes to us every year at this time and I look forward to her visits. I do hope you'll get to like each other. She may be different from what you expected, but when you get to know her you'll admire her as much as I do."

Elizabeth Temple drew a strand of pink wool from the ball in her lap before she replied,

"I'm sure, dear, that Mrs. Benson is a very worthy person. It is fortunate that you get along so well together."

The compressed lips and the nervous "click, click" of the knitting needles told Helen that under the calm exterior were thoughts the other woman would not express.

"A very worthy person!" the daughter repeated with some warmth. "That's exactly the way you would speak of a charwoman at home. Oh, mother, snap out of it. This is Canada. We're different over here and you've got to face it. Our values are different. We have an aristocracy of true worth. We're proud of our pioneer stock. Judged by Canadian standards, Mother Benson's blood is as blue as ours."

Illustrated by  
R. W. MAJOR

*A story of human emotions that are as old as time, and as vividly new as every Remembrance Day*

summer holidays he'd do as much as two hired men."

**M**RS. BENSON, Sr., afterward insisted upon helping Margaret with the supper dishes. John went out to the barn to do the chores, taking Raymond with him, and Helen and her mother went into the cheerful living room where a fire crackled in the big box stove.

Baby Jack was being undressed and prepared for bed. From where he sat upon his mother's knee, he threw kisses to his grandmother who was knitting on the other side of the room.

Helen pulled a pair of gay pyjamas liberally sprinkled with teddy bears over her son's plump legs. As she tied the tape around his waist she said:

"I'm afraid that you were a little surprised when you met John's mother. I tried to prepare you, dearest. I told you that she had lived most of her life in the backwoods."

There was silence except for the click of the knitting needles and the unintelligible sounds the baby was making. Glancing questioningly at her mother, Helen went on.

"Grandma Benson is a very remarkable woman, mumsie. I've never known any one quite like her. We get on together



*The newspaperman is a hero of fiction and film—but who ever tells the story of his wife? Here's one who says—*

## It's the World's Worst Job!

by FLORENCE N. WEBB

Illustrated by FRANK MATTESON

**A** FEW YEARS AGO if my best friend had told me what I am going to tell you, I'd have scoffed at the thought. But a few years ago I was a newspaperman's sweetheart. Today I am a newspaperman's wife—and there's a difference! A few years ago I didn't know that a newspaperman's wife held the world's most exacting job. If I had known it, or if any one had bothered to tell me, I'd have—well, I suppose I'd have done exactly what I did.

Whenever I hear a doctor's wife, a minister's wife, or any wife for that matter, bemoaning her fate, I smile and politely agree; but to myself I secretly chuckle and soliloquize "Lady, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Knowing what experience has taught me, I now declare, very definitely, that any woman who, for six months, can wear a "newspaperman's wife's" shoes without feeling the pinch, should be awarded a medal for enduring a test unknown to man or maid in any other walk of life. She will have had to contend with almost every inconvenience known to wives and, for good measure, had to cope with a score or more peculiar to her job alone.

If the hero-worshipping public could peek behind the scenes and see the newspaper game for what it really is, it's pretty certain we would, occasionally, find a detective novel wherein the newspaperman's wife actually did play a part in finding the hidden clue to the mystery. Occasionally too, there would be a film where the newspaperman's wife appeared at least once and where the highly-strung, super-sensitive, inhumanly intelligent reporter went home to his wife and children—again, at least once—instead of haunting dives for news all night, and pounding the typewriter all day. But the public can't peek and therefore does not see.

Oh, well, the public must have its romance! But let me tell you romance isn't the only thing attached to the job of a newspaperman's wife.

The first thing a newspaperman's bride must do is make herself over and reconstruct her future world. Strange, that! Maybe you can't conceive of such a situation. That's because you don't know much about a newspaperman. A newspaperman knows human nature. He's a judge of human nature—continually. He's wise to the world's deceptions and conceits. He takes life and humans at face value and doesn't expect too much of either. He doesn't play his cards until he is ready, and when he does he flips them on the table face up.

Any woman will admit that these characteristics are not peculiar to woman's make-up. Women, so many of them, like to resort to a little bribery, trickery, camouflage, in gaining a point; they like to feel that a few womanly tears will melt the masculine heart of stone; that a sly glance or well-timed sigh will score and win. If you're a newspaperman's wife they won't help, and the sooner you learn that lesson the happier you're going to be. Almost any other wife can get a fur coat, a telephone table or a box of bonbons by resorting to that feminine weapon—tears. But not so

the newspaperman's wife. If she cried all night and all the next day she'd just be marching steadily from her goal. All right, we're supposed to be "hard-boiled" and, in time, we learn to be just that. But it takes time.

If you're an only child and accustomed, as you must be, to the limelight, don't marry a newspaperman. You'll make him a poor wife. A newspaperman likes to argue. How men love it! And they do not like a woman—no matter how intelligent—continually butting in. Thus the newspaperman's wife learns to be left out of conversation and to like it, because even the most casual of calls will eventually develop into a debate.

**Y**ET a newspaperman's wife must be intelligent and keep abreast of the times. A newspaperman spends each day and every day seeking knowledge and dispensing it. No other man in the world has such a grasp of world affairs. Life's greatest tragedies, comedies, accomplishments, failures, are his stock-in-trade. A minister may be interested in religion, a doctor in medicine, a tailor in style, and a politician in politics, but all these merge in the newspaperman's world and likewise his wife's world, for, whatever other qualities a newspaperman's wife may lack, she must be, first and foremost, his pal, otherwise she does not last. You can't be a good pal if you are not on the same plane. And while husband spends his entire days amassing knowledge, his wife must progress mentally as she stirs a cake, mends Junior's trousers, and performs the many menial tasks known to wives and mothers the world over.

Like the scene shifter in a show, nobody gives the

newspaperman's wife a thought. And yet, let me assure you, if some little woman didn't keep your fictionized, romantic hero—the newspaperman—in tow, your favorite newspaper would look like a scrambled egg. The tension at which a newspaperman works is not conducive to sleep. The uncertainty of his hours is not conducive to regularity, and the fact that he usually turns night into day does not contribute to well-ordered living.

Therefore, be it now and hereafter understood that it is the newspaperman's wife's job to see that his waking hours are not too long and his sleeping hours not too short; that he has three meals a day notwithstanding the irregularity of his life. Robberies, fires, murders, plane crashes, chess and international golf tournaments are not governed by the time the dinner guests arrive. They happen at any minute and on any day, and when they do happen, they happen fast and it's up to the newspaperman to be on the job; and it's his wife's duty to see that he is [Continued on page 61]

*You need the strength of a horse and a superhuman capacity for hard labor; and you need infinite patience. For whatever the situation at home, when the story "breaks" at any minute of any hour—he must be off.*



# "CITY

*A vivid glimpse behind the scenes of a department store, anywhere in Canada, with the girls who take your telephone order*

by  
Helen Norsworthy  
Sangster

**C**ITY OR-DEr?" Do you ever wonder about that voice? It answers when you call any of the big department stores to order safety-pins or electric light bulbs, toothpaste, or the meat for tomorrow's dinner. Always it says "City Or-der;" its owner is taught the very inflection to give the words.

Perhaps you have never thought of it as belonging to a person at all, but to a vast automaton which delivers your order with amazing promptness. It does belong to a person—to a girl drilled like a soldier until she reaches the maximum of efficiency in her particular part of the great machine's labors. Her job may not sound very difficult or arduous—just sitting at a telephone and writing down orders, but there's a lot more to it than that. Try taking over her work for a week or so if you have any doubts about the truth of that statement. Start during a week of rainy weather, when people phone in their orders instead of coming down town, or during a big sale when the evening papers carry a four-to-six-page advertisement with plenty of phone order specials.

First, you are given a locker in which to leave your coat and hat—your purse you cling to like grim death—and a card bearing your number, which you punch at the time-clock. Woe to you if the gate goes down ere you reach it for three mornings! Jobs are hard to find now, and you are very likely to be looking for one.

In the order room, rows of girls sit at switchboards ready to begin work when the lights are flashed on at eight-thirty. The room is light and airy, since one whole wall is glass—frosted glass, which affords no distracting glimpses of the outer world.

The supervisor leads you to a "position" and consigns you to the tender mercies of one of her best operators. Before you is an upright board studded with tiny lights, each with a hole like a hungry mouth directly beneath it. The board is flanked by marked copies of the advertisements as they appeared in the two evening papers; above it are

bulky price books; above that, the belt which carries the bills to be sorted.

A set is thrust into your hand—a complicated tangle of insulated wires, a plug, an earphone and a hornlike mouthpiece. You fumble with it awkwardly until the operator takes it and, with a few deft movements, untwists the wires, clamps the single earphone over one ear by means of a band that grips your head, fastens the mouthpiece around your neck with a piece of dingy tape, and shoves a plug into a socket. "Just listen in on me for a while," she says, reaching for a stack of bill books as eight-thirty strikes and the boards blaze with lights.

She thrusts a plug like a snake's head into one of the yawning holes beneath the lights. Out of a confused roar

# ORDER"

*Perhaps you have thought of that voice as belonging to a vast automaton which delivers your order with amazing promptness; but it belongs to a girl who has been drilled like a soldier until she reaches the maximum of efficiency.*

which sounds like static on the radio during a thunderstorm, her voice finally emerges, also mumbling sounds apparently made by the customer.

"—the dollar-fifty? Sorry, madam, there are no telephone orders on those . . . I beg your par-don, madam, but I have the paper right in front of me . . . Yes, on page eight. We have a nice regular line at one-fifty, though . . . Yes, in a real dark shade . . . Well, I'd say size ten . . . What color's martinique? Just a moment, madam, I'll find out."

She flicks a button which temporarily disconnects the customer and shoves another plug into the bottom row of lights which are green instead of white. "That's where you get the department," she explains. "Hello, operator. Gimme Ladies' Hose . . . That you, Grace? Say, what color's martinique, for cryin' out loud? . . . Kind of a brownish beige, eh? Thanks, Grace. G'bye."

"Hello, madam. Martinique's a kind of a brownish beige color . . . Hello! Hel-lo!" Disgustedly she flicks out the plug. "Wouldn't that tie you? Central's cut us off. I bet she's mad as hops."

She takes several orders at dizzying speed. "Get any of that?" At your bewildered look she grins. "Never mind. You'll get on to it after a while. It takes a good month to get both ears trained in."

It seems improbable that you'll ever be able to get one, let alone two ears trained in. In spite of the supervisor's efforts to keep down noise, there is a constant clackety-clack of typewriters, whir of the belt, rip of bills being torn off, rattle of newspaper and price-book pages, sound of girls' voices. And if you cover your other ear with your hand, how can you make out bills? "Try the receiver on your right ear when your left gets tired," your operator advises. You comply. Nothing comes through but noise. You're practically deaf. Try it at home some time and see if it's not true. Then imagine having to do it in a roomful of noise . . .

You can't make many mistakes, either. A slip in the address or phone number or the order itself and the bill is returned to you. If this happens often, your presence is no longer required on the City Order board.

You must be able to understand all sorts of accents—English, Irish, Scotch, Jewish, Italian. Your knowledge of street names must be good, for often it's necessary to guess at the customer's meaning. There are voices so gentle and soft that it is practically impossible to catch their words, and others so loud that the sounds blur and run together. You learn to get all the necessary information though it means asking a dozen times for telephone number and street address. Otherwise, the bill comes back and you must phone the customer, wasting her time as well as your own and chalking up a bad mark on your record.

**BY THE END** of the first day you will be filled with admiration for the girls who scribble orders, flip plugs and reel off information so expertly. There are so many things to remember—the letter or combination of letters which designates a department, since the big price books are indexed that way; the set phrases to be used in addressing customers; the different bills to be used for charge or C.O.D. orders, for fruit and groceries and general merchandise. When items are sold out, a card is sent around the boards and the newspaper advertisement must be marked out. You must learn to finish off bills while taking another order; speed is second only to accuracy. Your number is on every bill you fling on the belt, and every few days a count is taken. If your average tally is low, some [Continued on page 62]



Photograph by Alan Sangster, Milne Studios

"Of course, daughter," said Mrs. Temple, raising her arched eyebrows. "I haven't questioned the fact, have I?"

"No, mother, you haven't said anything," Helen answered. "It's just your manner. I suppose you can't help it. It's the English reserve that sticks out all over you. I know that Grandma Benson feels you don't approve of her and I can't bear that she should be hurt."

TO ELIZABETH TEMPLE it seemed as if something had stabbed her. How far apart she and this loved daughter had grown. How this great, new country had changed the Helen of the old days at home. She was solicitous about the feelings of this queer old woman, but had she no thought for her own mother? Could she not realize what it meant to her, Elizabeth Temple, to be torn from home and have to adjust herself to a new life in a strange country? Had Helen forgotten all that she had left on the other side of the Atlantic and the deep sorrow in her soul at this time of year? However, she only said very quietly:

"You must remember, daughter, that you have been in Canada thirteen years and I've only been here four weeks. This is your adopted land. You've lost many of your English ideas. Give me time, dear. I can't change all at once, you know."

With her baby on one arm Helen Benson leaned over her mother's chair.

"Forgive me, mumsie," she said softly, "of course I'm being impatient, but do try to unbend a little toward Mother Benson. She is such a dear. Now, give your grandson a good night kiss. He's going up to bed."

A LITTLE later the family were gathered in the living room and John was turning the dials of the radio. The older Mrs. Benson sat down beside Helen's mother and looked with interest at the little garment that was gradually taking shape from the busy knitting needles.

"I reckon it's a sweater you're makin'?" she said enquiringly.

"Yes; a jersey," replied Elizabeth Temple. Then remembering that she had been urged to be more cordial she forced herself to add, "Do you ever do knitting, Mrs. Benson?"

The older woman gave a dry, cackling laugh.

"Do I do any knittin'?" she repeated. "Well, I sure do. I've raised four boys and three girls and I kep' them all in stockin's and mitts and my husband, too. What's more, I dyed and spun the yarn I made them of. Many's the pound of wool I've knit up, I can tell you. I don't do so much now. They're all growed up and married and my man's dead and gone this sixteen year, but I knit stockin's and mitts for Nellie's children. Nellie's the daughter I live with, you know."

"I've been doin' more quiltin' than knittin' lately. I just finished a swell quilt before I come here. Nellie was sayin' she'd like to put it in the Belmont fair. It's a better lookin' one than the quilt what took first prize last year."

"Indeed, that is very interesting," said Elizabeth Temple, and wished that the crude, ungrammatical speech did not grate upon her so.

"Have you made many patchwork quilts, Mrs. Temple?" asked the older woman.

"No," replied Elizabeth. "We don't use them much in England. We go in for good heavy blankets and usually have an eiderdown comforter folded at the foot of the bed."

Mary Benson glanced at the Englishwoman with veiled contempt. She had a poor opinion of a person who didn't make quilts, but then the English were queer. She couldn't understand them.

"It ain't as cold where you come from as it is here," she said at last. "I reckon you wouldn't want so many quilts on you at night."

Then, feeling that she had given a generous explanation of the other woman's shortcomings in the matter of bedding, she crossed over to the radio.

As is usual in rural communities, the family retired early. Helen, going upstairs, sighed wearily and felt that the evening had been no more successful than the supper. For the first time in her married life she found herself hoping that Mother Benson's visit would be a short one. A cloud seemed to rest over her happy home. "I never considered this angle of it when I suggested Mumsie coming out to us," she said to herself. "I'd forgotten the strain of snobbishness that we all have. When mother had to be looked after, it did seem that we were the ones to do it. John and I are the most prosperous of the family. Both those dear women are so splendid. If they could only find a common interest they might understand one another better, but if the grandchildren won't do the trick I don't know what will," and with a heavy heart she wound the alarm clock and put out the light.

THE Bensons' church was twelve miles from their farm homestead, and as Northern Ontario roads get seasonally bad, they did not attend very regularly. They usually worshipped at a little Union mission two miles away, and here the children went to Sunday school.

On the Sunday following old Mrs. Benson's arrival, Helen told her mother that they were driving to Belmont to church and the Englishwoman was glad. She had not cared greatly for the services at the mission and she wanted to

see the interior of the pretty, ivy-cornered, stone building which she had admired when she was in town. It reminded her of home.

The sun was shining and there was a tang of frost in the



## MEMORIES

by L. M. MONTGOMERY

A window looking out to sea  
Beneath a misty moon,  
Witch-gold of dropping poplar leaves,  
Or blue of summer noon,  
A murmur of contented bees  
In neighborly, acquainted trees.

A salt wind keening in the night  
Across the harbor rim  
Through the dark cloister of the pines  
And the uncertain, dim  
White birches in the meadow far,  
Where silences and whispers are.

A little gate, a winding path  
Through fern and mint and bay,  
The muted boom of breakers on  
The sands of fading day,  
Soft amber dusk along the shore . . .  
A voice that I shall hear no more!

## REVERIE

by EDMAR CHAPMAN

Snow-white walls in a jade-green clearing,  
These I have loved;  
Long blue range of Laurentians marching,  
Patterned trails, and the pines over-  
arching  
Hardwood smoke trailing faint warm  
incense  
White on the sky.

Plates and platters in bright rows gleaming,  
The friendly glow  
Of lamplight, mellowing the time-browned  
rafter,  
The cool caress in the wind's leafy laugh-  
ter,  
Red rose ramblers tapping on the pane,  
And the wild duck's cry.

Keen, clean fragrance of the pine tree  
tresses,  
Trails on the snow,  
A window's largess of light that lingers,  
Clasped by the star's slim white flame  
fingers,  
The long lakes drunken with the sun's  
caress  
When day rides high.

Ten thousand trails calling to treasure,  
A daisied dusk,  
The inner spark that thrills in leaf and  
flower,  
Dawn's healing hush, the twilight's  
wonder-hour,  
The untranslatable realities revealed  
In a friend's touch.



November air. The family packed themselves into the Bensons' battered car. The two grandmothers sat in the back seat with Raymond and Margaret between them. John and Helen with the baby were in front.

The last bell was ringing as John Benson ushered his family into a pew about halfway down the church. Elizabeth Temple bent her head reverently over the back of the seat in front, and as she did so she was surprised to see the quaint stooped figure of John's mother walking all alone down the aisle to the very front. She flashed an enquiring glance at Helen who was next to her and received the whispered explanation:

"This is Remembrance Sunday. Mother Benson likes to sit in front of the memorial tablet."

And then the Englishwoman remembered. She had heard of the three young Bensons who went to France from Canada, and of those three only John had come home. How could she have forgotten? Her thoughts had been so occupied with her own memories, and since she had come to Helen's home she had been experiencing a bitter sense of homesickness. It was hard to be so far away from that dear grave in Flanders, but there was some one here who had suffered more than she had. She recalled how, back in the days of the war, the sympathy of the Englishwomen had gone out so to their sisters in Canada. How awful it must be to know that the Atlantic Ocean rolled between them and their dear ones. Was she harder and more selfish than she was sixteen years ago?

The service began and the congregation joined in singing, but Elizabeth Temple did not follow the words in her open book. Instead, her eyes wandered to the little figure standing all alone in the front pew. She could see the bronze tablet, but was too far away to distinguish the names upon it. Above hung a wreath of crimson maple leaves and below was a vase of white chrysanthemums. The hymn ended and the service went on. The sun came through the eastern window and seemed to linger lovingly over old Mrs. Benson's black bonnet. To Elizabeth Temple it seemed to make a halo about that bowed head. The Canadian woman had become transfigured. She was no longer a crude, unlettered person, far, far removed. She belonged to the noble sisterhood who had given of their best for their country.

The service drew to a close. The last hymn was given out and Elizabeth Temple thrilled to the beauty of the words.

"O Valiant hearts, who to your glory came  
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame:  
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved;  
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

As the last strains died away, the Englishwoman felt drawn irresistibly toward the mother in the front pew, and, when the benediction had been pronounced, without pausing for any word of explanation to her daughter, she hurried down the aisle and slipped into the seat beside Mary Benson. Impulsively she placed her hand upon the rough, work-stained one.

"Dear Mrs. Benson," she said, and her voice was warm with friendliness and sympathy. "I did not know—at least I'd forgotten, that you had dear ones—over there."

She leaned forward and carefully scanned the bronze tablet until she read the words:

"Walter Randall Benson and Joseph Alan Benson."

"Ah," she said, "I know how you feel. I, too, am the mother of a hero." Then hand in hand they came up the aisle together and out of the church.

THE drive home would have been very quiet had it not been for the chatter of the children, but the strained atmosphere had gone. There was perfect harmony between the two grandmothers.

When they had reached the farm house, and Helen was preparing dinner, Elizabeth Temple went into Mary Benson's bedroom. "I wanted to tell you," she said softly. "I thought you'd like to know, that I've been to France and I've seen the graves of those brave Canadian boys. They keep them in such beautiful order. You would be pleased."

Mary Benson turned toward her a face alight with eager interest. "You've been over there?" she asked in a hushed voice that had in it a hint of envy. Then she added wistfully, "I reckon, like as not you've seen my boys' graves."

"It's almost sure I have," said Elizabeth Temple gently. "only, of course, I didn't know. I have a sister in England who goes over every year. Would you like me to get her to take some photographs. I know she'd be glad to do it."

"Oh, say!" the older woman said gratefully, "I'd like that fine. It'd be the next best thing to goin' over myself. I don't reckon I'll ever get to France." She looked hesitatingly at Helen's mother. "There's something I'd like to ask you, Mrs. Temple."

"What is it?" asked the other encouragingly.

"Tomorrow's the eleventh of November," said Mary Benson. "The room you're sleepin' in is the room my boys, Walter and Joe always had. I'd like to be standin' in there for the two minutes silence."

"Let's stand there together, Mrs. Benson," said Elizabeth Temple.

# INEXPENSIVE DISHES

*It's all very well to be economical--but are you giving your family the necessary food values? This Institute article tells you how--and gives some unusual recipes*



by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

**S**PEAKING of ill winds and the good they bring, reminds me that we really have to thank Old Man Depression for one or two things. To give him his due, we are bound to admit that he has got us out of extravagant ways and has made better managers of most of us. And that's something!

When the challenge was thrown out by way of lowered incomes and flattened pocketbooks, housekeepers gallantly rose to the occasion and set about revising their food budgets to meet the situation. It isn't such a simple matter either, for it is not a question of reducing expenses by merely using less food or buying inferior quality. There is more to it than that; it means more careful shopping, much planning, good cooking, and pleasing service.

Thrift, real honest-to-goodness thrift, is again considered one of the cardinal virtues, and if we are to earn the old-fashioned tribute "a good manager," we must make our pennies count toward the health and morale of our families. Indeed it is more important than ever to plan our menus with dietetic rules as well as economy in mind.

There are two questions of equal moment which every chatelaine should ask herself. "Can I afford to buy?" and "Can I afford not to buy?" For certain foods are essential in a satisfactory diet and must be included for safe nutrition.

Milk is one of these, and considering the return for our money in terms of body building and body fitness, it ranks among the inexpensive foods. Especially if there are children under our care we must see to it that the day's meals supply plenty of this staple. A pint a day is the least each child requires, but as a matter of fact, we should be a good deal more generous in order to provide the greatest benefit in growth and health. One-fifth of the total budget is not too much to spend for cheese and milk in its various forms—whole, skimmed, condensed, evaporated or dried—and it is true economy to allow that much, or even more, for the purpose. If it seems like a large amount, remember that there is no waste in these foods, and think of the varied uses—as a drink, as an accompaniment to certain dishes, and as an ingredient in many of them. Above all, consider its food value; even skimmed milk, which is often despised, is rich in minerals and other qualities which recommend its use.

Cereals are a cheap and excellent source of energy and necessary food elements. They should be used prominently by those who wish to make every dollar do its full duty and pay good dividends in plain wholesome fare.

We cannot afford to omit vegetables even from the emergency diet. Fortunately, many varieties are inexpensive, and familiar old friends like potatoes, turnips, cabbage, onions, carrots come to our aid in keeping within a limited budget. Canned vegetables are good value, and tomatoes, with their protective qualities, deserve a special word of recommendation for use—daily by the children and frequently by the adult members of the family. Sauerkraut is another member of this group, on which we can depend for minerals and vitamins, and which has the advantage of zesty flavor and low cost. Dried vegetables such as peas and beans contribute to inexpensive meals and may be used as a substitute for more expensive dishes two or three times a week. Serve some vegetables raw and allow a green one as often as you can.

Fruit, too, helps to ensure health and variety and should be included as often as possible. Apples are a stand-by with many possibilities and should be used often while in season and reasonable in price. Canned fruit and the dried varieties provide simple desserts of good flavor and nutritious value.

The cheaper cuts of meat are equally as nutritious as the more expensive portions. They represent a big saving and with careful cooking and seasoning can be quite as tasty as the dishes for which we pay much more. After all, can anything be more delicious than a well-made stew with plenty of vegetables brought piping hot to the table? And surely a pot roast or a rolled flank steak needs no [Continued on page 36]

*A good manager eliminates waste and plans for the use of left-overs in dishes that are appetizing enough to win favor in the best of good times.*



## Some of the Recipes . . .

### Stuffed Flank Steak

- 1 Good-sized flank steak
- 1 Medium onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1½ Cupfuls of stale bread crumbs
- 1 Egg
- Water
- Salt and pepper, celery salt or dried celery leaves
- A little sage or poultry dressing if desired

Wipe the steak with a damp cloth and spread with dressing made as follows:

Chop the onion, add to the melted butter in a pan and cook slowly until lightly browned. Combine with the bread crumbs and the slightly beaten egg. If a more moist dressing is desired, add water. Season with salt, pepper and celery and the sage or poultry dressing if desired. Roll the steak and tie into shape. Sear the entire surface of the roll in hot fat, add a little water, cover and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for 1½ to 2 hours.

### Browned Hash

- 1 Cupful of chopped cooked meat
- 1½ Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of chopped parsley
- 1 Egg, or 3 to 4 Tablespoonfuls of milk, stock or gravy
- Salt and pepper
- Dripping for the pan

Combine the meat, potatoes, onion, parsley and seasonings and moisten with the egg or one of the suggested liquids. Spread in a hot, greased frying pan and brown slowly. Fold like an omelet, turn out

on to a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce.

### Baked Stuffed Heart

Trim the fat and tubes from a beef heart and wash carefully. Fill the cavity with a seasoned bread stuffing and sew or tie to hold in place. If the cavity is not sufficiently large, cut a slit in the side, fill with the stuffing and tie in place. Dredge the heart with flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in a baking pan with about 1½ cupfuls of boiling water. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—325 to 350 degrees Fahr.—until tender, from three to four hours.

### Thrifty Ways of Using Left-Over Meat

(1) Combine chopped cooked meat with bread crumbs, add seasonings and moisten with egg, milk, stock or tomato juice. Use as a stuffing for baked onions, baked tomatoes or cabbage.

(2) Add chopped meat to scrambled eggs or to an omelet.

(3) Mix chopped meat with mashed potatoes, put in a greased baking dish and brown in the oven.

(4) Chopped meat and diced cooked vegetables may be combined mixed with bread crumbs or mashed potatoes and moistened with egg or stock, made into cakes and served on toast with a rich tomato sauce.

### Liver and Spaghetti en Casserole

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of fat,
- 1 Cupful of beef or pork liver (diced)
- 1½ Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt, Pepper
- ¾ Cupful of tomato pulp
- ½ Cupful of spaghetti
- Boiling salted water

[Continued on page 36]

# THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*

by  
M. Frances  
Hucks  
of the  
Institute Staff



Tested and Approved by  
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Chatelaine Magazine

## Some Whys and Wherefors of Little Folk's Meals

*What will they be when they grow up?—Just what your food knowledge makes them now!*

**L**ISTEN IN to the conversation of any group of young mothers and what do you hear? Perhaps a serious discussion as to the advisability of adding scraped beef to the diet of twelve-months-old Jean; often an amusing story of the reaction of little Billy when he began to feed himself; almost certainly you will hear something which relates to the paramount interest of such a group—their children.

And small wonder, for children are such fascinating little bundles of activity, never failing to delight the grown-ups when they exhibit a new accomplishment, responding so quickly and noticeably to any new issue. Even an apparently simple thing like the addition of a new food to their diet brings such perceptible results that parents cannot help but watch with absorbing interest the development of these young citizens.

But interest alone is not going to bring about a state of happy, healthy, contented childhood, as modern parents are quick to realize. Recognition of their own tremendous responsibility is immediately followed by a keen desire to know what is best for their child and consequent effort to secure such information.

In the application of this newly acquired knowledge, common sense plays a very big part. Wise young parents realize that proper care of children is more than rigidly following a hard and fast set of rules. They know, too, that fundamental principles must not be lost sight of in an effort to keep up with every new development.

Nor do wise parents relax their careful supervision when the child has passed the stage of helpless infancy, and is able to fend for himself. It is so easy to indulge the charming little runabout whose engaging actions seem to demand some reward; so very hard to refuse extra privileges to the little tot just starting to school. But the future health of the child and the happiness of both child and parents are dependent to an enormous extent on early training.

It is well known that many of the physical defects found in older children are the results of some definite lack in the diet of earlier years. And another fact, although not so readily recognized, is that the finicky, erratic eater who

upsets family meal schedules and later embarrasses hostesses, was a child who was allowed to pick and choose his food, to eat when he felt like it, and who didn't learn to accept what was offered and clean up his plate.

Even when he reaches the age of six or eight or even ten, it is surprising how easily a child may forget his early training and develop unfortunate habits. It is much simpler at this stage for a parent to help a child to maintain good habits than to force him to break bad ones. Children are old enough then to know and understand the reasons for many of the little things that are part of their lives. They should be made to understand that the food they eat is something to be enjoyed not only because it is good to taste, but because it is making them grow, strengthening their bones and teeth, and helps to keep them well; and because it makes their eyes sparkle and their lips red. They are quick to grasp the fact that the boys and girls who are bright and clever at school and who play on the baseball or football teams are the ones who eat the best meals. Every kind of food they eat can thus be given new significance when little lessons in nutrition are worked in with the daily meals. In just this simple way—and parents find it fascinating, too, when they begin to collect food facts—a lively interest is created around foods and meals. Later on, when the child selects some of his own meals, this interest and training will be responsible for his choosing the right foods.

Breakfasts can be the most enjoyable meal of the day and for the school child are perhaps the most important. Plenty of time must be allowed for an unhurried meal. Little appetites are keen after a long night's rest and everything tastes so good—refreshing fruit juice, a bowl of cereal swimming in milk, crisp toast with its coating of yellow butter, sometimes a bit of bacon or a soft cooked egg and always a big glassful of milk.

The largest meal of the day should be at noon whenever [Continued on page 64]

### A week's Menus for the six-year olds

BREAKFAST	DINNER	SUPPER
<b>Monday</b> Orange Juice (unsweetened) Well-cooked Cream of Wheat with Milk Slice of Crisp Toast Butter Cup of Milk	Small Piece of Roast Beef Small Baked Potato Buttered Carrots Raw Celery Rice Pudding Cup of Milk	Soft-cooked Egg Slice of Buttered Bread Apple Sauce Cup of Milk
<b>Tuesday</b> Stewed Prunes One Mufflet with Milk Two Crisp Slices of Bacon Slice of Toast Butter Cup of Milk	Scrambled Egg Mashed Potato Spinach Plain Junket Orange Juice (unsweetened)	Bowl of Vegetable Soup made with Milk Stewed Pears Slice of Buttered Whole Wheat Bread Cup of Milk
<b>Wednesday</b> Well-cooked Oatmeal with Milk Poached Egg Slice of Bread (not fresh) Butter Cup of Milk	Small Piece of Liver Boiled Macaroni Mashed Turnip Diced Oranges and Bananas Sunwheat Biscuit Cup of Milk	Tomato Juice Prepared Cereal with Milk Slice of Buttered Bread Lemon Gelatine Dessert Custard Sauce Cup of Milk
<b>Thursday</b> Cooked Apple (lightly sweetened if necessary) Corn Meal Mush (well cooked) with Milk Two Sunwheat Biscuits Cup of Milk	Scraped Beef Balls Baked Potato Peas Grated Raw Carrot on a Lettuce Leaf Baked Custard Orange Juice (unsweetened)	Cream of Celery Soup Slice of Buttered Toast Stewed Pear Plain Sponge Cake Cup of Milk
<b>Friday</b> Orange Juice (unsweetened) Red River Cereal (well cooked) with Milk Scrambled Egg Slice of Crisp Toast Butter Cup of Milk	Baked or Boiled Fresh Codfish Riced Potatoes Stewed Celery Baked Apple Cup of Milk	Rice with Stewed Chopped Dates and Milk Lettuce Sandwich on Whole Wheat Bread Cup of Cocoa
<b>Saturday</b> Well-cooked Farina with Milk Two Crisp Slices of Bacon Slice of Toast Butter Cup of Milk	Poached Egg Baked Potato Spinach Diced Raw Tomato Stewed Prunes Plain Cookie Cup of Milk	Carrots and Peas in Cream Sauce Orange Gelatine Whip Slice of Crisp Toast Butter Cup of Milk
<b>Sunday</b> Tomato Juice Prepared Cereal with Milk Slice of Crisp Toast Butter Cup of Cocoa	Stewed or Roast Chicken (no dressing) Mashed Potato Cauliflower Plain home-made Ice Cream Cup of Milk	Creamed Egg Slice of Toast Sliced Bananas Cup of Milk

N.B.—Desserts and fruits are very lightly sweetened if necessary; otherwise serve without sugar. Cereals also should have no sugar.



EAT SOUP  
AND KEEP WELL

# A substantial, hunger-satisfying food ... old-fashioned vegetable soup

... with meat!

No doubt you have experienced those days when appetites seem to assume abnormal proportions for no apparent reason whatever. The children rush in from school ready to eat you out of house and home. Your husband comes in with an appetite that demands real food and plenty of it. Perhaps you yourself require a more substantial lunch than usual to sustain you through a busy afternoon.

At such times as these you'll be glad you have a reserve supply of Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup on hand. This is the true old-fashioned kind of vegetable soup with a plentiful supply of meat — both in the rich, full-bodied broth and in the abundance of inviting pieces of beef.

The finest vegetables that Canadian gardens produce go into it. Tender peas, diced potatoes and golden carrots. Luscious tomatoes with all their sunny, appetizing flavor. Purée of vegetables. Choice barley. Fresh herbs and seasonings.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

I gallop and canter,  
Take jumps that are risky,  
For when I eat Campbell's  
I always get frisky!



Every spoonful aglow with the tasty beef broth. Tender pieces of beef that nourish and sustain. What a feast!

Made in Canada by the Campbell Soup Company Ltd, New Toronto, Ontario.

21 kinds to choose from ...

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
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Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken with Rice	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato	

12 cents a can  
except Chicken with Rice

## Vegetable-Beef Soup

from Campbell's famous Canadian kitchens

by  
Helen G. Campbell

As a basis for this article on making a decorative living room, the Institute furnished this room in one of the studios, through the co-operation of the following firms. Chesterfield and chairs, courtesy of the Kroehler Mfg. Co. Carpet, courtesy of the Toronto Carpet Co., Ltd. Sunworthy paper, courtesy of Stauntons, Ltd. Fireplace, courtesy of the Renfrew Electric Products, Ltd.



# Livable Living Rooms

*The Chatelaine Institute Builds one in  
its New Studio of House Furnishings*



*A quiet corner for reading near the fireplace can make a focus for interest in any room.*

A ROOM may say "welcome" as plainly as though the word were written on the doormat; or it can be as frigid in reception, as a "no admittance" sign.

You have entered both at one time or other—perhaps in the most pretentious house of your acquaintance, or in a modest cottage furnished in the simplest style. For it is not a question of money that decides whether your room will have a comfortable lived-in look, or a stiff formal appearance which is coldly uninviting.

The friendly welcoming air which tells of hospitality and cheer within, depends chiefly on taste and skill—furnishings suitable to the shape, size and purpose of the room, good arrangement for comfort and convenience and the use of harmonizing colors in decorations. But it is not always as simple as it sounds; a good deal of thought and experiment is necessary to achieve an ensemble of charm and individuality, a livable living room which makes every one feel at home. Why is it that Milady, who takes endless pain with the details of her costume, will sometimes select the furnishings of her home without any particular decorative plan in mind?

First of all there is the style of the room to be considered—the good features which may be emphasized and the bad points which can be overcome or made less conspicuous—sometimes even turned to advantage. Then with the general character in mind it is easier to decide what furnishings, what fabrics and what colors are most appropriate. And suitability is, after all, the keynote to success. It is like studying your own type and dressing becomingly.

This month in answer to puzzled home decorators who have written us for suggestions, we have illustrated a living room built and furnished in the *Chatelaine* Studio. The cost is moderate, the effect trim, cheerful, livable—a place

where a home-loving family delight to gather and offer hospitality to their friends.

To begin with, the walls were papered with Sunworthy paper in a pleasing restful shade of green with indistinct tracings in a slightly deeper tone. While the effect is of a plain background, there is enough pattern to give interest, allowing a certain play of light and shade and giving a certain depth of texture. Woodwork is painted green, just slightly deeper than the walls, thus giving a suggestion of spaciousness which was desirable. The floor is carpeted with broadloom of Canadian manufacture in a shade called "eggplant," and very like the reddish purple of that colorful vegetable. It gives a decorative quality to the floor, a pleasant change from the drab neutral effects in vogue a few years ago.

There we have the basis of our color scheme, a combination which is not hackneyed, which provides enough contrast to give life and significance, but is at the same time restful and harmonious.

WINDOW draperies of hand-blocked linen, repeat these colors—purplish leaves on a green ground, well balanced as to design, and made gayer by the bright yellows, blues and mauves in the floral pattern. The fabric too is appropriate to a room of simple character, and the treatment adds a soft grace to the windows and decorative panels which conceal the useful radiators.

Furniture was selected for its suitability and durability, but with an eye to line, color harmony, size and comfort. Each piece was considered in relation to the room and to each other, in order to achieve a unity and satisfying sense

of "rightness." Chesterfield and matching chair are upholstered in green material deeper than the walls, but patterned with interesting effect. A narrow trim of walnut emphasizes the graceful line and gives a trimly tailored effect. Another restful chair is done in a more vigorous shade of green, which blends with the walls and other furnishings and gives accent to the paler tones. Other colors are introduced in two occasional chairs—one covered with light tan material, and another of a somewhat more formal type, with colorful pattern in deep mauve, rose and green, on a light background. These pieces were selected from the well-known Kroehler line which is available at modern prices everywhere in Canada.

A ROOM is often made or marred by its arrangement—the placing of the furniture and distribution of color. Above all, consider comfort and convenience, roominess and balance, and the appearance is likely to be dignified and pleasing.

A living room such as we have illustrated, serves the purpose of a centre for the family and a place to entertain friends. With this thought in mind, we have planned certain definite groupings—a quiet corner for reading and a larger group which seems [Continued on page 61]

# Make These Charming Gifts Yourself!

*Ideas from Chatelaine's Studios for bazaars, your own home, or Christmas*

**A** No. C. 150—*Sampler. This charming little motto would be appropriate in any home. The words are as follows:*

Thank You for the world so sweet.  
Thank You for the food we eat.  
Thank You for the birds that sing.  
Thank You, God, for everything.

*And to make a pair with this we have chosen the following, No. C. 154:*

Hail guest! We ask not who thou art  
If stranger, such no longer be.  
If friend, we greet thee hand and heart  
If foe, our love will conquer thee.

Stamped on sampler linen, size 9 by 12 inches, price 35 cents each, with an additional 15 cents for cottons to work each. Or if ordering the pair, 20 cents worth of cottons will be sufficient.

**B** No. C. 153—Very attractive magazine rack. Stamped on heavy brown linen, in simple but effective design—carried out in lazy-daisy and single stitches only. Size about 13 by 19 inches—complete with lining, cord and wools for working. We do not supply the cardboard. Price \$1.25.

**C** No. C. 151—Chinese lantern laundry bag. Roomy and serviceable as well as entirely new and different. Two 27-inch circles form the bag, which is of heavy English cotton in blue, rose, yellow, green, mauve or cream—design to be worked in long, quick chain and single stitches. Price 75 cents. Cottons for working 10 cents.

**D** No. C. 147—A fire-side cat—really a large mitten for handling coal or wood is a cute ornament for the hearth. Of black felt, complete with cottons for working and ring. Price 35 cents.

**E** No. 36—A night-dress or pyjama case, this full blown rose with its bright yellow stamens is furnished with dainty ribbon draw

[Continued on page 46]



*Hasn't Scratched Yet!*



Made in Canada

# It's a better cleanser because it is so soft and fine



*....it cleans thoroughly  
it never reddens your  
hands...it never scratches*

Soft and fine! That's why Bon Ami gets under and off with *only* the dirt! That's why it cleans thoroughly but never scratches kitchen sinks, pots and pans, bathtubs, mirrors, windows, metals, painted woodwork, or any of dozens of other things you *clean and polish* with it.

Soft and fine! That's why Bon Ami washes completely away and doesn't clog drain pipes.

Soft and fine! A great advantage to you who would keep your hands looking nice. Bon Ami doesn't redden your hands—doesn't injure your fingernails. And Bon Ami has no odor.

NOTE THIS . . . Bon Ami is sold in two forms—a snowy-white *Powder* in a convenient sifter-top can and a handy, economical *Cake*. For some uses you'll prefer the *Powder*, for others the *Cake*—many housewives always use both.

## BON AMI



*For Kitchen Sinks*

# Today Mrs. Longworth guards her skin's freshness with the same two creams she used and praised *seven years ago*

This message from a brilliant woman—one of the vital figures in the political and social life of today—who has continued to use the same two creams for over seven years—gives you the clue to their extraordinary following all over the world.



MRS. LONGWORTH IN 1925, when she declared that Pond's Two Creams were "the foundation to a clear healthy skin."



MRS. LONGWORTH TODAY (Right)—fresher, more vital looking than ever. "Pond's Two Creams are actually all one needs," she says.

"I NEVER USE MAKE-UP . . . I have never had a facial in my life . . . What I do believe in, is keeping the skin clean . . . oiling it to keep it supple . . . protecting it reasonably from dust and exposure.

"And Pond's Two Creams do just those things. I use them because I know they are pure. I never use anything on my face that I am not absolutely sure of."

So speaks Alice Roosevelt Longworth, with delightfully Rooseveltian forthrightness.

Mrs. Longworth is one of the most vivid personalities in American life. Since her thrill-

ing girlhood in the White House, she has steadily grown to be one of the most vital figures in political and diplomatic circles in Washington.

Today she looks fresher, more vital, actually younger for her age—than at any other period in her mature life.

And she is utterly practical about caring for her skin!

The two creams she found years ago to be "all one needs" to keep her skin in perfect condition—Pond's Two Creams—are still the only creams she depends on.

"I use them a great many ways," she says, "just as I feel like it, and as the need turns up."

HERE are some of the special uses for which hundreds of American women depend upon Pond's Two Creams:—

**Pond's Cold Cream . . . A Grand Cleanser.** Gets your skin both clean and refreshed at the same time. Goes into the skin beautifully. Not heavy, can't clog the pores. Not extra-light and drying.

**To Take Away a Drawn Tired Look.** After cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, give your face a fresh creaming and let it stay on a few minutes while you rest. You feel and look like new! The oils in Pond's Cold Cream make the skin supple and rested.

**To Ward Off Wrinkles.** A bit of Pond's Cold Cream left on overnight will lubricate the skin and ward off wrinkles.

**Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . To Protect from Chapping.** Marvelous for that! Forms an invisible film that keeps the skin from drying and cracking.

**To Heal Roughnesses.** Softens and smooths away tiny particles of skin about to scale off.

**Holds Powder—Keeps Pores Clean—**Not only makes a smooth base to which powder clings, but keeps dust and dirt from pores.

**Send 10¢ for Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener**

MADE IN CANADA

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. L  
167 Brock Avenue . . . . . Toronto, Ont.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

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### 3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations

**The Cold Cream**—cleanses, refreshes, softens. **The Vanishing Cream**—protects, smooths, softens. **Holds the powder.** **The Tissues**—remove Cold Cream. Soft. Absorbent. Mrs. Longworth says, "I couldn't do without them."

Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9.30 P.M., E.S.T. Continuous dance music rhythmied for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

# DISCIPLINE

*How much—or how little?*

by JOHN MARTIN

**D**OUGHT children to be disciplined? Isn't this the age of self-expression; of allowing the young mind to unfold itself naturally, and all that sort of thing? To listen to many parents with advanced theories these days, one would think that discipline went out with the strap and the woodshed.

But why is the army so keen on discipline? It wasn't invented just to allow sergeant-majors to gratify a passion for ordering people about. It arose from the necessity of training men to act together.

Robinson Crusoe on his island could do as he pleased, but, directly he took up with Friday, he found he had to plant more corn, whether he wanted to or not, or one of them would have had to starve. As human society evolves, it is becoming more and more evident that "none of us liveth to himself." We are forced to act together, or lead pretty miserable lives, to say the least.

And if young men, with eighteen years or more of experience of the truth of this, have to be trained to do it properly, doesn't a baby, who starts with no experience at all, need training much more?

Some people talk about the "herd instinct." Watch undisciplined Tommy or Betsy Jane, when bedtime comes. Instinct ought to teach them that it is best for them, and the other members of the "herd" to which they belong that they should go.

But does it? Not so that you can notice it. Their childish attempts to imitate the lady who said that she would say something worse than she had, if she knew what it was, show, as their fond parents love to point out, strong individuality. It ends in their being disciplined, in later life, by a world that doesn't concern itself with psychological theories; and the process is unpleasant.

No; if the kiddies are to be happy they must be disciplined, or trained to act with, and for, others, just as the kittens have to be smacked by their mother when they won't let her wash their faces.

But how? Certainly not by haphazard slapping, sending to bed, and other ways of expressing the irritation of an overworked parent. Still less by threats that are not meant to be carried out. That's hopeless.

**T**AKE a look at what you've got, and think what you want to make of it.

You've got a baby—a tiny human being. It's absolutely without experience, but it brings some things into the world with it, which are going to stay with it through life. As you can't get rid of these, you have to make use of them.

It has appetites. It needs to eat and drink, digest its food and to sleep. It needs change of occupation and, lastly, it is a little boy or girl, a fact that will influence it all its life, the "equality of the sexes" notwithstanding.

It has emotions. It gets angry or afraid under certain circumstances.

It has attitudes. It likes some things and doesn't like others.

It has self-tendencies. It is assertive or retiring; friendly or shy.

*As the kiddies grow up, remember that they are individuals. You may have trained them to do many excellent things—but they will do them in their own way.*



Lastly it has special abilities. It may have an ear for music, or be unable to distinguish "Rule Britannia" from "O Canada."

You probably want to make it a healthy, happy and prosperous human being. How is this to be done? There is only one way which, from its simplicity, is often overlooked. Your baby must be trained to form good habits.

**EVERYBODY** forms habits. The careless person who always forgets appointments is just as much the creature of habit as the methodical person who makes a note of them. Only, one has formed a bad habit and the other a good one. Habits we must have, and the important thing about them is that when they are formed they stick. You can't change them as you change your clothes. Hence the need for seeing that your baby forms good ones.

You begin, of course with the appetites. Regular meals, regular sleep, regular play. Of course, this means hard work for the mother, but every calling means that, and the ancient and honorable mystery of childhood is no exception.

Children are often brought to clinics because they "won't eat." The mother has tried "sticky stacks that youngsters yell for," or some other alleged remedy for this, but without effect. She may have scolded or spanked the child. No use. Of course not. Regular meals are as much a habit as everything else, and probably the mother of this child got it into the habit of eating when it was most convenient for her, and so formed in the child the habit of eating when most convenient for itself.

If a child doesn't want to eat when mealtime comes, a little imagination helps a lot. "Here are the animals coming home for

dinner. Here comes the cat. Whoa! Mr. Cat. Don't you be in too much of a hurry. Oh! he's gone in!" The first mouthful is down, and the dog and the horse generally follow without difficulty. If, however, the child is really not hungry, don't force too many mouthfuls or you will rouse the attitude of dislike and attach it to the idea of meals. In other words, you will be forming a habit of dislike for regular meals.

On the other hand, never let the child get away without eating something. For a most important part of training in habit formation is persistence. If you want to train baby to go to sleep when you put her to bed at six, don't keep her up till seven when friends call, or wake her up at eight because Uncle Tom wants to see her. "It formerly was believed," says a well-known authority on child training, "that mother instinct or mother love was the simple and safe basis for the problems of training. It is now known that a much more adequate guide is the kitchen timepiece."

One word regarding punishment. If you are regular, persistent and constant you won't need much. When obliged to punish, see that the penalty always follows the offense, make it "fit the crime" as much as possible, and never punish when angry.

**B**UT the babies soon grow into boys and girls, and many parents experience difficulties here. It is very important to remember that the first six years determine, in a large measure, what the child is going to be. The girl who, by the time she is six, has formed the habit of putting her toys on their shelf when she goes to bed, will not mislay an important document when she is a business woman.

As the [Continued on page 44]

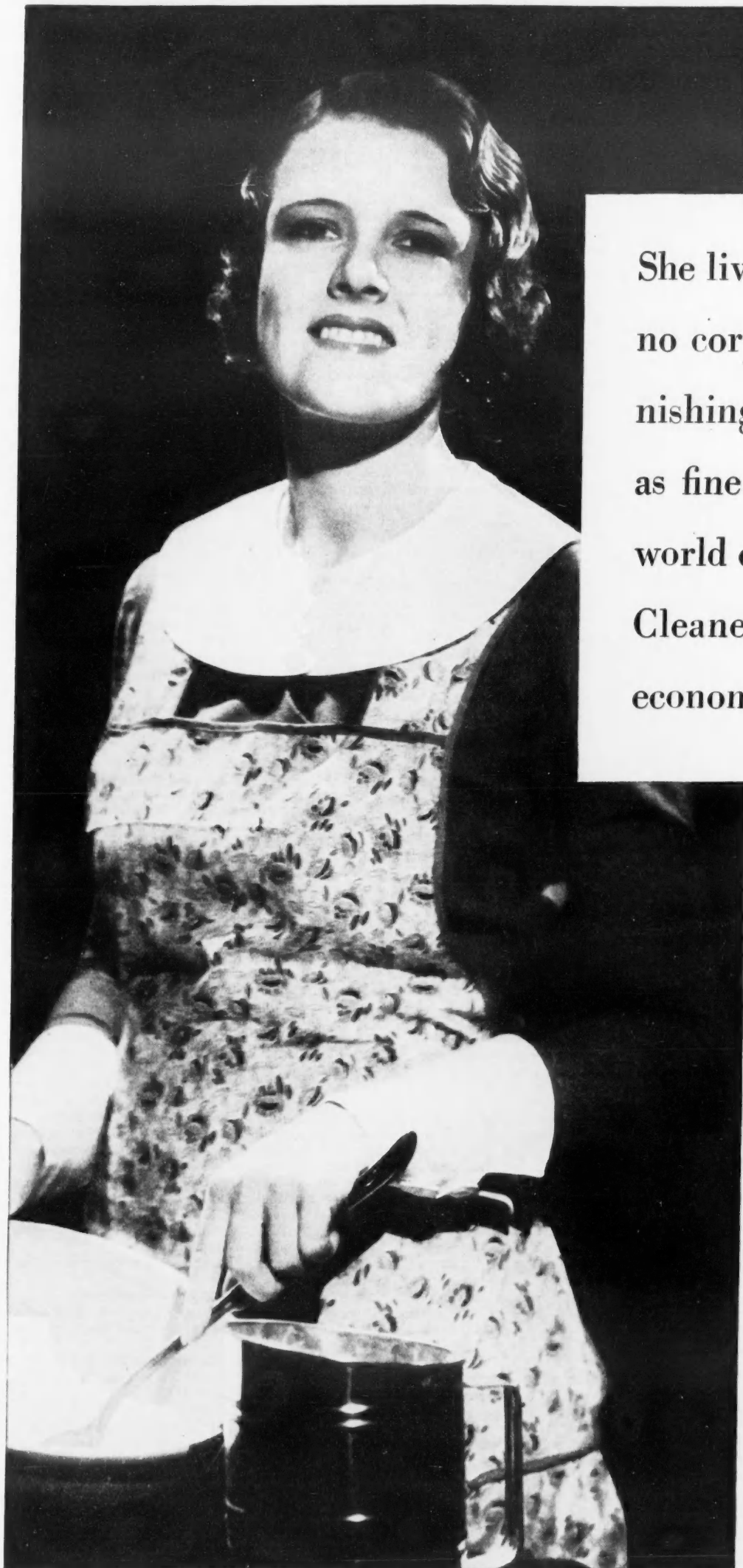
## Modern Mother

by Mona Gould

I have tried philosophy,  
And applied psychology—  
But when Johnnie bumps his knee  
I forget—and kiss it!

"Never sing them lullabies—  
Fairy tales are silly lies"—  
But when drowsy baby cries  
I forget—and rock him!

I should like to ask to tea  
Little mothers who would be  
Deaf to child psychology.  
Quaint, perhaps, but modern, surely  
Mothers who could find delight  
In that ancient ceremony—  
"Tucking children in," at night!



*One thing she didn't  
have to wait to own*

She lives in a modest home—she has no corps of servants—no costly furnishings or rugs. But she has one thing as fine as the richest woman in the world can own—her Hoover Electric Cleaner. Yet she bought it for its economy and paid only \$4<sup>50</sup> down.

*More homes—mansions or cottages—are cleaned by Hoovers than by any other cleaner. . . . Hoover is the oldest maker of electric cleaners and the largest. More than 3,000,000 Hoovers have been sold. . . . Nearly half of all Hoovers are purchased on the recommendations of users to their friends. . . . The Hoover is unique due to its exclusive, patented cleaning principle, Positive Agitation. By virtually shaking the rug, The Hoover dislodges even the most deeply embedded grit so injurious to rugs, and removes it along with all lint, hair, litter and dust. . . . The Hoover, while hard on dirt, is easy on rugs. It is recommended by leading rug manufacturers for the cleaning and care of floor coverings. . . . The Hoover is not only more efficient at the start, but is kept efficient by its sturdier construction and by expert Hoover service, to which every Hoover owner is entitled. . . . The Hoover may be bought on as low a down payment and with as small an outlay per month as the cheapest machine, yet a Hoover brings you many more years of cleaning service. . . . The Hoover is sold and endorsed by*

*the leading merchants of the country. . . . Welcome the bonded and trustworthy representative of your local Hoover dealer. Ask him for a no-obligation Home Trial of a new Silver Jubilee Hoover. The Hoover Company, Limited. Factory at Hamilton, Ontario.*



*It Beats . . . as it Sweeps . . . as it  
Cleans—on a Cushion of Air*

**HOOVER**  
ELECTRIC CLEANER



**NAZIMOVA.** Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House*, became a favourite of the screen in such hits as *Salome*, and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard*.

## NAZIMOVA *SAYS,* "I am over 40 years old!"

*Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth*

**"ONLY** the woman who looks it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!"

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen or seventeen, but to be still lovelier at thirty, at forty, and over... well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise. Very few actresses look their age, you notice. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—

and my skin, it is a pleasure, so soft, so smooth. That is why I laugh at being over forty. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Nazimova is only one of countless beautiful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

*How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty*

This fragrant white soap has been made official for dressing rooms in all the great film studios in Hollywood. For actually 605 of the 613 important actresses there (including all stars) use it regularly.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care.

# Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

## A Change of Surroundings

*Continued from page 11*

Tony moved abruptly in the doorway. "Breath of air," he muttered confusedly. "Cigarette. On the platform."

Sally turned and smiled at him. She looked happy and faintly amused.

"All right, darling. Don't be long."

He fled, with that in his ears. It rang in them. It was so composed, so married. Sally knew how a wife should act. She fitted herself perfectly into the rôle. He could imagine her pleasure at its novelty.

Novelty! Where was the bride's blushing confusion? Where were the fear and hesitation he had heard about? For a moment his conviction wavered. Was he wrong to think she was just a greedy child grabbing at what she wanted? Could she really be cold all through?

Tobacco quieted him. Minutes later, when he ground his heel on the fourth cigarette, he said aloud.

"I'll do it, by gosh! I'll stick it out. Cool detachment's my line and if that doesn't bring her around, then nothing will, and I'm sunk."

Adjusting a manner of cool detachment he went back to his wife.

**B**ACK in Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony took up temporary residence in what had been his bachelor flat. They were quite comfortable. The apartment was pleasant. Its location was good, its rooms were large, and Tony's taste, though not expert, had furnished it very well indeed.

Sally, when she first came into it, was frankly surprised.

"You've done yourself rather well, Tony. I must say. This is nice. We can manage here all right until I can find exactly what I want."

Those first weeks were hard on Tony. He went back to work, glad of the chance it gave him to be away from Sally. He kept studiously from telephoning her during the day, and as she never called him, he had only a vague idea of what she did with her time. But she was in his mind every minute. It made him jumpy. Several times he snapped at his secretary over a trifle, and once he misread a quotation so badly that he gave a customer incorrect information which resulted in a rather nasty mess. That time, Tom Bradley, senior member of the firm and a good friend of his, said warningly.

"Look here, Allard. I know you're just married, and all that. I sympathize. But it's time you snapped out of your daze. You'll have to forget the little woman when you're on the job."

Tony could only frown and keep quiet. He was in the wrong. But he wanted to punch some one.

The curb he was putting on himself did not grow easier. Every evening when he went home, Sally's presence in the apartment made his heart race. Her gloves on the table, a feathered mule under the couch or a pair of earrings stripped off and left on the mantelpiece could all but destroy his restraint.

Sally herself made it harder. She was sweet. The twist had gone from her mouth. Once or twice he caught her looking at him with a gentle expression that startled him. He supposed it was because she had got what she wanted.

**T**HEY had one conversation that, to Tony at least, was an ordeal.

It was during the first week of their life in the apartment. Tony was sprawled on the couch. Sally sat at the desk across the room. She was still writing notes of thanks for wedding presents. She had on a pair of deep blue, voluminous pyjamas made of a fragile velvet that clung to her figure. Tony kept his eyes away from her.

Suddenly her scratching pen paused. She turned in her chair.

"Tony."

"Yes'm."

"I—I want to say something."

He pulled himself erect on the couch. "Do! I'm panting."

She stood up and came across to stand before him, frowning faintly.

"No, seriously. Tony, are you—are you quite comfortable in the study?"

He had moved his things into the study and slept on its day-bed.

"Oh, quite!" he declared cheerfully. "I like it fine. Don't know why I never thought of moving in there before."

Sally's frown deepened. She drew a breath and said, all in a rush.

"I think you've got me wrong, Tony. I didn't mean this to be one of those 'marriages in name only.' I'm not a baby. I know what it's all about. I meant it to be perfectly fair, like a kind of a bargain. I wouldn't hold out on you, Tony. I'm not a cheat."

Their eyes met.

"A kind of a bargain!" he thought despairingly. "Oh, my stars!"

He muttered, "Of course not! I know you're no cheat, Sally."

Sally seemed to wait for him to say more. He looked at the floor. At last she sat down close to him on the couch, slipping her hand through his arm.

"Well then, my dear, you see—"

But he could not bear that. He stood up. "Yes, I see," he said roughly. "I see, all right." Then he added, "Never mind that, Sally. I'm making out fine."

Sally stared at him with her mouth a little open. For just a second it shaped the round O-o-h of a disappointed child. Then,

"You're making out fine? I see."

She rose and walked slowly back to sit down at her desk. The face she turned over her shoulder toward Tony was smiling.

"Well," she said, "I seen my duty and I done it."

He could not understand why she savagely crumpled the note she had been writing and flung it away.

They had no other conversation like that one. They had, in fact, very few conversations. Not that they were not perfectly friendly, but they were so seldom alone. Tony thought he knew what his wife wanted. He ought to! She wanted new contacts, new people, new ideas, new places. He set about getting them for her at once.

It was easy. A few telephone calls, one cocktail party, and their social life began to roll like a snowball. Tony had expected Sally to be a success, and she was. But he had not expected the unreasonable glow of pride that he felt as he watched her captivate his friends. What right had he to be proud of her? He who was only the means to this "change of surroundings" for her. Still the glow persisted. He had married her, hadn't he? There was always that.

He had not expected, either, the real warmth and affection with which every one greeted him. It was as if he had been away a long time and they had missed him.

"Well, Tony, you old dog!"

"Oh, Tony, darling! It's been too bleak without you."

"Come to dinner Thursday, Tony? Oh, and bring Mrs. Allard, of course."

He had never thought of himself as popular. But sometimes, now, he was faintly embarrassed by the effusiveness which was lavished on him. One evening he came into the apartment as the telephone rang. Sally came out of the bedroom. She smiled a greeting and beat him to the phone.

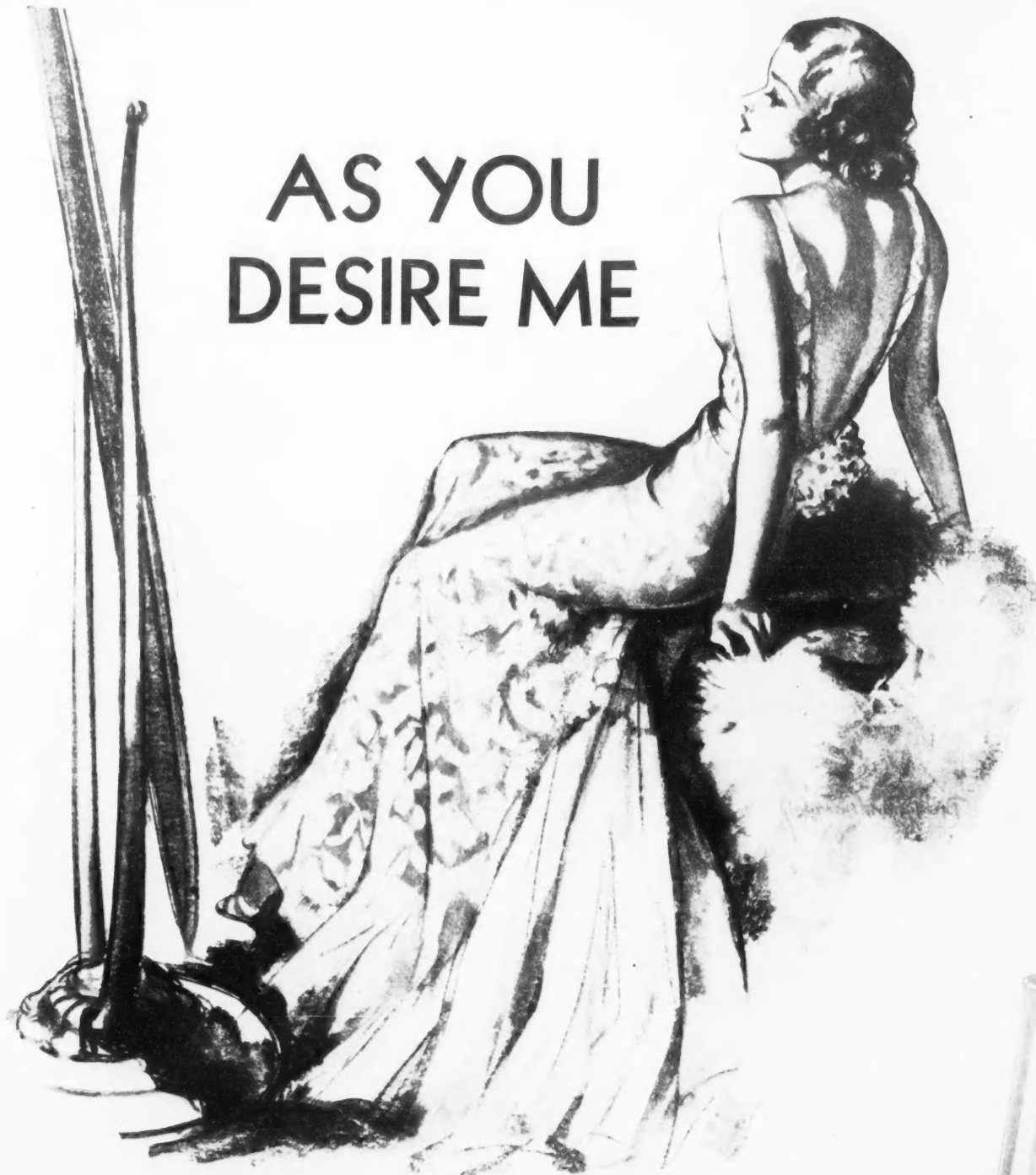
"Hello," she said into it. "Yes. Oh, just a minute, please. It's for you, Tony."

He dropped his hat into a chair and went over to take the instrument from her.

Tony's ears went red as he recognized the feminine voice at the other end. He put one hand in his pocket and turned his back to Sally who was standing by the fireplace. He was painfully aware of his side of the conversation and of how it must sound to her.

"Oh, hello. Mighty nice to hear from you. How are you?"

# AS YOU DESIRE ME



to make skin smooth, soft,  
firm yet yielding

*this much OLIVE OIL goes into every cake of Palmolive* →

**R**UN your hand gently across your cheek. Does it feel soft, smooth, undeniably firm and young? Is it as you'd like to have it? If not, then how can you hope to appeal to others?

#### **You can hold skin-charm**

Experts say skin can be kept young indefinitely. You need not lose youth's gently yielding, yet firm-textured skin. Just follow the expert advice of beauty specialists.

#### **Olive oil beautifies!**

Over 20,000 beauty specialists urge olive

oil—use it in soap—in Palmolive Soap. Palmolive's unique beauty ingredient is olive oil. Massage its youth-giving lather right into the skin. Use it for the whole body, not merely for face and throat.

#### **Look young—stay young**

Begin—then watch new smoothness, new softness bring youth back to your skin. Why? Because Palmolive's olive oil content does give skin new vitality, new firmness. It will—certainly, surely—bring to the skin that charm that makes and keeps you desirable.

*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*



MADE  
IN CANADA

# An enticing meal for 4 that costs but 58¢ with **HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI**



## A complete well-balanced meal

Just glance at this interesting, appetizing menu . . . and realize that the entire meal, including everything for four persons, will cost you only 58 cents.

That's one of the delightful characteristics of Heinz Spaghetti—it combines so wonderfully well with other favourites—and so combined, makes meals both enticing and thrifty.

Heinz makes its own dry Spaghetti . . . of finest Durum wheat . . . then adds thick and piquant tomato sauce blepded with cheese . . . recipe of a famous Italian chef.

To get the delicious Heinz Spaghetti flavour you must specify Heinz—no other. Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is completely prepared and seasoned—ready to heat and serve. There are four convenient sized tins to fit every need.

Heinz Spaghetti  
Broiled Bananas  
Egg Celery  
Pickled Relish Salad  
Bread Butter  
Cookies Tea

ONE OF THE  
**57**



Ready to Serve

SP 37

# HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

MADE BY HEINZ—ESTABLISHED AT LEAMINGTON, ONT., FOR NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

"I'm sorry you had all that trouble. Yes, I've been away. What? Oh, grand!"  
"Why—er—why, that was my wife. Yes. You didn't? It was in the papers? Yes. No kidding."

"No, I'm sorry I can't. No, not this evening. Sorry, no. Not possibly. Sorry. Awfully sorry. Well, good-by."

He hung up with a breath of relief and turned, conscious that his face was still a little hot. Sally's eyes appraised him for a minute, missing nothing of his discomfort. Then she snapped.

"If you're so sorry, why don't you go see the lady?"

He gaped at her. Her expression was one he had not seen before.

"Don't let me stand in your way. Go on out and make whoopee with all your girl friends, if you want. Only don't think you're making me jealous, because you're not!"

She bolted past him into the bedroom and slammed the door.

He stood still, staring at its panels. Jealous? Make her jealous? Didn't he know there was no chance of that?

Five minutes later he was still there when the door opened a little. Sally's head poked out. Her hair was wet.

"I didn't mean it, Tony. That was skunky of me. I've taken a cold shower for my sins."

Instantly Tony's grin flashed. He couldn't resist her.

"Okay, lady. Forget it."

**B**UT when they were dressed and starting out for the evening, Sally came back to it. She took his arm as they came into the street.

"Tony, would you rather have gone out with that girl instead of me?"

He opened his mouth to say,

"Instead of you! Gosh, no!"

But he stopped himself. Cool detachment. He remembered just in time.

"Why, no. And anyway, I don't want to miss this party."

Sally said, "Oh!" in an odd, flat little voice. He felt her looking at him, but he was hailing a taxi.

The party to which they were going was being given by Duke Powell in their honor. Decent of Duke, Tony thought. He had been splendid ever since their return. He frankly thought Sally wonderful and did not hesitate to tell her so.

"Child, I've been looking for you all my life."

To Tony he confided,

"I thought she'd be a knockout, knowing you. But I didn't expect her to be a regular riot."

And Tony, aching all over, had to look complacent.

Duke sent Sally orchids the day after he met her, with a message that if her husband objected he would be happy to shoot him. He lent them his car when he went out of town. Nothing was too much for him to do, and nothing he did was in bad taste because he would not be serious about it.

"Man!" he averred over Tony's protests. "I have formed a desperate attachment for your wife. Would you deprive me of a few, simple pleasures?"

And now this party, which, like all Duke's parties, was bound to be good.

It was. Duke had scorned his own flat and had moved into his father's town house for the evening, the Old Man, as he explained, being at a conference in London.

The host greeted them at the door with, "Excuse the marble halls. I wanted room for everybody. But if you object to these great open spaces you can probably find a nook or a cranny around somewhere. Sally, my child, you're lovely. If I had a thousand ships I'd launch them right now."

An orchestra was playing. Duke dragged Sally toward the sound. They began to dance. Tony watched them, smiling until they disappeared into the crowd. It was thrilling to watch them. They moved like one person.

It was a good party. The orchestra came from the Glendale. Late in the evening the entertainers from the Castle Club performed. Tony kept busy. He did a good

deal of cutting in, and he had a long talk with a little dancer from the cabaret. He did not dance with Sally. This kind of thing was meat and drink to her. He'd let her have all there was of it, without butting in. But he never lost sight of her fair head in the throng. She was being rushed to death.

Toward two o'clock he found himself leaning against the wall beside Duke. He was tired. Also he could not see Sally anywhere on the floor.

"Where's my wife?" he asked his host.

Duke grinned.

"She's in there"—he nodded to one of the small rooms—"cleaning up. Somebody started a game of contract and she's been giving them pointers. Tony, she's not only a wife, she's a wizard at that game. Maybe if I learned, I'd be a social success, too."

"Maybe you would. But that takes brains, that does."

"Oh, yeah?"

But Tony had started for the door. He was suddenly exhausted. His head ached and his feet were tired, and he had to go to work in the morning. He wanted to go home.

It took nearly an hour to break away, but at last he and Sally were in a taxi, heading down town. It was three o'clock.

Tony leaned back wearily.

"Have a good time?"

"Yes, swell! I do like Duke. He's never dull."

"Duke's a good egg."

"Tony, you didn't dance with me once."

"You were pretty busy. So was I, for that matter."

She did not answer. And suddenly a breathless possibility occurred to him. He cleared his throat.

"Why? You didn't care, did you?"

"Well, I—" she paused. "It—it just didn't look very well."

That was it. He closed his eyes.

**N**EXT morning he felt dull and heavy. His eyes burned. When he broke a shoelace he flung the shoe against the wall with an oath, and then trembled for fear he had wakened Sally. It was a bad day. He reprimanded the office bookkeeper for an error, only to find that the man's figures were right, after all. Tom Bradley took him to lunch to ask him what on earth was the matter with his sales and to tell him he'd better buck up. Tony sulked.

He knew he was heading for trouble. He knew his record was sinking lower and lower, and that he was being surly about it. But he could not help it. He felt as if something were being dammed up inside him, growing in volume and in pressure with each day. Every nerve in his body seemed to be crushed by that inner strain and to be aching under it. On some mornings, when he had had only a snatch of sleep, he felt positively light headed. And he rarely got more than a snatch of sleep. His evenings were a series of parties. If they did not go out, then a horde of people was sure to descend upon the apartment, gay and noisy and unable to go home at a decent hour.

Tony hung on grimly, growing thinner and a little sallow. Then, after weeks of it, he cracked. They were to have gone out with Duke that night. Sally was dressing when Tony came home.

"Hello, stranger," she called from her room. "Hurry up."

Something gave in him suddenly.

"Sally, I just can't make it. I've had a bad day. You go on with Duke and leave me to tear off a little sleep."

She peered through the door at him.

"Oh, come on. You'll feel better when you've eaten."

"No. I'm all in."

"Then we'll both stay home, shall we?"

Tony's taut nerves snapped. He would not go through one of those unnatural, repressed evenings with Sally. His voice rose.

"No! For the love of Pete, go on and have your fun, can't you? I've got to have some rest."

She said nothing more. When Duke arrived she went off with him calmly. She looked a little tired herself, a little pale.

# Film on teeth is dangerous!

## Just look at film under the microscope

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.



**YOU** don't need a microscope to pick out film-stained teeth. The naked eye can't miss them for film is ugly and disgusting.

But where the naked eye sees ugliness the microscope sees danger. Magnify film 1000 times and you will see living germs of many kinds. Look especially at those rod-shaped ones in pairs and groups—*Lactobacilli* is their scientific Latin name.

### Destroyers of lovely teeth

*Lactobacilli* are the "germs of tooth decay." They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

*Lactobacilli* appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a

single tooth may easily contain one million living organisms. The only way science accepts of destroying germs on teeth is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film removing properties of their toothpaste.

### This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

- 1 A species of *Lactobacilli* now held responsible for tooth decay by many authorities.
- 2 A species of *Streptococcus Pyogenes* that lives in the blood and causes serious infection.

Now these scientific laboratories have developed a new and revolutionary material for removing ugly film.

It is radically different from any found in other toothpastes, different in composition and in action.

Some toothpastes remove film with materials so hard that they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is *soft*—twice as soft as the material commonly used in dentifrices. This new discovery shows extraordinary power in removing stubborn film and giving brilliant polish.

This new cleansing and polishing material is contained in Pepsodent *exclusively*. Remember that and be safe, when you are tempted to pinch pennies on cheap, half-priced toothpastes.

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**HERE** are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs. Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and be

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matism, periodic pains, and other  
suffering, take Aspirin; it cannot  
depress the heart. All druggists.**



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REGISTERED IN CANADA

The glance she threw Tony from the door puzzled him.

He went to bed and could not sleep for thinking of her, out with Duke.

"I do like Duke. He's never dull."

He remembered that and punched his pillow.

THE next day things came to a head.

Just before lunch Tom Bradley came into Tony's office. He was frowning.

"Say, Allard, old J. H. Cummings just called me in a state. Why do you think I gave him to you to deal with, if it wasn't because I thought you could handle a big, ticklish customer like him? And here he says you made an appointment with him for this morning to talk about the Mutual 7 per cents, and you never showed up or let him know. He said he waited an hour. How come?"

Tony glanced at his desk pad and turned a dull red.

"Slipped my mind," he answered shortly.

Bradley flushed, too.

"Sa-a-y! You just sat here all morning twiddling your thumbs and let an account like Cummings' slide? Well, I'll tell you something. He's quit us. Grabbed the whole works away from us in a rage. Says if that's the way we do business he couldn't trust us in a pinch where it might mean real money. That's what your 'slipping' mind's done. You can't get away with that, Tony."

Tony stood up, another sleepless night behind him, a pulse hammering in his head. All the fatigue and hurt and despair of the past months rose up into an anger that was not quite sane.

"Right!" he snapped. "Now I'll tell you something. You can't land on me like a ton of bricks every other day. I'm through. Take your job and give it to somebody who'll lick your boots. I won't!"

He started for the door.

"Hey, wait a minute. Chuck it, Tony. Don't get in a lather. I didn't mean—"

"I don't care what you mean. I'm through. I resign."

It was a good deal later that Tony found himself in the street. He was blocks away from the office, walking furiously. He did not remember his route. His anger was gone, leaving only a blank panic.

THAT was the beginning of a nightmare.

He had been a fool, of course. He knew that at once. But it was only after several days that he realized quite how much of a fool. He couldn't go back to Tom Bradley. Tom was a decent sort and he, Tony, had behaved like a hysterical child. He couldn't crawl back, begging a favor, when he had acted the cad. He began to look for some other connection. Poor Tony! He knew he was a valuable man, but just at this time other, even more valuable men were looking for connections, too. Over and over again—"Gosh, Allard! I'd like to hire you. You're just the man I'd need in ordinary times. But now—Well, you might call me up in six months or so, if you're free."

So here he was, married to a girl who had taken him as a means to an end, and now not even earning the wherewithal to that end!

He did not tell Sally. That would come only when he reached the last ditch. He knew she would suggest appealing to her father, and the thought made him sick with humiliation. He left the apartment as usual every morning, returned in the evening. When there were gaps in his grinding round of interviews, he went to his club, where he simply sat. Fortunately his dues were paid up. He tried to keep up with Sally in evenings, but his mind was not on it and often he let her go off with some one else—usually Duke. Sally herself looked worn in these days. She was pale and her eyes were too bright. Her thirst for excitement seemed almost possessed. It was as though she were driven, as though she were trying to escape something. Himself, he supposed, and stayed at home more often.

A month passed. The nightmare became a waking, walking delirium.

One night he came into the apartment a little late, to find it empty. He wandered

disconsolately about. Sally's room was full of her. A negligée lay over a chair, there was powder on the dressing table top. He wandered back into his own room, the study. In there the day-bed had been rumbled. There was a dent in the pillows and a small handkerchief was beside them. He picked it up, inhaling that faint, familiar scent. It surprised him a little to find the filmy thing damp. He put it in his breast pocket. She had plenty of them.

A key sounded in the front door a moment later, and Sally came in. She looked flushed and oddly confused. She began a long story about a matinée and a traffic jam.

NEXT day Tony took his last chance. He went to see Duke. He had put it off until the end because he had already accepted so many favors from that source. But it was this or nothing, now. Surely, in the vast connections of old Mr. Dana Powell, there must be an opening somewhere!

It took him most of the day to bring himself to go, but at last, late in the afternoon, he set out. He did not telephone. It was nearing six and he felt reasonably sure of catching Duke at the dressing-for-dinner hour.

They told him at the palatial hotel-apartment house that Mr. Powell was in. He went to the room telephones to announce himself.

"Hello, Duke?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Tony Allard. May I come up?"

"Tony! Say, I'm sorry but—No, hold on. Wait ten minutes, will you? That is—Oh, well, come on up."

Tony went up. He was too intent to be put off by confused directions.

Duke opened the door himself. They went into the big living room of his suite. "Well, Tony. Er—sit down, won't you? Have a cigarette? What's up?" His voice was hurried. Tony braced himself.

"Duke, I hate bothering you with this. You've been such a prince to me already that I hate this like poison, but the fact is—"

But he was not to make his request that day. Another latch clicked in the living room. There was a scurry of footsteps. A girl's voice called,

"Has he gone?"

And some one was standing in the doorway.

It was Sally.

For a time they all stood there like mechanical figures. Then Tony bowed. "I beg your pardon," he said.

He opened the door and went out. He walked down the hallway, throwing his legs before him in a sort of goose step. He pressed the "down" elevator button with great exactness, and, when the car came, he marched into it like a parade. In the street he said to a taxi driver,

"Home, James."

"What address, buddy?"

Tony thought for two minutes. Then he remembered. He gave the address.

BACK in the apartment he took a suitcase from the closet. Slowly and methodically he began to put things into it. Deep in his mind something was beating like a drum.

"The game's up. The game's up. The game's up."

But the rhythm was independent. It had nothing to do with him. He was not thinking. He was just packing.

The suitcase was very full and he sat on it solemnly to close it. He adjusted his hat before the mirror, tilting it more than usual. Then he went to the front door. He opened it upon Duke Powell. Sally was behind him.

"How do you do?" said Tony rapidly. "Coming to take possession? I hope you'll find everything satisfactory. The ice-box door sticks a little, but a good carpenter—"

"Shut up!" Duke snapped.

He seized the suitcase and pushed Tony backward through the door. They all three crowded inside. Tony retreated to the end of the room. His mind was beginning to stir. Sally stood by the fireplace, silent. Duke dropped the bag.

# Do your health a favour!

... while you enjoy this delicious  
Kraut that costs so little now

## What Health Authorities Say About Sauerkraut

"It purifies the blood." . . "It is a valuable source of vitamins and food minerals." . . "It is Nature's own best medicine for digestive disorders." . . "Its lactic acid destroys poisons in our systems." . . "One of the most healthful vegetable dishes on earth."



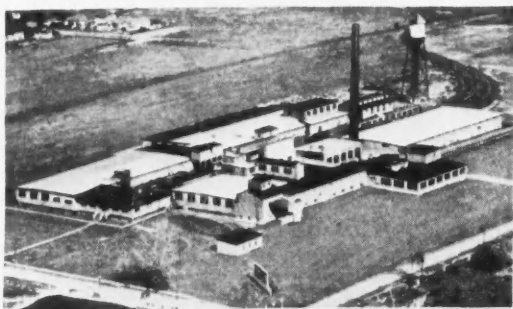
Your health, your pocketbook, your palate — you do them all a favour when you serve Libby's Sauerkraut!

Authorities can't say enough about sauerkraut's wonderful health values. And now Libby's — the kraut famous for its high quality and fine flavour — is selling at the lowest price in years!

This is particularly noteworthy because Libby spares no expense or trouble to give you delicious sauerkraut with the highest possible health rating.

Only choice "solid head" Canadian cabbage is used. In Libby's great Ontario kitchens, the cabbage is thoroughly cured by experts. Special pains are taken to guard against exposure to the air, so that the valuable vitamin and lactic acid content of the kraut is preserved.

And what flavour this thoroughness gives! Zestful, refreshing, mellow. Perfect texture, too — firm, yet tender.



LIBBY'S SAUERKRAUT IS MADE IN CANADA

Try it once, and the chances are this kraut will be scheduled for at least a weekly appearance. So we've suggested three new ways to fix it as changes from the old favourite, kraut and frankfurters. Ask your grocer today for several cans of Libby's Sauerkraut.

① *Sauerkraut and Apple Salad. Drain and chop contents of two No. 2½ cans Libby's Sauerkraut. Marinate in French Dressing. Pack a ring mould with Kraut and chill. Remove from mould; fill center with boiled dressing thickened with whipped cream; and serve surrounded by lettuce cups filled with apple sections.*

② *Sauerkraut Stuffing for chicken or turkey is especially popular with men. Drain and chop contents of a No. 2½ can Libby's Kraut. Brown a minced onion in 2 tbsps. butter, add 1 cup bread crumbs and mix with Kraut.*

③ *Casserole of Sauerkraut and Sausage. Alternate layers of Libby's Sauerkraut and pork sausage meat made into thin patties. (If desired, a few caraway seeds may be added to the Sauerkraut.)*

At Chatham, Ontario, are the great canning kitchens of Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd. There hundreds of Canadians are employed making delicious Libby Foods from Canadian-grown products.



## And she realized the bitter truth of it



"HOW OLD MARY LOOKS!" A STINGING REMARK TO OVERHEAR AND THE BITTER TRUTH OF IT WAS ALL THAT MARY COULD BEAR.



SHE WAS YOUNG . . . AS YOUNG AS HER FRIENDS. YET HER MIRROR TOLD HER SHE WAS FAR OLDER . . .



WHAT WAS MAKING HER LOOK AND FEEL SO OLD? . . . WHAT STRANGE THING WAS STEALING HER YOUTH?

### The Answer

Though she doesn't even suspect it . . . poisons are circulating through her body . . . ruining her nerves . . . spoiling her disposition. Medical authorities call them fatigue poisons. If she only knew that stimulants interfere with the rest which the body needs . . . that they encourage the development of fatigue poisons . . . if she only knew that thousands of men and women have avoided stimulating mealtime beverages containing the drug-whips tannin and caffeine and turned to Postum.

**W**HEN your body is continuously tired and overworked, Fatigue Poisons often accumulate. These are real poisons. Their action often causes irritability, inability to relax, nervousness—sometimes it even leads to complete breakdown.

Nature can throw these poisons off with the aid of sound sleep, proper diet and exercise. But if you continually force tired nerves and muscles into action with beverages containing the drug whips tannin and caffeine, if you go beyond the safe limit of your endurance, you draw on your reserve strength. And then the poisons of fatigue accumulate and wear you down.

Postum will help you whip the menace of Fatigue Poisons. It will help you because it contains neither of the drug whips tannin nor caffeine. It does not artificially stimulate you. It does not drive you on after Nature has warned you to stop. It delightfully satisfies your craving for a hot mealtime drink. Instantly made in the



cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. There's Postum Cereal, too, made by boiling or percolating 20 minutes. Sold by your grocer.

### Good for the Whole Family

Many children do not like the taste of milk. They like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". It is good for them to have a hot drink. Make Instant Postum for them using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately!

**Splendid Free Offer**—Make the Postum 30-day test. See how much better you sleep—and feel. We'll start you on your test by giving you your first week's supply free.

Write Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

# Postum

P4-32M

"Now then, what's the idea? Where did you think you were going?"

At the curt tone, Tony forgot everything but fury. He did not glance at Sally, but he took a step forward.

"Get out!" he said.

"Not till I tell you what I think of you for trying to walk out on your wife like this."

"Get out before I knock you out!"

"I'm going, all right. But you'll listen to me first. What kind of a husband are you, anyway? Lose your job—" Tony jumped—

"Yes, lose your job! And instead of telling your wife and trying to work things out with her, you sneak around as if you didn't trust her!"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, you thought you could keep it dark, but there wasn't a chance. Tom Bradley's been tearing his hair, trying to persuade somebody to tackle you and get you to come back. We're all on to it, but you've acted like such a sore-headed bear that nobody'd butt in. I wouldn't be letting you have it now if it wasn't for Sally. It's her secret, but I won't stand for it any longer. Instead of being treated like a queen, as she should be, she has to creep off and go to work for you—"

"What did you say?"

"What do you think she's been doing? What do you think she was doing at my place today? What do you think she's been doing at Chet Grey's and Slim's and Molly Sloan's every day for a month? She's been giving contract bridge lessons, that's what she's been doing—and getting darn well paid for it, too! While you sit around and nurse your false pride!"

Duke strode to the door and opened it. Then he turned, suddenly grinning.

"Snap out of it, Tony. Get wise to yourself."

He nodded toward Sally and was gone.

Tony stood rigid for a long moment, staring at the door. He could hear the watch ticking in his vest pocket. At last he slid his gaze around to Sally. She was still standing by the fireplace. She looked almost frightened. He met her eyes. They were wide and

imploring. He muttered almost stupidly, "Contract bridge."

She burst out,

"I didn't want you to know. You didn't trust me. But I thought we might need some money and I wanted to help and I knew you wouldn't let me go to dad."

"Contract!" he said again.

He began to laugh. He rocked there, across the room from her, laughing on a high, strangled note. Her voice came to him forlornly.

"It's the only thing I can do well, Tony."

At that, suddenly, he was not laughing. He was crying. Noisily and uncontrollably. It was disgraceful, but he could not stop. He sank into a chair before the desk, put his head down and let the sobs tear out of him, shaking him from head to foot. He was through. He couldn't fight any more.

Sally was beside him, kneeling on the floor.

"Tony! Tony, don't! Please stop!"

He felt her touching him, pulling at his hands, clutching at him. It brought him back from that utter surrender. After a while he began to hear the amazing things she was saying.

"Darling, don't! I love you, Tony. I didn't know it at first. I was a nasty, cold-blooded snip. But I began to, almost right away. I'm crazy about you, Tony."

He held his breath at that. In the silence he heard her whispering over and over,

"Oh, darling, darling, please love me."

Tony stopped crying. He turned.

"Love you!" he gasped.

He seized his wife by the elbows, dragging her to her feet, holding her against him. They stood like that, quiet and very close together, for a long time.

At last Sally tilted her head back, away from him. Her smile was almost a grin.

"Kind sir, I thank you."

Tony could not yet control his voice. It was still a croak.

"For what, my good woman?"

Sally looked down at his arms around her. She said,

"For this very pleasant change of surroundings!"

## Inexpensive Dishes

Continued from page 21

apologies. Or a beef and liver loaf, a stuffed heart, or a rich savory meat soup.

A good manager eliminates waste and plans for the use of left-overs. She makes the fullest use of fuel and with the combination of well-chosen foods provides simple, well-balanced meals which meet the needs of the family. Furthermore, she serves them as attractively as possible—takes extra care with them, in fact; and creates a cheerful atmosphere which adds to the enjoyment of the plainest fare.

This month the *Chatelaine* Institute is suggesting several low cost dishes which will help us to keep within our limited budget and which are appetizing enough to win favor even in the best of good times.

### Recipes—Continued

Add the onion to the melted fat and cook until lightly browned. Add the diced liver, parsley and seasonings and cook for ten minutes. Add the tomato pulp obtained by forcing partially drained canned tomatoes through a sieve and simmer for twenty minutes. Pour this mixture over the spaghetti which has been cooked until tender in boiling salted water, drained and turned out on to a hot platter. Grated hard cheese sprinkled over the top just before serving gives additional interest.

### Bean Chowder

- 2 Slices of bacon or
- 1 Cube of fat salt pork
- 2 Small onions, sliced
- 4 Cupfuls of potatoes (pared and diced)
- 3 Carrots (diced)

- 2 Cupfuls of lima beans (cooked)
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 1/2 Cupful of flour
- 1/4 Cupful of butter

Put the diced bacon or the pork in a pan, add the onion and cook until lightly browned. Add the potatoes, carrots, lima beans and salt and cover with boiling water. Cook until the vegetables are tender. Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until blended. Add the milk and cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly. Add this white sauce to the vegetable mixture, combine thoroughly and serve.

### Spanish Rice

- 1 Small onion
- 1 Cupful of washed rice
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other fat
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1 Can of tomatoes
- 1 Cupful of boiling water

Melt the butter, add the chopped onion and the washed rice and cook in the hot fat until the rice is brown. Then add the salt and tomatoes, cover and simmer slowly until the rice is tender. Add the boiling water as necessary during the cooking. When the rice is tender, turn into a lightly greased casserole or baking dish, cover with buttered bread crumbs and brown in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.

### Cole Slaw

- 2 Eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of mustard
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of sugar

Continued on page 38

# Miss Ann Adam gives her favorite recipe for Banana Layer Cake



*"Make it with Magic Baking Powder . . . Experience has taught me that I can count upon successful results with Magic every time."*

*Ann Adam*

## MISS ADAM'S RECIPE FOR BANANA LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar  
3 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)  
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk

Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating well until light. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavoring. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk. Bake in 3 greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 20 minutes.

**LEMON CREAM FILLING**—Mix 3 tablespoons cornstarch and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar together; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water and cook in double

boiler until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Stir into beaten yolk of 1 egg, return to saucepan and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove from fire, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon and 1 tablespoon butter. Cool. Spread between layers of cake and arrange a layer of thinly sliced banana on filling, reserving a small amount of filling to spread on top of the bananas.

**SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING**—Place 1 unbeaten egg white,  $\frac{7}{8}$  cup granulated sugar and 3 tablespoons cold water in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for 7 minutes or until thick. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon flavoring and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Magic Baking Powder; beat in well 1 tablespoon white corn syrup. Color a pale yellow and spread over top and sides of cake. Garnish with slices of banana which have been dipped in lemon juice.



Magic Baking Powder has been home-tested and approved by the Home Service Bureau of Canadian Home Journal, Toronto.



"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient. MADE IN CANADA

The name ANN ADAM has special significance for every housewife in the Dominion.

Each month Miss Adam's articles in the Canadian Home Journal are rich with tempting recipes and new ideas for home cookery. Her readers have learned that they can depend on Miss Adam for sound, practical advice.

"I use and approve Magic because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients," says Miss Adam, "and because experience has taught me that I can count upon successful results with Magic every time.

"When selecting ingredients for my recipes I consider three points—economy, health value and successful performance. Magic Baking Powder meets them all."

Miss Adam's unqualified recommendation is confirmed by the majority of Canadian dietitians and cookery experts. They use Magic *exclusively* because they know it is pure, uniform, and absolutely dependable.

Canadian housewives, too, prefer Magic Baking Powder. In fact, it outsells all other baking powders combined.

If you want to be sure of marvelously light and fluffy cakes . . . of fine-textured muffins . . . and tender, flaky pastry—do as Miss Adam advises—"Make it with Magic."

Mail the coupon below for FREE copy of the Magic Cook Book to use when you bake at home.



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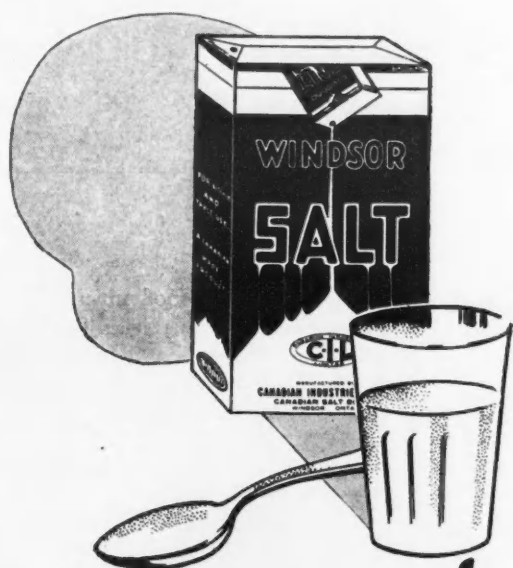
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SALT**



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WINDSOR SALT SECTION, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

3312

Chatelaine, November, 1932

#### Indian Pudding

- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of corn meal
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{5}$  Cupfuls of scalded milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of molasses
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of ginger
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the corn meal and the cold water to form a smooth paste. Add gradually to the scalded milk and cook for twenty minutes in a double boiler, stirring occasionally. Add the remaining ingredients and turn into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahr.—for two hours. Serve with milk or cream or with a lemon sauce. Dried figs or raisins added to this pudding are delicious.

#### Fig Tapioca

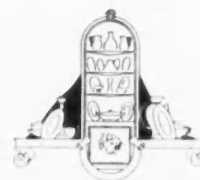
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of pearl tapioca
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Pound of figs (cut in small pieces)
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- Juice and grated rind of half lemon

Soak the tapioca for several hours or overnight in water to cover. Drain, add the boiling water and salt and cook over hot water until the tapioca is transparent, stirring frequently. Cook the figs with the sugar and water for about 20 minutes or until smooth and thick. Add to the tapioca mixture, cool slightly and add the lemon juice and rind. Cool and serve cold with plain or whipped cream.

#### To Make Cottage Cheese

- 2 Quarts of sour milk
- Salt and pepper
- A little butter or cream

Put the sour milk in the top part of a double boiler and heat gently until it separates into curds and whey. Have the water in the bottom part of the double boiler hot and the heat underneath turned out. Strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Put the curd in a bowl, season to taste with salt and pepper, mix with a little butter or cream and form into small balls.



## Home Discoveries

#### Testing Doughnut Fat

When testing fat for doughnuts dip a match swiftly in and out of the grease. When the match lights, the fat is at the right temperature and will not soak into your doughnuts.—Mrs. R. W. Prendergast, Red Deer, Alta.



#### To Soften Leather

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes which have been hardened by water, and will render them as pliable as new.—Maude Young, Lancaster, Ont.



#### Prevents Eggs From Cracking

Pour a little cold water over eggs before putting them in boiling water to boil. Then they will not crack in the cooking process.—W. B., Gore Bay, Ont.

#### Left-over Sandwiches

Made from left-over sandwiches, this is really a tasty dish. Take your sandwiches, dip well in beaten egg. Fry in hot butter or good dripping. These are nice for breakfast, or if for supper, you may serve an egg for each person also. Ham sandwiches are best but I have used cheese or egg as well.—Mrs. J. S. R., Lloydminster, Sask.



#### Prolonging Life of Shirts

When my husband's soft white shirts become worn at the cuffs and the sleeves are torn, I cut out the sleeves and take off about two inches below the collar band all round, binding the edges with bias fold tape. The result is a new undershirt. Colored shirts may be treated in the same way after boiling most of the color out.—Mrs. B. G. Todd, Chinook, Alta.

# Miss Ann Adam gives her favorite recipe for Banana Layer Cake



*"Make it with Magic Baking Powder . . . Experience has taught me that I can count upon successful results with Magic every time."*

*Ann Adam*

## MISS ADAM'S RECIPE FOR BANANA LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar  
3 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 table-  
spoons of bread flour)  
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk

Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating well until light. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavoring. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk. Bake in 3 greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 20 minutes.

**LEMON CREAM FILLING**—Mix 3 table-  
spoons cornstarch and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar together;  
add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water and cook in double

boiler until thick and smooth, stirring con-  
stantly. Stir into beaten yolk of 1 egg, return  
to saucepan and cook 2 minutes longer. Re-  
move from fire, add 2 tablespoons lemon  
juice, grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon and 1 table-  
spoon butter. Cool. Spread between layers  
of cake and arrange a layer of thinly sliced  
banana on filling, reserving a small amount  
of filling to spread on top of the bananas.

**SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING**—Place 1  
unbeaten egg white,  $\frac{7}{8}$  cup granulated sugar  
and 3 tablespoons cold water in top of double  
boiler. Place over boiling water and beat  
with beater for 7 minutes or until thick. Add  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon flavoring and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Magic  
Baking Powder; beat in well 1 tablespoon  
white corn syrup. Color a pale yellow and  
spread over top and sides of cake. Garnish  
with slices of banana which have been  
dipped in lemon juice.



Magic Baking Powder has been  
home-tested and approved by  
the Home Service Bureau of Ca-  
nadian Home Journal, Toronto.



"CONTAINS NO ALUM."  
This statement on every  
tin is your guarantee that  
Magic Baking Powder is  
free from alum or any  
harmful ingredient.

MADE IN CANADA

The name ANN ADAM has special  
significance for every housewife in  
the Dominion.

Each month Miss Adam's articles  
in the Canadian Home Journal are  
rich with tempting recipes and new  
ideas for home cookery. Her readers  
have learned that they can depend on  
Miss Adam for sound, practical advice.

"I use and approve Magic because  
I know it is pure, and free from harm-  
ful ingredients," says Miss Adam,  
"and because experience has taught  
me that I can count upon successful  
results with Magic every time.

"When selecting ingredients for my  
recipes I consider three points—econ-  
omy, health value and successful per-  
formance. Magic Baking Powder  
meets them all."

Miss Adam's unqualified recommendation is  
confirmed by the majority of Canadian dieti-  
tians and cookery experts. They use Magic  
*exclusively* because they know it is pure, uni-  
form, and absolutely dependable.

Canadian housewives, too, prefer Magic  
Baking Powder. In fact, it outsells all other  
baking powders combined.

If you want to be sure of marvelously light  
and fluffy cakes . . . of fine-textured muffins  
. . . and tender, flaky pastry—do as Miss  
Adam advises—"Make it with Magic."

Mail the coupon below  
for **FREE** copy of the  
Magic Cook Book to use  
when you bake at home.



## STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED

Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street  
Toronto, Ontario

Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

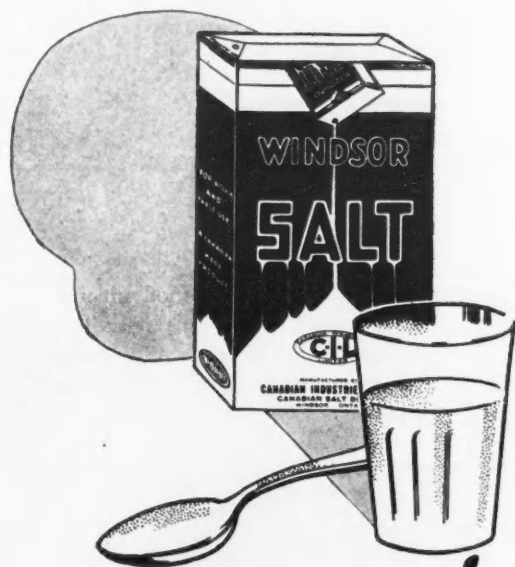
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City ..... Prov.....

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noon and  
night...*



*gargle  
with*  
**WINDSOR  
SALT**

Promote and maintain oral health with a solution of Windsor Salt used three times daily for gargle and mouthwash. Dental authorities recommend the use of salt for whitening the teeth, firming the gums and sweetening the breath. Windsor Brands of Salt are mild to the taste and pleasant to use. Save money—salt costs but a trifle! Always keep a package in your bathroom as well as your kitchen. Buy Windsor Brands—Regal Table Salt (free running) Windsor Salt (in the square package) Windsor Iodized Salt (for prevention of goitre)



Write for free Booklet  
"The ROMANCE  
OF SALT"  
scores of special uses  
for Salt.

**WINDSOR  
SALT**



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED  
WINDSOR SALT SECTION, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of vinegar
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of whole milk
- 4 Cupfuls of shredded cabbage

Beat the eggs, add the seasonings and sugar. Heat the vinegar in a double boiler, add the butter and pour over the egg mixture. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, add the milk and pour over the cabbage. Cool and serve cold.

#### Economical Gingerbread

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of molasses
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking soda
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $2\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of flour
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Add the boiling water to the molasses. Mix and sift the baking soda, ginger, salt and sifted flour. Add the molasses mixture and combine thoroughly. Lastly add the melted butter and beat until well mixed. Pour into a greased square pan and bake for half hour in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.

#### Caramel Bread Pudding

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Quart of milk
- 2 Cupfuls of stale bread cubes or crumbs
- 2 Eggs
- $\frac{2}{3}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Put the half cupful of sugar in a frying pan and heat over a moderate fire, stirring constantly until a syrup forms and browns lightly. Combine with the milk which has been scalded, stirring until the caramel is dissolved. Add the stale bread and let soak for twenty minutes. Beat the eggs slightly, add the remaining sugar, the salt and vanilla, and combine with the first mixture. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven—325 to 350 degrees Fahr.—for forty-five to fifty minutes. Serve with milk or cream.

#### Indian Pudding

- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of corn meal
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cold water
- 5 Cupfuls of scalded milk
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- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the corn meal and the cold water to form a smooth paste. Add gradually to the scalded milk and cook for twenty minutes in a double boiler, stirring occasionally. Add the remaining ingredients and turn into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahr.—for two hours. Serve with milk or cream or with a lemon sauce. Dried figs or raisins added to this pudding are delicious.

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# a man Thrills to the spell of sweet soft fingers



*Are your hands white and smooth, as you want them to be? Lovely to look at, thrilling to touch?*

But hands become unattractive if dry skin and roughness give them a grating touch, a reddened, darkened look

**H**ANDS age so soon. Long before 30, roughness, tiny lines, increasing redness, make them seem a decade older than the face.

The softness and youth of a woman's hands depend upon certain oils in the skin. Constant washing, exposure, tend to dry up these oils—make the hands seem dry, withered, old.

But your hands *need not* grow old!

There are 2 skin restoratives known to medicine which act just as the skin oils do to keep hands soft, delicate and young.

## Two famous ingredients

One is the most effective element known for softening; the other is unequalled for whitening. These two precious ingredients are compounded into a silvery liquid—Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion is not just *rubbed on* the skin. Its soothing, restoring, beautifying elements are *absorbed*

by skin tissues. That is why there is no sticky film left on your hands when you use Jergens Lotion.

Use it often—always when your hands have been in water, and when you've come in from the cold.

## Wonderful relief from chapping

Soon you notice the softer, finer texture of your skin. No more chapping, no more roughness! Tiny cuts and scratches heal more quickly because of its mild antiseptic action. Your hands are smooth, white, young—lovely to look at, thrilling to touch.

Try it as a powder base. It gives the skin an exquisite satiny smoothness that makes powder go on evenly and last much longer.

Ask for Jergens Lotion at the toilet goods counter of any drug or department store—50¢. It also comes in an economical, large-size \$1 bottle. Or, if you want to try it before buying, send us this coupon.



*Jergens Lotion*

MADE IN CANADA

## FREE! A Generous Trial Bottle

For free trial bottle of Jergens Lotion send coupon to The Andrew Jergens Company, 5605 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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Sister knew  
what made  
me fuss..



IT WAS FORTUNATE that Patsy Mallory had attended the splendid "little mothers" class at her school. Because she knew what was making baby brother so fussy and fretful.

Patsy had learned how easily a baby's skin is chafed and how important it is to wash his garments with the very gentlest soap. A famous child specialist had advised Lux. "It cannot irritate even the most sensitive skin," he said.

So Patsy suggested that Mother try Lux for brother's things. And how downy his little woollens were after a gentle Lux bath! Diapers, too—so sweet and soft. It wasn't long before baby's painful diaper rash disappeared.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps. And with the instant Lux suds there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen woollens. That's why it's best to use Lux for everything of baby's!



Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto  
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies  
the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough



One of the charming entries in the Chatelaine snapshot contest.

## Motherhood and Beauty

A Canadian mother writes from her actual experiences for other mothers

By CLARE McALLISTER

WHO has heard the old saying "For every baby a tooth?" Who has seen a mother with thin, dried-out wisps of scanty hair? Who has seen a mother pale, worn, old before her time? Who is afraid to have a baby because she has seen these things?

A writer in a recent *Chatelaine* has shown how one may prepare a layette and other equipment fit for even the bonniest baby and do it so very cheaply that no woman need fear to have a baby because of the cost. I should like to assure might-be or would-be mothers that there is no need to fear having a baby at the cost of her own beauty, for she may have the baby and her beauty, too.

To many it will appear a very terrible thing that any young woman may hesitate to become a wife and mother on the score of the fear of loss of her own charms. Yet to the young woman, rightly proud of her youth and loveliness—for there is all too little beauty in the world—it is a very real tragedy if she believes that she must, in order to become a mother, lose many of the attractions which have made her beloved.

Among the many benefits of science has been that derived from study on the diet of mothers-to-be and mothers with young infants. Where the mother's diet is not fit to supply all the body-building materials necessary for herself and the baby, Nature says that the baby must have the best; and in order to give the baby strong bones and sound teeth, she uses the lime and phosphorus which would ordinarily be used by the mother, giving them to the baby. The baby's bones, the baby's teeth are firm, hard; the mother's grow soft and poor. The mother then must pay very special attention to her food to have sufficient of these minerals for her own needs and those of the baby she is building or nursing.

Every mother wants her baby to have a fine set of teeth. No mother wishes her own teeth to decay. How then may she arrange her diet so that all will be well? Milk and the whole grain foods—whole wheat flour, barley and the best cereals—are richest in the materials she needs. She must also eat plenty of good vegetables, some fats such as butter and cheese; and some protein foods such as meat, fish, eggs and beans. She should eat sparingly of sweets, because if she takes a great deal of candy, pie and such foods, she will have less appetite for the things that are most wholesome.

If the mother has her baby in the winter she will stay indoors a good deal. If she is missing the health-giving sunshine, she may need to take, in addition to the well balanced diet outlined above, small daily doses of cod-liver oil. Sunshine and cod-liver oil supply the elements which enable us to grow and keep sound teeth and bones. If we are building or nursing a baby we need extra amounts of these materials, that is,

we need vitamin D from cod-liver oil, or its equivalent in sunshine.

The Canadian Child and Family Welfare Council's letters, obtainable through the *Chatelaine*, will give the mother good advice on her diet. So will the "Canadian Mother's Book," or "Rickets, Prevention and Cure," obtainable free from Ottawa.

The mother should read these and also ask her doctor's advice about food. He will tell her how much cod-liver oil is necessary, if she needs that help.

The mother may be very careful about what she eats, and may go to a very fine doctor, yet may lose some of her youthful beauty if she does not pay careful attention to certain matters not usually stressed. One of these is the care of the figure. Without proper attention during maternity the muscles of the breasts will stretch so that they never regain their resiliency. The doctor, busy with life and death, cannot always pause to give advice on such matters, and there is often no one else of whom the mother may ask. A massage of olive oil, cold, or better, slightly warmed, should be used once, and later twice a week, on the breasts before baby is born and during nursing. At this time, too, the mother must be careful to wear a very good brassiere—usually it is best to choose one heavier and wider than that usually worn, in order that there may be proper support.

Another bit of beauty which the mother may lose at this time is the loveliness of her hair. The condition of scalp and hair usually corresponds to that of the body. If the one is healthy, the other is. Thus at this time if the mother pays attention to her diet and gets plenty of outdoor exercise, she will usually find that her hair retains its sheen and thickness. However, as there are very heavy demands on her bodily resources she may find it wise to take extra precautions to preserve her "crowning beauty." If she finds there is any tendency for the hair to fall out she should give thorough nightly

Continued on page 45

### Chatelaine's Mothercraft Service

Through the co-operation of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, *Chatelaine* readers may receive monthly on request the very fine series of prenatal and post-natal letters issued by the Council through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health. Readers wishing to receive copies of these letters monthly should address their requests to Mothercraft Service, *Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

## Ask the Mothers

WHAT'S BEST  
FOR COLDS



Proven External Treatment  
preferred by 2 Generations

Millions of mothers must be right. They rely on Vicks VapoRub because it attacks colds direct—2 ways at once—and avoids the risks of constant "dosing." The standby for colds of all the family in over 70 countries.

### Two Ways at Once

Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster and, at the same time, it gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled direct to the air-passages.

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OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

## HURLBUT

TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
CUSHION-SOLE  
Shoes for Children

Only in Hurlbuts can  
your dealer give you

1. Acid free insulation—no burning by tanning acids.
2. Perfect Fitting  
Only Hurlbuts can give him 181 sizes and width combinations.



"ROYAL MUSKOKA"

NOTE SPELLING—HurlBUT  
MADE ONLY AT PRESTON, ONT.

thus built up which are liable to become permanent. If parents do disagree—and who don't, sometimes—let it be in private. Before the children, the advice of Sir Robert Peel to his Cabinet holds good to a large extent. "Gentlemen, it doesn't matter what we say, but we must all say the same thing."

If you have succeeded in gaining the respect and friendship of the kiddies, they will confide in you. Here you meet difficulty. "Betsy Jane does ask the queerest questions."

Long before baby is out of the cradle—preferably before she is in it—you must make up your mind as to what religious beliefs you are going to teach her. Many people have never thought out their religious beliefs. You must, if you would do your best for your baby, or she will pick up odds and ends from schoolmates and other people, and come to you to straighten things out. If you can't help her she will puzzle and worry, maybe getting a serious mental twist.

Be prepared to meet the child's growing intelligence. Children are the greatest philosophers, wanting to know all about everything. Santa Claus, fairies, God, sex; one after the other comes up for examination by a bright and enquiring little mind, and mother or dad is expected to throw light on the dark places. So be ready. Never tell the child lies. If you don't know the answer to the questions, say so, and explain the matter as well as you can. One small maiden of the writer's acquaintance closed some verses she had composed with the following lines:

"I find that people, grand and very wise,  
Are puzzled by the things that puzzle  
me."

We often must let it go at that.

AFTER the young traveller has passed the fifteenth milestone in the journey of life, the road often gets a bit difficult.

## Motherhood and Beauty

Continued from page 40

massage, or brushing, or both to stimulate the scalp. An oil shampoo will be helpful if there is any dryness. If there are any special problems about the care of the hair they could be answered by the *Chatelaine's* beauty editor.

WITH teeth, figure, and hair cared for by wise precautions, the mother has yet one other enemy to beauty. This is the most insidious of all, for it is the one least likely to be noticed. It is fatigue. The mother-to-be or the mother with a tiny baby often does not realize the extra strain on body and nerves. She works all day long without a rest, and when evening and leisure come she is too weary to relax. Because she is tired she does not take a walk out of doors, and very soon the tiredness begins to show in pale cheeks and shadowed eyes. Even when the mother realizes she needs more rest, she often feels that she cannot take it—the dusting or the ironing or some other household chore must be finished.

Dad and mother can't smooth out all the rough places, but, after all, they have been along the road, and may give useful advice as to how they may be got over. If they have the respect and friendship of the young people, love and sympathy and the wisdom born of experience will do a lot of good.

WE HAVE learned something of physical hygiene, and know that people may be kept much healthier than used to be thought possible. We are only beginning to think of mental hygiene, and to see that people may be much happier than many of them are. Unhappiness is generally due to a conflict, or disharmony, in our minds. We want to do this; we want to do that. To do both is impossible, so one want is put away, or repressed, as it is termed. We try to forget it, but it keeps trying to butt in, and this makes us unhappy.

The only wise course is to follow the advice of the old schoolmaster who was faced with a difficult problem in arithmetic. "The only thing to do, boys," he observed, "is to look the difficulty fairly in the face—and pass on to the next example."

Train your children to form the habit of doing this. To realize that, while they are free to choose, every time they choose one course they have to give up the opposite is a splendid preparation for facing the difficulties of life.

So will mental conflicts be fought out, and won—not repressed—and happiness and strength of purpose will result.

Trouble? Of course it means trouble; but what man fond of his garden grudges the labor spent on it when he sees it in full bloom? And what parent would think his trouble useless if he felt he had trained his children in habits making for "love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control?"

And that's how to discipline children; for "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."



## Thimblefuls of Beauty

When you use the finest preparations on your skin you are practising true economy. The best creams and lotions and powders are made from such splendid ingredients that even a small quantity is definitely helpful. Every thimbleful is brimming with beauty.

All of Elizabeth Arden's preparations contain an extra measure of loveliness...that special quality which is the result of a perfect formula, sensitive hand work and Miss Arden's own personal interest. For Miss Arden still spends her happiest, busiest hours in her laboratory, assuring herself that nothing less than perfection is ever offered you.

When a jar, or bottle, or box imprinted with the name of Elizabeth Arden comes to you, you know that from its welcoming pink bow to the last measure of its contents it is so generously filled with beauty, that even though you practise the utmost thrift you will still be benefitted.

For a quick afternoon treatment to eliminate tired lines Miss Arden counsels these preparations:

CLEANSING CREAM...Cleanses thoroughly and gently. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

SKIN TONIC...Tones, firms and refreshes the skin. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM...Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. \$2, \$3.50.

And for Make-up:

ENSEMBLE LIPSTICK SET...Indelible, petal-smooth, in six exquisite tints. Lipstick ensemble, containing six different shades, \$7.50. Individual Lipsticks, \$1.50.

LILLE LOTION...Exquisite finishing lotion, corrects a moist, oily shine. Leaves a flattering bloom on the skin. Six shades. \$1.50, \$2.50.

VENETIAN ROUGE AMORETTA...A beautiful waterproof cream rouge. In shades that tone in with new costume colors. \$2.50.

ILLUSION POWDER...The finest of face powders. Seven becoming shades. \$3.

For your teeth:

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S SAVON KENOTT TOOTHPASTE...cleanses the teeth thoroughly and safely. It has a delicious, unique flavor. 50c the tube.

## The Paris Letter

Continued from page 13

Or she puts together the popular rust brown with vivid hyacinth blue. Over a mustard yellow frock goes a short brown coat with a knitted belt and scarf collar in vivid brick red. Schiaparelli is also partial to pumice grey for coats and parts of frocks combined with her two vegetable reds, cabbage and vivid tomato.

One could simply write reams about the new color combinations. It is well to remember that the most popular basic colors are deep reddish browns, deep green and deep red. With those three you can put any shade that makes a clear contrast.

In all this splash of color fix this firmly in your mind, that black and black and white or black and vividness are omnipresent and the real Parisienne's choice above all else.

When combining materials in an ensemble, remember also that the flat mat surfaces should make the upper part, a rougher material the lower. And that if you go in for checks and plaids, be patterned above and plain in the skirt.

Ransack the attic for bits and ends of fur and sew it on as trimming. Even the narrowest edging of fur on a velvet collar-ette will make it look absolutely Parisian.

## ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

TORONTO: Salon, THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

Sales Office: 207 Queens Quay

PARIS

LONDON

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ROME

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## CARE distinguishes the attractive woman's HANDS

Keep yours well groomed with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. A little applied to the cuticle every day will soften it, prevent hangnails and brittle finger-nails. A generous amount of "Vaseline" Jelly massaged into the hands before retiring will keep them soft and lovely. Wear soft cotton gloves overnight.

**Refuse imitations.** Insist on the genuine. Look for the trade mark Vaseline on every tube or jar that you buy. At all Drug Stores.

# Vaseline

TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY  
made in Quebec by CHESEBROUGH  
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No Matter What Your Age  
No Need Now to Have

## Gray Hair



### Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

**W**HY endure the handicap of Gray Hair? Just Comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless, scientific liquid that leaves the hair lustrous and full of life. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it.

#### Make This Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger; that you must be delighted with the wonderful results or we will pay back your money and no questions will be asked. Be sure to obtain a bottle today at your drug or department store. Insist on the genuine Kolor-Bak.

**FREE**—Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to Proprietary Products Co., Dept. 1310, 83 Church St., Toronto, Canada, and receive **FREE** and **POSTPAID** a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

fix blackness. Cover the eyes with the palms of the hands so that no light is let through, and then try to see the blackness.

Exercise the eyes by fixing your gaze on some point level with your eyes, casting your gaze up and then back to centre six times, then casting the gaze down and then back to centre six times. Cast the eyes obliquely up to the right and then down to the left a couple of times and then back to centre. Reverse the movement. Rolling the eyes all the way from right to left and left to right is also good, especially if you hold the breath while you do it.

The protein foods such as meats, fish, eggs, cream, milk and dry vegetables are good nerve and energy building foods, but a diet of proteins cannot alone correct a run-down condition. Rest and freedom from nerve strain, and the advice of a doctor—perhaps an especially prescribed nerve tonic—should all be taken into consideration.

#### Powder and Perfume

**W**OULD you please suggest a face powder that is absolutely harmless to the skin and is scented with violet perfume?

**C**HOOSING powder by perfume is not done nearly as much as it used to be. This is because any good powder is sure to have a delicate, pleasing perfume. When one wants to identify a certain perfume with oneself, it is best to use it in other ways. For instance, use a bath salts that are violet scented, violet scented dusting powder and violet toilet water. In this way one can achieve just the faintest suspicion of a violet perfume that is very subtle and charming. There are, of course, violet-scented face powders that are fine and smooth in texture.

#### Blackheads and Dry Skin

**C**AN you tell me of some way to give oil to my skin? It is so hopelessly dry that my make-up is always scaly. For a time, I tried olive oil cleansing only (several times a day), but in a week and a half my face was absolutely covered with small blackheads. I use mild soaps. Would it help to steam in cream, massage, steam and massage again, dash cold water, a wipe off surplus? I am interested in facials, but cannot take many because they dry my skin so. I have enlarged pores on each side of my nose, but they aren't oily. I know blackheads are just plain dirt, but if I give my face a good massage washing it makes it so sore afterward. For a whole week all day, I kept applying olive oil to my face as quickly as it would absorb it. My skin just drank it up, but as soon as I'd wash my face, it would be as bad as ever. I can't use massage cleansing creams.

Would steaming only dry my face more?

**Y**OURS certainly is a vexatious problem. And I don't wonder you are discouraged after all the trouble you have taken. I am wondering, though, if you haven't been attending too wholeheartedly to one specialized treatment. That olive oil treatment you gave yourself, for instance—you can't use even the best nourishing cream all one day and expect it to have lasting results. I would not recommend olive oil for the face anyway, certainly not in such generous quantities as you have been using it. It is the regular daily treatment of the skin which has lasting effects. I think you will find that the following daily cleansing routine will suit your skin. First, cleanse

with a good cleansing cream—I don't imagine your skin will object to a normal quick melting cleansing cream—wipe the cream off the face with facial tissues and then wash with lukewarm water and a pure bland, mild soap. Rinse finally with cold water, and then pat in lots of nourishing cream. I am sure you will find any good nourishing cream will agree with your skin. There is nothing to hurt the skin in it. Leave the cream on overnight. I wouldn't do too much massaging if I were you. Just pat the nourishing cream into the skin gently and let it remain on all night.

In the morning cleanse in the same way and you can use some of the nourishing cream as a powder base, if you like. Or you could use one of the hand lotions, which make very good powder foundations for a dry skin. There are special foundation creams, too, for a dry skin. Always be very certain to use a powder foundation. It is especially important in the summer time to protect the skin from the rays of the sun. For day time cleansing, cleanse with a cream, wipe off with tissues and pat on a very mild skin tonic. Strong astringents are harmful for dry skin, but a mild skin tonic is refreshing as a finish to the cleansing.

Your skin is so sensitive that I don't think you are wise to take many facials and massages, that is, amateur facials. Of course, if you get them from an expert, she will know what to do for your particular skin. But it is so easy, with a skin as dry as yours, to pull it when you are massaging it yourself and that would cause lines instead of avoiding them.

Too much steaming is certainly not good for the skin either. It is inclined to relax muscles and cause large pores. If you get blackheads at any time, you will have to use the steaming process in order to remove them. Just now and again will not hurt if you do it carefully. Steam by holding a folded cloth dipped in hot water and wrung out somewhat close to the face. Do this several times, then pat dry with a soft towel and apply warm olive oil to the face generously. Allow it to remain on for five minutes and then remove with a towel—a rough towel is best as it helps to remove the blackheads which have become soft in oils by this time.

If there are any further blackheads remaining, take them out, gently covering your fingertips with skin tissues to ensure cleanliness. Be sure not to bruise the skin when you do this. Then with a complexion brush, preferably made of rubber, dip in warm water and sprinkle with toilet oatmeal, rub the face briskly, and especially, of course, the blackhead area. Rinse with warm water and pat dry. Then pat on a rich nourishing cream. Allow it to remain on for five minutes or so, and then remove the cream with tissues and rinse the face with cold water. This is an excellent method for removing blackheads from a dry skin, but I hope you will not frequently have the necessity for adopting it. You shouldn't, if you follow the cleansing treatment I have outlined each day.

If you find that washing with soap and water, night and morning, is too drying for your skin, then use it only at night and in the morning use a mild skin tonic after the cleansing cream. Or if you think it agrees with your skin better, you can wash with soap and water only every other day. You will have to find out which agrees best.

## Discipline

Continued from page 26

kiddies grow up, remember that they are individuals. You may have trained them to do many excellent things, but they will do them in their own way. They reach, too, what is sometimes termed the "gang age," or the "age of depreciation of parents." Don't worry if you're not the oracle to your boy or girl as you used to be. They have to think for themselves. Once they thought much more highly of you than you deserved, and the everlasting pendulum of human thought has a way of swinging over to the

other side. It will rest in the middle in time. If you have gained their respect by the regularity, persistence and constancy of your training you can now, without losing that, gradually add their friendship. Don't make a lot of rules for them to observe, but show that the few you do make have a reason—the general good; and then see that they are kept.

Don't let the children see that their parents are not agreed. Children note this very early and take sides. Attitudes are



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**Unloved** I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 33-35 Church St., Dept. 839, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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Don't cut them and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quick, safe relief. Soothing, healing; remove pressure from sore spot. Loosen and remove callouses in 2 days. Cost but a trifle. At all drug, department and shoe stores.

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in heavy white linen, \$1.65. A 45-inch cloth with four serviettes, in cream, is priced at \$1.95, or in white at \$2.50. Cottons for working come to 30 cents.

**O**No. C. 129—Something new in towels—pansies in natural colors on woven background of green. Stamped on finest quality white Irish linen huckaback, size 18 by 33 inches. Price 55 cents each or \$1. per pair with cottons for working, 10 cents additional.

**P**No. C. 152—Colonial lady. A charming ornament for your bed. Dress, 17 inches across skirt, of silk taffeta, with satin ribbon in three pastel shades and cottons in matching colors to work small design—complete with figure. Price \$1.25.

No. C. 128—Sweetheart boudoir pillow or nightdress case. Heart of taffeta silk, design to be worked entirely in French

knots and satin stitch. Comes stamped on green, pink, mauve, yellow or blue, with ribbon in three pastel shades to be joined together by machine to form frill. Size about 15 inches. Price for front and back, ribbons for frill and silks for working, \$1.25. Pillow form can be supplied at 40 cents.

And for your Christmas parcels there is a splendid assortment of finest quality seals, tags and gift cards—some of the very largest and all of good size, beautifully colored and well gummed—200 pieces in the assortment. Price 25c.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, by postal note, money order or registered cash. If sending cheque, kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied.

## The Thunder of New Wings

Continued from page 15

to her. She would live with him no more. Monsieur Elliot was furious. He and Sir Richard had ordered that the marriage be kept secret until the time of the return to England. Now, Anne said she would never go to England with him. She would go to a convent in the States where a distant cousin of ours was Mother Superior. There she would live, and work and pray, and forget the past. She went. Oh, but I did not blame him too much, knowing of her violent temper. For a while there was peace in my heart; then, like a bolt, came a letter from the Mother to say that Anne had left the convent mysteriously, like a bird that can find no rest. She made a gesture with her plump hand, as of the silent flight of the bird. "From that day we heard of her not one word, till this instant when you discover the birth of her child in Nova Scotia and her terrible death. But never, never have I ceas' to pray for her, and now it is for her poor soul!" Tears trickled down her cheeks.

"It is probable," said Vicky, turning to me, "that she expected my father to be in Nova Scotia at that time. She wanted the child to have the protection of a father. She knew that if it were a boy . . ."

"Poor, poor little Anne," said Theo. "And my sweet nephew, the young baronet—may I not, for his mother's sake, embrace him?" cried Madame St. Hilaire, smiling through her tears.

"I shall fetch him," I said, for somehow I was impatient with the whole affair. The atmosphere of the room suffocated me. The old housekeeper was like a ghost of my forgotten childhood here. The house was mine, and yet not mine. I seemed to fit in nowhere in the present scheme of things.

I found Pat lounging in the garden, smoking a cigarette with madame's thirteen-year-old grandson.

"Pat Baldry!" I exclaimed, "what a shame to give an infant like that a cigarette."

"I didn't," said Pat. "He gave me one. I am just giving him a lesson in English. He has been studying only six months, and it's surprising what he knows."

"Raoul," I said sternly, "you are far too young for smoking."

"Oh, no, mees," he affirmed, "de sooner I grow to be a man de besser. Dere are seex younger dan me, and—anozzer soon. I mus' grow up!" He returned the cigarette to his lips and squared his strong little shoulders.

Baldry said, smiling: "How hot and cross you look, Joan! What's going on in there?"

"To you it is all a joke, I believe," I returned bitterly.

He shook his head. "Far from it. It is robbing me of Vicky. I have to play second fiddle to this revenge business. The moment I try to get her interested in other things her attention flags. I will be glad, I can tell you, when Tobias is safely installed in his ancestral halls, and Vicky and I are free to live our own lives . . . You're laughing now. What's the joke?"

"Everything," I exclaimed, and ran,

laughing, into the house. I had heard Toby's voice from a window, and I followed it to the fourth floor, and rapped, panting, on a door from behind which came the sweet tinkle of a mandolin.

Louis St. Hilaire opened it. "You want Sair Tobias, mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

Toby came out, a cigarette drooping from the corner of his pouting, red lips.

"Come with me, Toby. Madame St. Hilaire wishes to speak to you," I added, as we descended the stairs. "You understand the relationship, of course. She is much moved. She wishes to embrace you for your mother's sake."

Before my startled eyes, he sprang to the handrail and slid lightly to the bottom where Baldry and the child were smoking.

"Great Scott!" said Pat.

"I feel so good," observed Tobias, settling his necktie, "that I don't know what to do with myself."

"Be gentle with Madame St. Hilaire," I admonished.

"I never was hugged by a fat old lady in my life," he said, his hand on the doorknob. "How does it feel, Pat?"

When he had gone in, Baldry said, "I shall end by kicking that fellow."

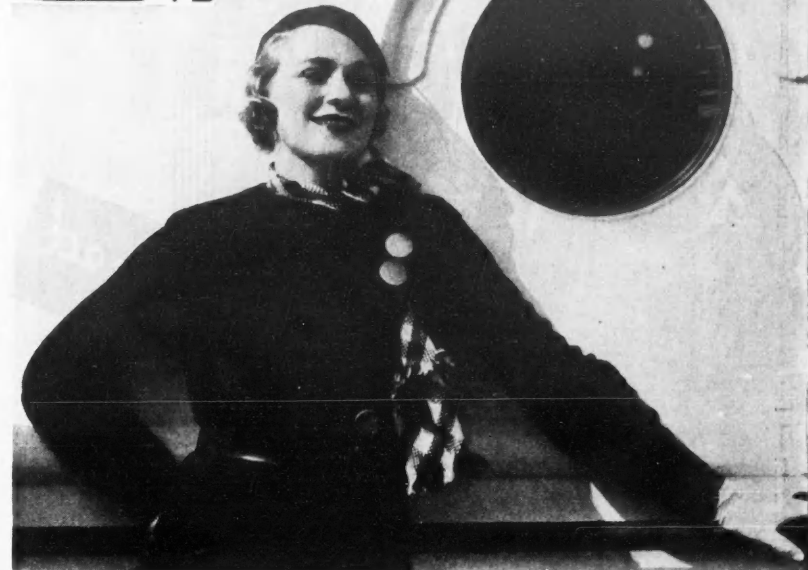
"Sairtainly he is a swell," said the child.

**W**E STAYED two weeks in Quebec. A brightness, a sort of Gallic gaiety possessed us. Vicky seemed to welcome this period of carefree holidaying before her plunge into the whirlpool that was to be stirred up at Cobbold House. She was more complaisant than before with Baldry, and in the sun of her sweetness his ready good spirits blossomed into boyish happiness. Theo was developing a teasing, sisterly attitude toward him that spoke of some slackening of the tension in her heart. Not for long could she give herself to melancholy. She was too much alive, too sensitive to all that moved in wayward charm about her in the old French town. Even the little red mail-carts in which the driver stood on a low step behind, and the tall *calèches* with their gilt-spoked wheels filled her with delight. She bought a camera and we were obliged to pose for her in all sorts of places. Her best effort she had enlarged, and it hangs before me now—once more in Quebec—Pat, Vicky, Toby and I, at the base of the heroic statue of Champlain.

**T**HE door opened, and closed. Some one had come in. For a moment I did not look up from where I sat before the empty grate, my fingers twisted together between my knees. I dreaded whoever it might be. I had not been able to face the scene downstairs, but had moved, unnoticed, from the excited group in the hall, and escaped to my own old room that was just as I had left it on that last storm-ridden day at Cobbold House. It seemed my only refuge from the cruel and hateful scene that was to be enacted. Baldry had given me one



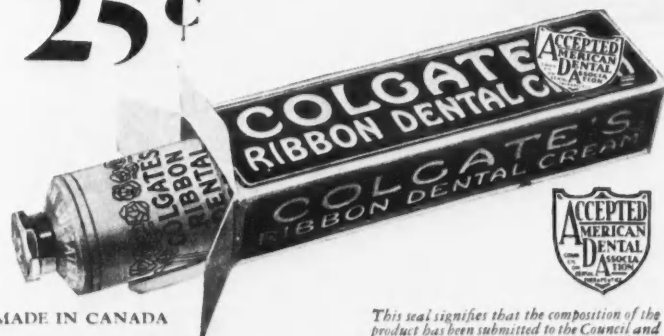
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**I**'M willing to pay what I have to for the best—but not one cent more. So—since I like the taste of Colgate's—since it cleans my teeth—since my dentist says there just isn't anything better—and since it costs me only a quarter—I'm using Colgate's, instead of some fifty-cent toothpaste with a lot of fancy claims. Father says, the way to judge value is by what you get—not by what you are promised. That's been his rule all through his business life. And that, I suppose, is why he can afford to send me to Europe."

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## Make These Charming Gifts Yourself!

*Continued from page 25*

strings, so that you may conceal inside your nightdress or pyjamas. Can be made entirely by machine, the stamens only to be inserted by hand. In soft, art taffeta, in pink, blue, yellow, green, mauve or rose—complete with stamens and ribbon to match. Price 95 cents.

**F** No. C. 142—Towels and pillow cases. The towels are stamped on finest quality white Irish linen huckaback, size 18 by 33 inches, and the price per pair \$1. Pillow cases in same design, stamped on splendid quality English circular cotton with linen finish, size 42 by 36 inches, and priced at \$1.35 per pair. Cottons for working either towels or pillow cases, 20 cents.

**G** No. C. 148—Child's high chair or table set. Tray cloth and bib, stamped on strong factory cotton. Price 25 cents per set, with an additional 10 cents for candy striped bias binding and 10 cents for cottons to work.

**H** No. C. 149—New artcraft purse. Quite the smartest purse we have seen this season—charming in shape, with exquisite old tapestry design, and a good choice of colors to blend with your winter ensemble. Stamped on black, brown, navy blue or green art felt—to be worked in soft, autumnal shades. Size 7 by 8 inches. Complete with lining, interlining and wools for working. Price 95 cents.

**I** No. C. 140—Tray cloth. Stamped on best quality linen, smooth and fine—size 18 by 25 inches. Price 60 cents, with an extra 20 cents if cottons are desired for working.

**J** No. C. 146—Colored linen vanity or buffet set, very quickly worked in lazy daisy and chain stitches. Full size pieces, with scarf to match if desired. Very gay and artistic in green, yellow, light or delft blue, or if preferred can be supplied in white or cream linen. The vanity set is priced at 55 cents, dresser scarf, size 18 by 40 inches, 75 cents; buffet or table runner, 18 by 50 inches, 85 cents. Set of cottons for working, 15 cents. A dainty lace edging can be supplied for either vanity set or dresser scarf at 20 cents, or for buffet scarf at 25 cents.

**K** No. C. 133—Desk pad, charming and useful accessory for the desk. Size 15 by 23 inches, with large side pockets for stationery, etc. Daffodils and iris in natural colors form decorations, and are worked in satin stitch, using shaded cottons. Comes stamped on yellow or green linen. Price, including lining and cottons for working (we do not send the cardboard for stiffening), is \$1.25.

**L** No. C. 145—Tea wagon or tray set. Cloth 15 by 24 inches and full size tea cosy, can be supplied in white, cream, yellow, green, light or delft blue, cross stitch roses to be worked in shaded rose or yellow, with green leaves. They are priced at 55 cents each or \$1. for the set. Cottons for working come to 5 cents for each article, and a cosy form can be supplied at 55 cents.

**M** No. C. 136—Have you noticed that even the smartest women are now carrying shopping bags? For particularly lovely bags we have chosen this group. One is in Florentine work—so very good looking yet so simple to work—on squared canvas, it is just a matter of counting the squares and placing the colors selected—may be worked in two, three or four colors. We suggest mauve and purple as a charming combination. Please state colors desired. Size 9 by 12 inches. For canvas, lining and wools the price is \$1.75.

No. C. 130—The middle bag is in monogram design. To complete the tailored ensemble we suggest this design. A larger size 12 by 15 inches—in navy blue, brown, black or lacquer red art felt, monogram to be worked in desired color. Please state color of felt and cotton for working. Complete with strong lining, the price is 90 cents. Can also be supplied in heavy brown linen, with lining, at 65 cents.

No. C. 135—The third bag is in appliqué design, with water lilies with their oddly shaped leaves and tall grasses in yellow and green art felt. Size 10½ by 12 inches. Comes in black, brown or green art felt, complete with strong lining, patches and cottons for working at \$1.25.

**N** No. C. 143—Exquisite cut work in 36-inch cloth and four serviettes—stamped on heavy cream linen, price \$1.50;

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"Between 12 and 2  
you'll see what the day  
will do?"



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MAYBE NOT**

IT ALL depends on the weather. A Taylor Stormoguide will tell you. It is an accurate and dependable guide in selecting clothing, planning pleasure or business trips... a guardian of health and comfort. The Fairfax model has a square case in satin-black finish, and aluminum dial. Chromium bands. A marvelous gift for anyone. Price \$13.50. Ask your local hardware store or druggist. If unable to obtain one, write us direct. We guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction. Taylor Instrument Companies of Canada, Limited, Tycoos Building, Toronto.

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WHO SAYS SO?**



YOUR cook book, but it adds "or to 238°F." Expert cooks know they must rely for accurate results on exact temperatures. Taylor Candy, Fat Frying and Bake Oven Thermometers are made especially for this purpose. Accurate as are all Taylor Instruments for measuring and recording temperatures. Gifts for a Cooking Happy New Year. Look for these Cooking Thermometers in leading hardware, druggists and department stores. Price \$2.50. If unable to obtain one, write us direct. We guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction. Taylor Instrument Companies of Canada, Limited, Tycoos Building, Toronto.

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LINES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

### Your Sewing Machine

Is it newly oiled and ready to dig into that pile of sewing? It pays to have it regularly overhauled, just as you do your car. Chatelaine Pattern Service has a specially selected showing of new styles on

Pages 68-71

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.

## At the Movies

*Continued from page 4*

filmed, and in the past have been very competently handled. Among them will be "White Face." Also J. B. Priestly's well known book "Good Companions," is being made by Gainsborough.

I UNDERSTAND from those who have seen it, that Sadie Thompson walks again most effectively when played by Joan Crawford in "Rain." This Somerset Maugham drama is always associated with Jeanne Eagles, although Gloria Swanson made a hit in the rôle a few years ago. But the movies seem unable to let the story alone, and now the sinuous Joan is essaying it, with Toronto-born Walter Huston as the fanatical missionary... Sidney Fox, if you please, is to play opposite the famous Feodor Chaliapin in "Don Quixote," which is being filmed in Europe. She sailed recently for France to take over the part. That should be a thrilling film—wonder if we'll see it in Canada?

Clara Bow is working very hard on her "come-back" picture with a very Clara Bow-ish title—"Call her Savage"... Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, the English couple who have appeared in many British pictures such as "Michael and Mary," "The Faithful Heart," and others, have been in Hollywood for a number of months, while Herbert played in one or two Paramount pictures. However, they have now returned to England where they will both take part in a stage play "Another Language."

Some stories seem ageless. "Smilin' Through" is one of them. This glycerined old play has been done again—this time with the very sophisticated Norma Shearer as the girl. With her are Leslie Howard and Fredric March...

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has found another rôle for himself in his newest picture "Mister Robinson Crusoe," an amusing and imaginative comedy set on a lonely South Sea island. As a New Yorker wrecked on the island, he modernizes the place with devices that are ingenious and amusing. There is some excellent photography of the island and the natives, and the entertainment is a good one for the whole family.

Another family favorite will be the filming of that popular novel "The First Year" in which that slightly saccharine young couple, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, give us an idea of what the first year of married life is like. Any movie department would recommend this for general entertainment.

Some of the most beautiful photography I have seen of late is to be found in "Igloo" the first of a series on life in remote districts. This film tells of Eskimo life with its struggles and hardships, and makes an enthralling picture to watch. The night I saw it, there was that wide-spread buzz of "Wasn't that grand?" that is so seldom heard. How an average audience anywhere does enjoy a good film! "Igloo" is authentic and was filmed in the Arctic region. The dazzling whiteness of the snow helps to make the photography brilliant and unusual. Watch out for "Igloo." I think you'll like it.

"Madame Butterfly" is to be filmed this winter. As novel, stage play, and opera "Madame Butterfly" has enthralled millions of people. Now Sylvia Sydney and Gary Cooper will bring the leading rôles to the film. Sylvia will play the Japanese girl, of course.

This season will see Paramount releasing three Marlene Dietrich pictures as against the two of previous years. The first is "Blonde Venus;" the second "Deep Night," and the third, tentatively titled "Promised."



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form-fitting, embossed, tapered,  
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You've never known perfect  
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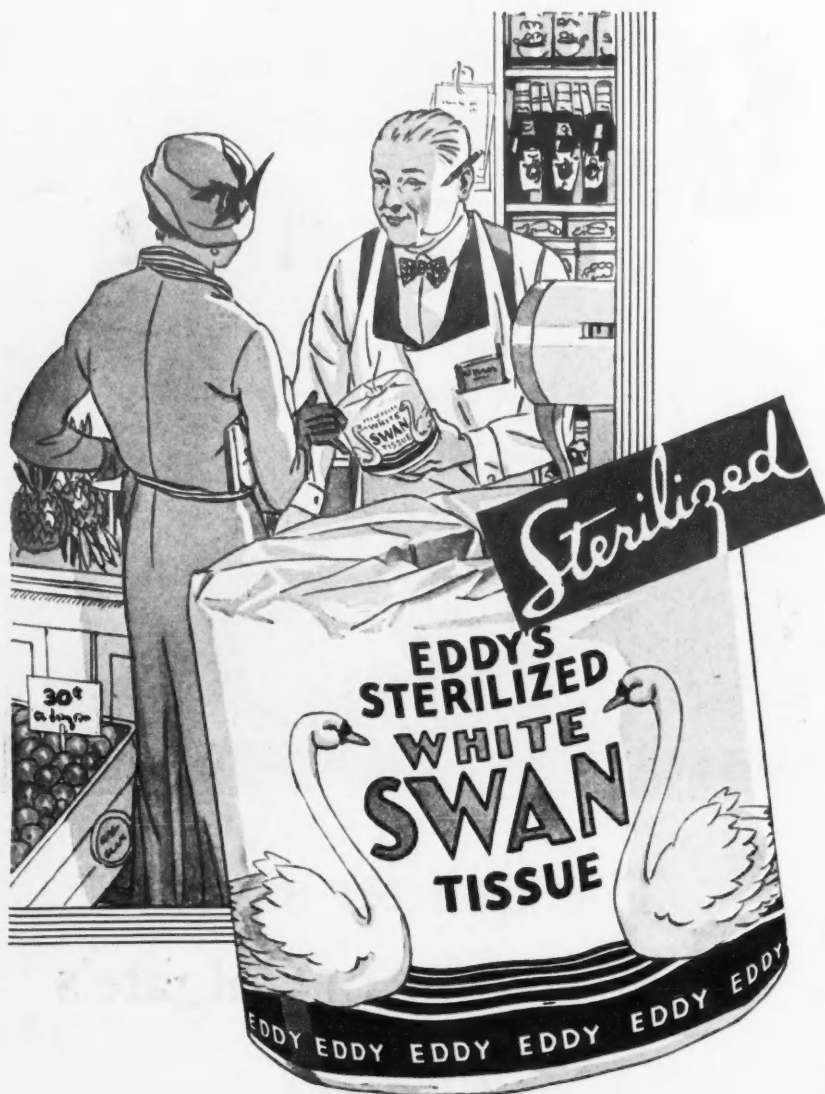
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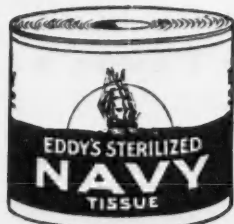


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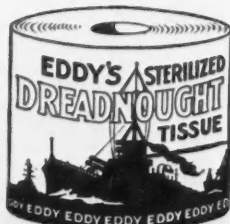
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desperate look as I had fled past him, my veil drawn over my eyes, as though he would have given a good deal to follow me.

The oak door was heavy. Sounds did not penetrate here, as in the farmhouse at Balmeny. Nevertheless, I had heard one piercing echo of Clara's voice, a sudden, deep roll of Baldry's as though in expostulation, and a wild laugh from Tobias. After that—silence, except a faint sound of footsteps. They might have moved into the library. Now this opening and shutting of my bedroom door.

At last I raised my eyes. It was Clara who had come in, her black dress, her flaming hair, almost violently thrown out against the ivory white of the panels.

"No wonder you came away to hide," she said, in a voice of such bitterness and rage that it seemed to torture her throat as it escaped. "No wonder you couldn't bear to see what those devils of girls were going to do to me! Oh, Joan Elliot, what would your uncle think if he knew you would take part in such an outrage against Ayrton and me?"

I started to my feet. "Don't blame me," I said, thickly. "Don't blame me! I did what—"

"Why didn't you stop it? You always pretended to have influence over them. Didn't you see what it would do? Ruin me—ruin me! Ruin all this—" She made a wide and tragic gesture—"Ruin my son—my darling—oh, Ayrton, Ayrton!" She wrung her hands together, her face distorted into a terrible mask.

"For goodness sake, Clara," I said, taking her arm, "try to be calm. I know it's horrible for you, but be brave. You don't know how it may turn out. Perhaps not so hopeless—oh, I know there's nothing to be said—don't look at me as though you hated me. I couldn't help it. After all, Toby is Uncle Dick's son. You can't get away from that."

Suddenly, as a wild wind falls, the tempest that shook her departed and she looked into my face with her accustomed defensive dignity. "Joan, I knew Dick had married this girl. He told me all about it. It had been just a horrid passion, and, in a little while he had hated her. Then, after he was killed, I found a letter among his papers from that old Captain Haight telling him about her following him to Nova Scotia and her death. Not one word about this boy. How Vicky could think of setting that gypsy creature in her father's place! What a daughter! But, of course, it was just to oust Ayrton and me. And this boulder she has married, with a voice like thunder. Ugh!"

I stared at her dully. Pat a boulder! Well, if it helped her to call him such!

"Who is he?" she asked inquisitively, wiping her eyes on a little black-bordered handkerchief.

"A mayor," I stammered, "mayor of Balmeny." How strange it sounded, how unreal, over here in Cornwall! "An editor, too. Editor of the *Balmeny Era*."

Clara gave a hysterical laugh. "Mayor of Balmeny! A nice crowd you have been mixed up with! Vicky must be mad. I always thought so. Now, I know it."

"He is a civil engineer by profession," I said. "He was all through the war."

"I suppose he thought by this marriage above him—"

"After all," I returned, anger mounting to my forehead, "the Lashbrooks were nothing but respectable yeomen once. The first Lashbrook who wasn't respectable was the one who got the baronetcy. Do you know why King George IV gave it to him?"

"Well, no one can say that about my family," cried Clara.

I had heard people say far worse things about her family but I only said: "Now's the time to show what stuff you're made of. What shall you do, Clara? Take the case into court?"

"I shall have my lawyer investigate it." (What will come of the strangely assorted household? Will Vicky's revenge be effective—and can Toby really oust Clara's son? Another big installment next month gives some startling developments.)

To be Continued



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him. "It's the worst hate in the world—family hate. But here's something to think about. On my way back I called in on Chesley Parker, supervisor of the Inter-provincial Bank. He hemmed and hawed at first, but finally I got it out of him that he refused Sam Rudolf a loan only last week. Sam's financial situation is pretty desperate. I guess—and Tom Langford hasn't had anything since the stock market crash."

"But Brennan?" Ambrose persisted. She leaned back. "I hate to think it of Jack," she said finally, "but he's a queer chap. Never disciplined. Wayward. I remember walking around Point Pleasant Park with him one Sunday morning two years ago. One of those German police dogs attacked a child just in front of us. He choked the dog to death. Nasty thing to watch. There was a look in his eyes . . . He was desperately in love with Jane, and I've no doubt she turned him down again this afternoon. And it's against him that he tried to cover up the fact that he'd gone up to the well. There's one thing, however, I want to know."

Leaning forward she picked up the telephone receiver, rang up police headquarters and talked for some minutes to Sergeant Murphy. Then she turned again to Ambrose. "There were no fingerprints on that knife handle. Murphy says her hand probably slipped and smeared them off. I think they were either wiped off—or the murderer wore gloves."

"I'm afraid I'm not convinced yet," Ambrose said gravely. "I'd be very careful if I were you, Miss Sarah—very careful. You need something a great deal more definite—some absolute proof—before you start anything."

"I'll get it!" she said, the heavy folds of her face hardening like granite. "If it's the last thing I do on earth I'll get—"

A QUICK, nervous knock tattooed the outer door. With some surprise, Ambrose crossed to it, drew it open. Esther Langford, a nervous glitter in her hard blue eyes, stood disclosed.

"What the dickens do you want?" Sarah flung at her.

Esther came in. She had the look of some one driven by a desperate impulse. "Can I see you alone?" she said in her clipped way.

"All right," Sarah answered, rising. She moved to the inner office. "Better wait for me," she said to Ambrose over her shoulder.

Inside, behind the closed door, Esther Langford said: "I've got to tell you something, Sarah!"

"Go ahead," Sarah said.

The younger woman sat biting her lip. Then she looked up at Sarah with queer, troubled eyes. And then the words tumbled from her taut lips: "Sarah, you don't think Jack Brennan—" it was as far as she could go.

Sarah said nothing, but there was a wariness in her glance, a glance that never left the other woman's face.

He couldn't have done it, Sarah! I saw him go up there—saw them all the time he was there!"

"You did? Where from?"

"The window at the end of the hall. You can see the well from there."

"You can, eh? That's interesting. But it happens that after that he was a full half hour alone on the terrace—or says he was. Of course there's nobody to prove it—"

"He wasn't on the terrace. He was in my room. I called him up from the terrace. I felt I ought to tell him that his chances with Jane were hopeless. He was making himself so miserable—"

"Why the heck didn't you tell me all this, this afternoon?"

"I saw no reason then for advertising it," Esther replied with a defiant look. "It was only after what you said when you were leaving that I began to worry. I thought you suspected—Sarah, you don't, do you?"

Sarah rose to her feet. "That's neither here nor there," she said gruffly. "You run along home now, girlie and get to bed with some aspirins. You're all het up about this thing."

The younger woman turned. It was clear she wasn't satisfied, but she knew from the look on Sarah's face she would get nothing by remaining.

WHEN the outer office door closed behind her Sarah turned to Ambrose. "She came here to bolster up Jack Brennan's alibi," she said. "Always was clever. She knows I suspect 'em, Ambrose. I think she knows more than that, too. I think she knows who murdered Jane Abbott. Was she lying or telling the truth? Was she trying to save Brennan because she knows he did it, or because she knows some one else did it? That's what we're going to find out. You and I. The well—there might be something down that well! We're going there tomorrow morning—early. I'll call for you at half past three. Set your alarm!"

THE sky over Point Pleasant Park and the Dartmouth shore was grey with the first gesture of dawn as they came through the underbrush, climbed the stone wall, and reached the well. Sarah glanced down the hill. Esther Langford had been right. Through a break between a spruce and a lithe-limbed birch, the upstairs end hall window of the house below lay in a direct line of vision.

"Gimme that bag, Ambrose."

Ambrose handed the receptacle over and from it Sarah extracted a ball of heavy twine, a cod hook and a leaden bullet sinker. "If this contraption fails," she said, "we're going down to the garage and get the ladder I saw lying outside yesterday. You're going down it to grapple."

"I'm doing no such thing!" he replied firmly. "At my age—"

"Great grief, what a man!" she growled disgustedly, fastening the hook to the line. "But you'll go down if I have to throw you down!"

"It's madness—sheer madness!" he expostulated.

She bit the sinker on to the line a foot above the hook and began to lower it into the murky depth. There was a gentle splash. A moment later she grunted: "Bottom!"

She dragged the line gently to and fro—then lifted. The hook came to the surface bare. Back again. The minutes crept on. They both began to breathe quickly—suspense growing on them in spite of themselves.

"If there isn't something down there I'll never believe in logic again!" she breathed. "There's got to be for us to pin that crime to its rightful owner. Better pray—you're a church-warden."

"Don't be blasphemous!" he came back stiffly.

"Never did have a sense of humor—heck, I've got something!"

The line was taut. A moment later something broke the swilling surface below. As it rose higher the water splashed from it—a heavy rag of sorts.

"It's probably nothing," Ambrose muttered. "Goodness knows what's been thrown down there since the well was in use—dear me, somebody's coming!"

A crunch of feet on the gravelled path below!

With a last jerk Sarah heaved up her catch, tucked it under her heavy sweater, and snatched up the ball of twine. "Come on! Quick!" She staggered toward the stone wall, clambered over it, pressed on into the undergrowth.

In that shelter she halted, got behind a tree and glued her eyes on the well. Ambrose, who had gone further on, came creeping back. Suddenly he gasped: "Bless my soul!"

Sam Rudolf and Tom Langford stood by the well. They had a ladder which they were thrusting down into it. Presently, Rudolf, who was clad only in a bathing suit, disappeared down it.

"Now will you believe it, doubting Thomas!" Sarah hissed in Ambrose's ear. "They're there for what I fished up—or I'm the hind leg of a donkey. Esther Langford must have gone home last night and told them I was suspicious."

Continued on page 52



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## The Jewelled Dagger

Continued from page 9

"This window—" Sarah indicated the one in front of which she sat—"overlooks the lawn at the back and the drive leading up to the Herring Cove Road. Anybody cross the lawn or go up the driveway during that time?"

Cook put her hands on her hips and considered earnestly. "There was master. 'E went up the 'ill abaht four or a little after."

"By the drive?"

"No—'e went across the lawn."

"You didn't see Miss Jane go up to the well?"

"No 'm, I didn't."

Sarah's face was grim. Ascending the hill across the lawn Sam Rudolf must have passed close to the well. Why had he taken such a roundabout route to the Saraguay when the path along the shore of the Arm was so much shorter?

"See anybody else?"

"Only Mr. Brennan—'im that was so sweet on poor Miss Jane. Oh, mum, if she could only 'ave made up 'er mind to 'ave 'im she'd never 'ave done it! Such a nice chap and all!"

"What time did he 'pass by your window?"

"It'd be abaht five minutes after the master."

"Which way did he go?"

"Took the path 'm." Dawkins leaned closer, breathed more heavily and confidentially. "It's me own theory he went up to propose to 'er agyne. 'E come down a short while after looking mighty downhearted."

"And you saw no one else?"

"Only Peters, the chauffeur, when 'e come rushing down. 'E'd left 'is shears up there where 'e was cutting the 'edge be'ind the well this morning. Went up after 'em—and found 'er lying there—in a pool of blood."

"Thanks!" Sarah rose. "You're a good girl. Here's a dollar."

**O**UT in the garage she interviewed Peters, who was able to add nothing. He was quite sure, he stated in reply to her question, that he had found the dead girl lying on her back. He had spent the two hours previous to the discovery at the Arm Bridge garage having the timing of the car adjusted.

Sarah moved on slowly up the hill and came to the scene of the tragedy again. A hundred and fifty yards below in a direct line, and close to the water's edge, lay the rose arbor in which Lucy Rudolf had lain "dreaming, just dreaming." The house, mostly hidden by the trees, lay off to the right of the latter some distance.

Suddenly Sarah started down, keeping close to the hedge which bounded the north limits of the estate here. It was possible, she discovered, to remain hidden from any prying eyes in the house all the way down to the arbor.

The family were just going into supper when she returned to the living room. "You took the Herring Cove Road to the Saraguay this afternoon, eh?" she asked Sam Rudolf.

"Why not?" he exclaimed, with an uneasy shifting of his eyes.

"Dawkins saw you cross the lawn at the back. You must have passed close to the well. See Jane?"

Rudolf's mouth tautened; he hesitated a moment—seemed to wet his dry lips. "Yes," he answered somewhat defiantly, "I did."

"She was alive then?"

"Great heavens, of course she was—"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

Rudolf bit his lip, didn't answer.

She swung on Brennan. "Perhaps you'll tell me why you kept mum?"

"About what?" he asked her, a quiet wariness in his fine grey eyes.

"About the fact that you spent ten minutes at the well with Jane Abbott between four and a quarter past."

He said nothing for a moment, stared at

his clasped hands. Then he looked up at her quietly. "Perhaps because like Sam I'm a bit of a quitter. Face it from our standpoint. When we left her she was alive. And then she was found dead. So far as we knew we were the last to see her. My conscience is clear enough—but it wouldn't sound so good at the inquest. Call me a coward if you like."

Sarah shrugged grimly. "I'm not so sure that your conscience is clear. What with all the lying I've heard so far I don't know what to believe. But one thing's certain, Jack Brennan. You're going to tell the coroner just what went on up there. I loved that girl. She was the best of the lot of you worth all of you wrapped up together. I'm going to have it positively settled how and why she died!"

With which she turned implacably on her heel and stumped from the house.

**A**MBROSE MOODY had the look of an early martyr losing control when Sarah arrived back with his car, somewhere around eight o'clock. But at the look on her face he took his hands from under his coat-tails and ceased his to and fro pacing. Before she was half way through her story he had forgotten that he was an hour late for supper, and that he would be catching what-for from his hen-pecking spouse.

Ambrose had his limitations, but he had the golden gift of silence, could hold a skinful of secrets without leaking. And since every one must have some one to whom to go with life's burdens, Sarah turned—and had for thirty years—to him.

At the end of the recital she cast her bombshell. Leaning abruptly toward him over the table she said dramatically: "Jane Abbott was murdered, Ambrose. She was murdered by one of those people—one of four. Only Tom Langford's alibi is solid."

"Tut-tut!" Ambrose exclaimed. It was his ejaculation in these moments when he felt his feet leaving the ground. "How in the world can you make such a wild statement?"

"Listen!" she said, after a moment's silence. "From the moment I saw that knife sticking there in the poor child's chest I felt the snag. It didn't ring. I know she hasn't been happy. Bill Abbott should have known when he left her practically the entire estate, cutting Lucy and Esther off with a few thousands, that it was asking for trouble. But the kid wasn't a coward. It would have taken more than two catty sisters to drive her off the deep end. But it was the direction in which the knife had been driven that made me certain. Look!"

She took up the paper-cutter from the desk.

"The kid was right-handed. She'd have had to hold the knife this way, and force it in this way, using both hands. See the direction? Outward—upward. But that knife was directed inward and downward. I drew Murphy's attention to it twice to fix it in his fool head."

Ambrose shook his head. "Really," he exclaimed, "I'd hesitate to make an accusation of murder on such slight premises. I hope you're not letting your affection for Miss Jane—"

"I'm not!" she interrupted him curtly. "Then there was the way she was found lying. On her back beside that pool of blood—away from the rustic seat. If she'd done the thing she'd have done it sitting down—she'd have been weak and trembling with dread. Then she'd have slumped forward in a heap. She was laid out on her back by the murderer."

Again Ambrose made the gestures of a doubting Thomas. "But why in the world should any of those four people have wished to murder her, Miss Sarah? Her own sisters, her brother-in-law, the man who loved her?"

"Did you never see hate grow in a family where money was at stake?" she snapped at

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This fruit is not only used as a confection but it is of value as a culinary product. A jar of crystallized cherries on the pantry shelf will find all sorts of uses. The fruit is ready to use and needs no washing; it is flavorful, and the cost is very low. As a confection, the fruit contains more food values than candies. A mixture of crystallized fruits can be used for a change in cakes, and the colored fruits add to the appearance of the icing in a decorated cake. Incidentally, this fruit is an excellent solution to the gift problem.

Confections of this kind sell for a good price and with a little time and perseverance it is not difficult to build up a market. The experience of most women who have started this work is that the market builds itself after the first few sales. A high standard of quality and a uniform product are essentials to a satisfactory market. When packed in pound or half-pound boxes, covered with Cellophane paper and wrapped in an attractive covering, the fruit sells itself.

Only the simplest of equipment is needed and the average kitchen provides most of this. Shallow preserving kettles and pans are advised as this prevents the breaking of the fruit. Only one layer should be cooked at a time, as it is very important that each piece of fruit be kept whole. A long handled fork is a big aid in turning the pieces and lifting the fruit from the pan. Fruit spoons with perforated bowls allow the syrup to drip off the fruit, as it is being lifted.

The only additional pieces of equipment are the drying racks. They are made of light pieces of wood with wire netting securely tacked in place. To be conveniently handled, the frames should be eighteen inches wide and three feet long. This allows them to go through a door without tipping.

The top and bottom of the rack must be made to correspond in size, but the bottom needs a wider frame so that the top rack can be fastened firmly in place. The top rack should be inverted over the bottom rack, allowing two inches of space for the fruit. This allows a free circulation of air and prevents any insects from reaching the fruit. A thin white cloth is spread over the bottom rack so that the fruit does not come in direct contact with the wire.

Sun-drying is best for the fruit. The hot summer months are excellent for this work. The fruit should not be left out overnight, as this toughens the fruit and some of the jellylike consistency is lost. The racks can be placed at night in a heated room or near a stove to hurry the process. This system is recommended for the late varieties.

For juicy cherries, make a syrup using two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water. Bring to the boil. Wash and pit the cherries. Put into syrup, using about one quart of cherries to this amount of syrup. Bring to a boil slowly, taking care that the cherries are pressed down under the syrup with a spoon occasionally. Boil gently for three to five minutes and set the fruit away in this syrup to process for twenty-four hours. See that the lid is on the pan.

Drain the syrup from the cherries and spread on the rack to dry. Set in the hot sun and when partly dry, they can be rolled in sugar. This takes from one to two days, and the cherries should not be allowed to become so dry that the sugar will not adhere; at the same time, they should not be so wet that the sugar will melt. Place a quantity of cherries in a pan of sugar and stir them until all sides are covered with sugar and the cherries no longer stick together. Put the cherries in a sifter and shake off the surplus sugar. Put a clean cloth on the rack, as the syrup from the cherries clogs up the cloth and the air cannot get at the fruit. Set these sugared cherries on the freshly covered rack and allow them to finish drying—one or two days in the hot sunshine.

Raisins can be made in the same way, but it is not necessary to roll them in sugar.

## My Neighbor Friend

by Edna Jaques

*I have a little neighbor friend,  
Her house is oh so snug and small,  
You wouldn't think such tiny rooms  
Could shelter anyone at all.  
And yet her rosy clear-eyed sons  
Find peace and love within its doors,  
And little girls with sunny hair  
Play quietly about the floors.*

*She never speaks of pride or greed  
But dwells in singing ways apart,  
If grief or envy touches her  
She keeps it hidden in her heart.  
She makes the best of what she has  
And always finds enough to spare,  
If someone comes at dinner time  
They find a gracious welcome there.*

*There's flowers on the window-sill,  
And stiff white curtains primly set;  
There's laughter and a quiet peace,  
A love that mocks at toil and fret.  
The world goes by with anxious step,  
She rests secure in quiet right,  
And in the dark, her windows shine  
Like stars, against the friendly night.*



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Here is the original skin softener, invented and prescribed, more than 30 years ago, by an internationally famous dermatologist, for Canada's winter-loving women. It is undoubtedly the surest, safest, quickest

skin-softener in the entire Dominion. Utterly different from "home-made" or usual "commercial" lotions, Italian Balm is topping record after record for popularity from coast-to-coast. It contains certain fine, scientifically selected skin-softening ingredients—many imported from sunny, tropical countries. All are blended in a secret, scientific process.

Absolutely safe for any skin; no caustic astringents or dangerous bleaches. Every bottle bears the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. Because Italian Balm contains only 5% alcohol, it cannot dry the skin. On sale at your drug or department store in the new green and white package at 35c, 60c and \$1.00—each size a long-lasting, economical supply.

CAMPANA CORPORATION, LIMITED, TORONTO

### New Package

Green and white, the package and bottle containing Italian Balm have been restyled. Coast-to-coast—in drug and department stores—the original skin softener makes its bow in this crisp, sparkling, new dress—look for it.



**Campana's  
ITALIAN  
BALM**

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Canadians may hear Sax Rohmer's "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas over Columbia network stations at 8.45 p.m. E.S.T. Mondays including CFRB Toronto. British all-star cast. Friday nights, "First Nighter" plays from "The Little Theatre off Times Square" over NBC coast-to-coast network 9.00 E.S.T.

"CANADA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

You made Diamond Dyes  
for us

NOW GIVE US



DIAMOND

Tints  
WOMEN ASKED

"I learned from my mother and my grandmother that no other girl could compare with Diamond Tints for permanent, lasting dyeing of deep, heavy colors. We ourselves would never trust any other dye."

"What we need now are tints of Diamond quality—light, delicate shades for our daily dress and occasions, to give us with us today. What you make, Diamond Tint is as good."

So we developed Diamond Tint for these hair friends of Diamond Dyes. And now it's lighted the way.

"Of course," one woman writes, "I expected that Diamond Tint would be exceptionally good. But I've never seen such color—soft, shimmering, lasting, as first and above, a glowing beauty."

"The new Diamond Tint has a rich, warm tone," says another. "I've never seen anything like that. The color through weeks, unchanging, the quick, soft color of other tints I've used."

The reason Diamond Tint has through these hair friends is because they like the famous Diamond Dyes, actually contain more active coloring matter per package.

There are two kinds, Diamond Tint. Remember all tints. The Special tint has temporary, lasting color, and the new Diamond Tint has permanent color.

Give the perfect look, a richness to your hair, luster, back and forth. Brighten up your hair with new color to remain and keep it just as good, true with Diamond Tint. All the new, popular shades of any dye tint.

DIAMOND TINTS

Made by the makers of DIAMOND DYES

THREE weeks ago Sarah Green brought her big basket to a shop in the drive-way behind the house. Her basket was packed with diamond tints. She carried a basket of new and old tints when she came to the shop.

Five tall, nervous men. Larry found them sitting at the table. They were in a hurry, but not a minute. The time had come to go. Sarah said, "Look, nothing."

They were sitting at the table. Sarah said, "Look, nothing."

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## No more scrubbing toilet bowls

What would scrub and scour a toilet bowl when there is an easy, pleasant way to keep them sparkling clean? It used to be the greatest household chore. Now Sani-Flush makes toilet cleaning simple and sure.

Sprinkle a bit of this antiseptic, cleansing powder into the toilet bowl. (Directions are on the can.) Then flush the toilet. Instantly the bowl is clean and bright and sanitary. The sudden trap, that is beyond the reach of the cleaning brush, is purified and safe. Sani-Flush can't harm the plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores. Use. Distributed by Elmer F. Kitchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Sani-Flush is for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

SANI-FLUSH  
cleans closet bowls  
without scouring



The day will surely come

BUSINESS and professional women must look forward to the day when earning more will mean less stress. Instead of those long days of stress, they can be days of a lighter, more interesting life.

How can this be accomplished? It's simple. "I Want More Income" tells how you may solve the problem. It is simple when you read. It's simple to choose.

Why not send for the booklet, read it and see if it does not present a most alluring prospect for your earning years.

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# CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS

*Here are delicious Treats*

CRYSTALLIZED fruit is one of the newest and most attractive confections. In many fruit districts this product is being made from some of the surplus fruit crop by the women. It is very wholesome and is better for children than candies. It has the natural fruit flavor. It can be made at a very low cost and is an excellent means of making a little spare pin-money.

This fruit is not only used as a confection but it is of value as a culinary product. A jar of crystallized cherries on the pantry shelf will find all sorts of uses. The fruit is ready to use and needs no washing; it is flavorful, and the cost is very low. As a confection, the fruit contains more food values than candies. A mixture of crystallized fruits can be used for a change in cakes, and the colored fruits add to the appearance of the icing in a decorated cake. Incidentally, this fruit is an excellent solution to the gift problem.

Confections of this kind sell for a good price and with a little time and perseverance it is not difficult to build up a market. The experience of most women who have started this work is that the market builds itself after the first few sales. A high standard of quality and a uniform product are essentials to a satisfactory market. When packed in pound or half-pound boxes, covered with Cellophane paper and wrapped in an attractive covering, the fruit sells itself.

Only the simplest of equipment is needed and the average kitchen provides most of this. Shallow preserving kettles and pans are advised as this prevents the breaking of the fruit. Only one layer should be cooked at a time, as it is very important that each piece of fruit be kept whole. A long handled fork is a big aid in turning the pieces and lifting the fruit from the pan. Fruit spoons with perforated bowls allow the syrup to drip off the fruit, as it is being lifted.

The only additional pieces of equipment are the drying racks. They are made of light pieces of wood with wire netting securely tacked in place. To be conveniently handled, the frames should be eighteen inches wide and three feet long. This allows them to go through a door without tipping.

The top and bottom of the rack must be made to correspond in size, but the bottom needs a wider frame so that the top rack can be fastened firmly in place. The top rack should be inverted over the bottom rack, allowing two inches of space for the fruit. This allows a free circulation of air and prevents any insects from reaching the fruit. A thin white cloth is spread over the bottom rack so that the fruit does not come in direct contact with the wire.

Sun-drying is best for the fruit. The hot summer months are excellent for this work. The fruit should not be left out overnight, as this toughens the fruit and some of the jellylike consistency is lost. The racks can be placed at night in a heated room or near a stove to hurry the process. This system is recommended for the late varieties.

For juicy cherries, make a syrup using two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water. Bring to the boil. Wash and pit the cherries. Put into syrup, using about one quart of cherries to this amount of syrup. Bring to a boil slowly, taking care that the cherries are pressed down under the syrup with a spoon occasionally. Boil gently for three to five minutes and set the fruit away in this syrup to process for twenty-four hours. See that the lid is on the pan.

Drain the syrup from the cherries and spread on the rack to dry. Set in the hot sun and when partly dry, they can be rolled in sugar. This takes from one to two days, and the cherries should not be allowed to become so dry that the sugar will not adhere; at the same time, they should not be so wet that the sugar will melt. Place a quantity of cherries in a pan of sugar and stir them until all sides are covered with sugar and the cherries no longer stick together. Put the cherries in a sifter and shake off the surplus sugar. Put a clean cloth on the rack, as the syrup from the cherries clogs up the cloth and the air cannot get at the fruit. Set these sugared cherries on the freshly covered rack and allow them to finish drying—one or two days in the hot sunshine.

Raisins can be made in the same way, but it is not necessary to roll them in sugar.

## My Neighbor Friend

by Edna Jaques

*I have a little neighbor friend,  
Her house is oh so snug and small,  
You wouldn't think such tiny rooms  
Could shelter anyone at all.  
And yet her rosy clear-eyed sons  
Find peace and love within its doors,  
And little girls with sunny hair  
Play quietly about the floors.*

*She never speaks of pride or greed  
But dwells in singing ways apart,  
If grief or envy touches her  
She keeps it hidden in her heart.  
She makes the best of what she has  
And always finds enough to spare,  
If someone comes at dinner time  
They find a gracious welcome there.*

*There's flowers on the window-sill,  
And stiff white curtains primly set;  
There's laughter and a quiet peace,  
A love that mocks at toil and fret.  
The world goes by with anxious step,  
She rests secure in quiet right,  
And in the dark, her windows shine  
Like stars, against the friendly night.*



**BANISH  
CHAPPING**  
*Quicker*

**N**ow it's amazingly simple and inexpensive to have a smooth, soft, youthful skin—almost overnight. No matter where you live or what you do!

Campana's Italian Balm brings a proved, year-round skin protector to every man, woman or child—coast-to-coast! Don't endure dry, chapped, red or rough skin this winter.

Italian Balm is guaranteed to banish the skin-aging abuses imposed by winter weather, house—or office work—faster than anything you have ever used.

Here is the original skin softener, invented and prescribed, more than 30 years ago, by an internationally famous dermatologist, for Canada's winter-loving women. It is undoubtedly the surest, safest, quickest

skin-softener in the entire Dominion. Utterly different from "home-made" or usual "commercial" lotions,

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"CANADA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

*"You made Diamond Dyes  
for us*

**NOW GIVE US**



**DIAMOND** *Tints*  
WOMEN ASKED



NO BOILING  
NECESSARY  
last through more  
laundings

"WE learned from our mothers and our grandmothers that no other dyes could compare with Diamond Dyes for permanent, boiled dyeing of deep heavy colors. We ourselves would never trust any other dye.

"What we need now are tints of Diamond quality—light delicate shades for our dainty dresses and underthings, for quick use with no boiling. Won't you make Diamond Tints for us, too?"

... So we developed Diamond Tints for these loyal friends of Diamond Dyes. And how delighted they are!

"Of course," one woman writes, "I expected that Diamond Tints would be exceptionally good. But I've never seen such colors—soft, shimmering, lustrous; as fresh and lovely as spring flowers!"

"The way Diamond Tints last is what pleases me," says another. "I've never seen anything like them. They last through weekly launderings that quickly sap the color out of other tints I've used."

The reason Diamond Tints last through more launderings is because they, like the famous Diamond Dyes, actually contain more aniline coloring matter per package.

There are two kinds. Diamond Tints Regular tint all fabrics. The Special tints lace-trimmed silk, leaving the cotton or linen lace uncolored.

Give that coveted look of newness to your faded lingerie, frocks and blouses. Brighten up your home with new color in curtains and linens by just a quick rinse with Diamond Tints. All the new, popular shades at any drug store.

**DIAMOND TINTS**

Made by the makers of DIAMOND DYES

THREE hours later Sarah Greer brought her big roadster to a stop in the driveway behind the Rudolf house. Her massive figure looked dumber than ever in the tweed business suit she was wearing. She carried a battered case into the living room where five people sat awaiting her.

Five taut, nervous people. Lucy Rudolf sprang to her feet as if she were on a spring, put out a plaintive hand. The three men spoke a gruff, uneasy "Good morning!" Their nerves were ragged, and Jack Brennan looked as if he had gone to bed drunk last night. Esther Langford moved closer to him on the couch, as if protectively.

"Well," Sarah panted, throwing herself into the chair beside the table, "you know why I'm here?"

They said nothing, watched her tensely while she unfastened the attache case on her knees. But an involuntary gasp rose as she drew from it a sodden wisp of bedraggled dress. She shook it out. It had once been an afternoon dress. Down its front there was a great, though faint, brownish stain.

"I think I've seen this on you, Lucy," Sarah said, holding it out to the woman in the low chair opposite.

"I didn't do it, Sarah!" Lucy Rudolf flung herself on her knees before the old battleship. "I swear I—"

"Get up!" Sarah snapped at her gruffly. "Pull yourself together!"

As Sam Rudolf helped his wife to her feet Sarah turned on Esther Langford. "You were wearing this dress yesterday afternoon, weren't you? Been wearing a lot of Lucy's cast-offs lately."

Esther said nothing, kept staring with a hard, white face at the thing in Sarah's hand.

"It proves nothing!" growled Sam Langford.

"You can't pin that thing on my wife!" Langford added shrilly, taking a step forward.

"Then why were you two so anxious to get down the well after it this morning. I saw you both at it, and Ambrose Moody was with me to prove it. Look me in the eyes, Esther!" Sarah swung on the middle sister. "You lied to me last night when you said Jack Brennan was in your bedroom between a quarter past four and five o'clock. He wasn't. And you weren't there either—all the time. You were up at the well. You'd seen him go up. You were mad with jealousy—so you went up and killed her—the lucky sister who had the money and the man you wanted. When she collapsed into your arms you laid her out on her back. Then you stripped off this dress you were wearing, weighted it with a stone, dropped it into the well, and sneaked back into the house without being seen." She turned to Brennan. "You weren't up in her room yesterday—"

Brennan had swung with a low growl on the woman beside him. His face was distorted with loathing and passion. He caught her by the throat. "You! You—"

Sarah swept across the room, snatched at his hands. "Stop it, you fool! You're not blameless in this either. You carried on an affair with Esther before Jane came home from Europe. Oh, you kept it dark enough all right—but you didn't keep it from that valet of yours. I had a talk with him this morning after you left your flat. Cost me quite a lot of money to get the truth, but I got it." Then to the woman who was holding on to her neck, staring in front of her into a desperate vista. "You'd better come with me, Esther. It'll be better than going in the police car."



## No more scrubbing toilet bowls

Who would scrub and scour a toilet bowl when there is an easy, pleasant way to keep them spick-and-span? It used to be the meanest household chore. Now Sani-Flush makes toilet cleanliness simple and sure.

Sprinkle a bit of this antiseptic, cleansing powder into the closet bowl (directions are on the can), then flush the toilet. Instantly the bowl is clean and bright and sanitary. The hidden trap, that's beyond the reach of the cleaning brush, is purified and safe. Sani-Flush can't harm the plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)



*The  
day  
will  
surely come*

BUSINESS and professional women must look forward to the days when earnings wane and stop. Instead of these being days of distress, they can be days of a larger, more interesting life.

How can this be accomplished? A booklet "A Word from Miss Independent" tells how you may solve the problem. A life income when you retire! Each month a cheque!

Why not send for this booklet, read it and see if it does not present a most alluring prospect for your retiring years.

**EXCELSIOR  
INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY**

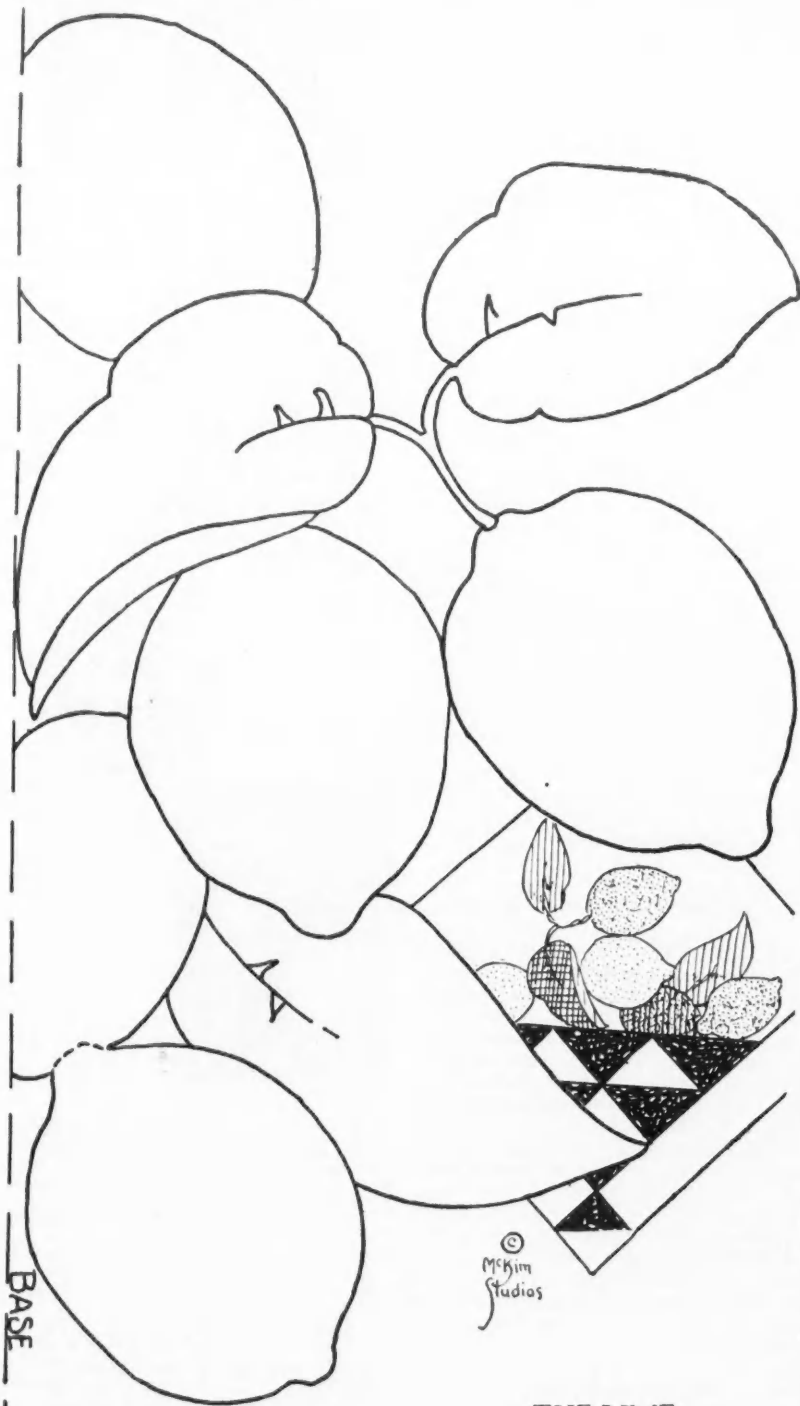
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Mail This Today!

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Please send me descriptive booklet advertised  
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Date of birth.....

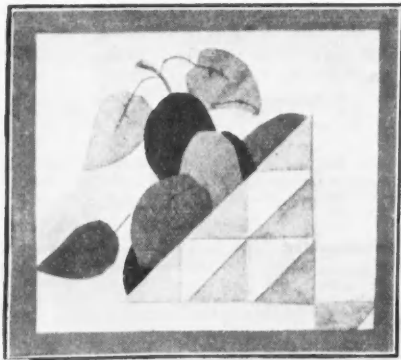
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THE LIME

HEREWITH is the first block for the beautiful new Fruit Basket Quilt—a companion for the Flower Garden Quilt that appeared in *Chatelaine* last year. Month by month two or three blocks will be shown in *Chatelaine*; subscribers starting after the first numbers have been shown may have the back numbers for ten cents, by writing to this magazine.



How a finished block of the quilt looks—visualize its beauty in the rich natural tints of the fruit.

Block No. 1 The Lime

**C**LEAR yellow, without a tinge of warm orange, is lovely for the two lightest limes, a light yellow-green for the next two with a shade darker yellow-green for the one in shadow. Two more greens, rather blue in tone, for contrast, make the leaves, placing the lighter and darker as indicated in the small sketch.

First trace the placing lines on to your background block. We suggested cream tint for this as pure white will lack the richness needed to use with the many beautiful glowing fruit colors used in this quilt. A fine unbleached would do, or you can perhaps buy a finer material like broadcloth or softest percale in a deep cream or pongee tint. You will need about six yards of this with thirty inches of brown for the baskets. Bias binding strips one and one-quarter inches wide may be cut from an extra yard of brown. About seven on the true bias will finish around the completed top.

The appliqué units trace on to the yellow and green materials allowing an additional seam all around to baste back. The roll on the leaf may be appliquéd in lighter green or embroidered in satin stitch. The stem embroiders solidly in dark green.

## They looked at her hands ...and pictured her scrubbing the floor

Yet now red, rough hands can be made beautifully smooth and white  
... in only 3 days!

**H**ER GOWN was an exclusive model. But her hands were those of a kitchen drudge. They ruined her smartness—her charm—completely.

How often this happens! Yet how foolish—how needless—to let it! Though you do housework, play golf, work in the garden, run a car or a typewriter, your hands can still be satin-smooth—enchantingly, alluringly soft and lovely. All they need is a little simple care.

Keep a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream handy. Smooth a little on the hands after they have been in water—and *always* at night. In three days you will marvel at the difference. Hands once more become delightfully smooth and white. Every trace of roughness and redness goes. You'll be so delighted that you'll decide to use Hinds *always* to keep your hands looking their prettiest.

### Here's the secret of Hinds "magic"

Hands become coarse and work-worn because the natural, softening, skin-beautifying oils dry out. Hinds restores these precious oils. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion or a thick, gummy, drying jelly. Hinds is a delicate, chifon-weight cream that seems to melt right into the pores. Instantly the tense, dry, drawn feeling vanishes. Almost before your eyes you



can see roughness and redness begin to fade—new satin-smoothness appear. Hinds dries naturally. Just a few seconds and it's absorbed, leaving an invisible "second skin" to protect the hands.

### Try Hinds FREE

Mail coupon below for a generous 7-day trial bottle of Hinds. See for yourself the amazing results from just a few applications.

Clip and mail coupon now.

**HINDS**  
honey and  
almond  
**CREAM**



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A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited,  
Dept. 1411, 9 Davies Ave.,  
Toronto 8, Canada

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

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# MARMITE

**Cheapest and best  
for Soups and Stews**

**E**VERY good cook knows that Marmite is good for every sort of savoury dish. Marmite adds tempting flavour and health-giving nourishment to the plainest of fare. Take a few vegetables and a little meat or bones. Boil them together and you have a stew. Use just a little Marmite in the cooking and you have a *good* stew — a stew full of rich appetising flavour, the sort of stew anyone can enjoy on a cold day.

Marmite — the Great British Yeast Food — is particularly rich in the all-important Yeast Vitamin B, which regulates growth in children and is essential to sound nerves and good digestion.

*For sale at your Grocer or Druggist,  
or write direct to:*

**MACLAREN-WRIGHT LIMITED**  
69 Front St. E., Toronto  
*for 60 Delicious Recipes  
and Free Sample Jar of Marmite*

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## An All Fiction Magazine Featuring World Famous Writers

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It may be necessary to move the cherries once during the drying and to put a clean cloth under them.

For the fleshy cherries more processing is required, as it takes longer for the syrup to permeate the fruit entirely. Make a syrup as explained and allow the fruit to remain in this syrup for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time, drain off this syrup and bring to a boil. Skim and pour it over the cherries and let stand for a second twenty-four hours. Drain the cherries, boil and skim the syrup and pour while hot over the cherries. Let stand for a third twenty-four hours. Drain off the syrup and put the fruit on the rack and finish as explained in the first directions.

Apples are best crystallized by making a thick applesauce. Peel and core the apples. To three and one half pounds of the apples, add one cupful of water. Cook slowly until the apples are soft and then add one and one quarter pounds of sugar. If the apples have any lumps or hard parts, put them through a sieve to ensure a smooth product. Heavy waxed paper is needed over the wire. Take a very heavy piece of clean brown paper and pour melted parawax over the paper. If this does not run evenly over the paper, put the paper in the oven for a few minutes. Spread this paper over the wire

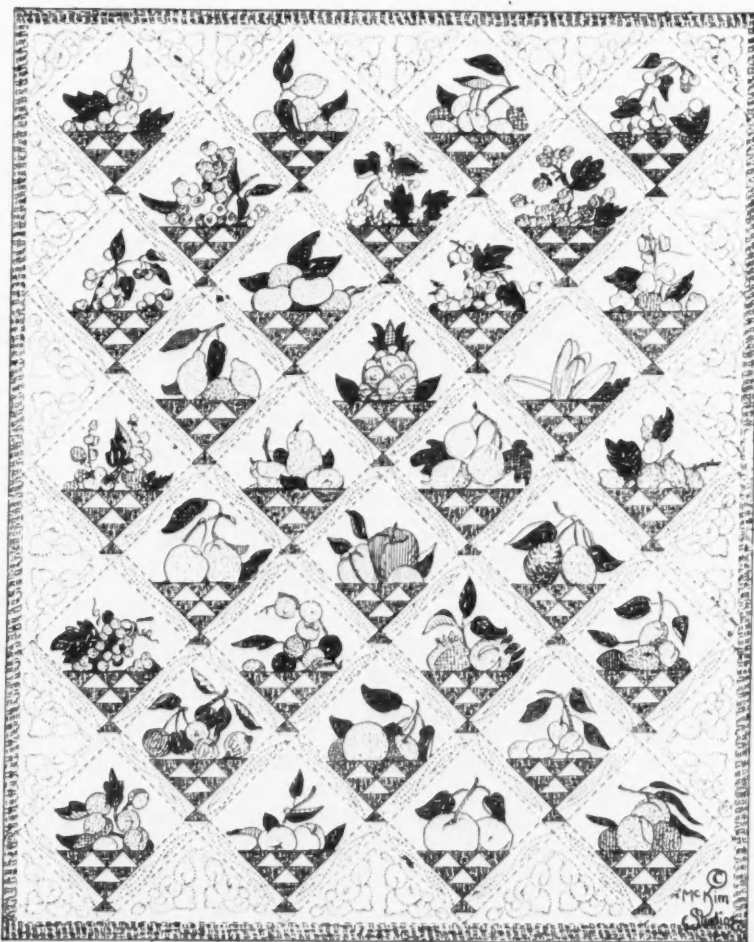
and cover with the applesauce to a thickness of one inch. Dry the apples until they are of a rubberlike consistency and then cut in small pieces suitable for serving. Dip in lemon juice and then roll in sugar. Return to the screen, putting a clean piece of thin white cotton over the wire.

Very pleasing variations of this recipe can be made. Add cherry juice to some of the applesauce and make a red confection. Two or three layers of apples of different colors can be put together, before the rolling in sugar takes place. This makes a very pleasing layer, particularly when cut out with a tiny cookie cutter. Walnuts may be added to the applesauce before it is put out to dry. The dried applesauce can be cut in long thin strips, rolled like a jelly roll and then cut off in thin slices.

Apricots are done like the fleshy cherries. Great care must be taken to keep the apricots from breaking up. Pears can be cut in eighths or they can be cut in circles by removing the core with an apple corer and then cutting across. A very pleasing effect can be produced by filling this hole with red jelly or jam and allowing the pears and filling to dry together. Other fruits like crabapples, plums, greengages and even rhubarb can be crystallized according to these general directions.



## Chatelaine's FRUIT BASKET QUILT



**T**HIS sketch gives a general idea of what the Fruit Basket Quilt will look like when completed. It has all the riot of color and charming variety of form that are found in Nature's abundant fruits, captured and

conventionalized in gorgeous effect. The quilt combines appliqué and outline stitch, and is easily made by following the detailed directions given with each of the blocks as they are shown in *Chatelaine*.



## Common Sense in the Sick Room

By NURSE STEACY

*The First of a Very Valuable Series*

**N**O MATTER how well ordered a home may be as to right habits of living, in proper clothing, cleanliness, exercise, fresh air, sunlight, sleep and rest—there comes a day when illness definitely enters the home, or the whole household may be roused and upset, by some serious accident to a loved one.

No matter what the exact symptoms of disease, or nature of the accident, the patient must be surrounded by such comforts, that will not only hasten recovery but add pleasure and cheer in the sick room, for even any slight illness may just as well be pleasant as otherwise.

It is a well known fact that a little knowledge on the part of parents, or any other member of the family, may prevent much suffering. The first and most important step in home nursing is,—

### *Choosing the Sick Room*

Select, if possible, a room on the main floor, with a southern aspect, good ventilation and abundance of light, with regard to sanitation access, isolation and water, and toilet conveniences.

A small room or den can be converted into a sick room on short notice. Remove all unnecessary furniture but the easy chair and couch, if space is available, then set up a plain hospital bed with other equipments, which should be purchased in readiness for such emergencies. The bed and other furniture can be in use at all other times, but adaptable for use in the sick room.

Before arranging the sick room, find out from the doctor, the possible length of illness and arrange the room according to the length of time it may be needed.

Ceilings and walls in cases of long illness should be such to admit of cleaning and dusting. Damp brooms and dusters are to be used. Spread damp newspapers on the rug to sweep it, that is if you don't take it up, which is the most sanitary method, using scatter rugs instead. Another excellent method in home care, is to sprinkle the broom, dustmop, etc., with kerosene oil, which is a disinfectant in itself.

### *Preparation of the Room*

Remove all superfluous furnishings. Take away everything that isn't necessary, as they are only dust collectors, and a sick person is very responsive and sensitive to the surroundings, especially the steady study of the wall paper pattern, fussy arrangement of the window curtains, drapings and dressing

table accessories. Clean the room thoroughly, using dark green blinds and plain white curtains.

Placing the bed is important, let it be away from draughts and direct light, if possible in the centre of the room, and accessible from three sides. Use a white enamelled bed in iron or brass, with double-woven wire springs. The height of the bed can be regulated by wooden blocks, grooved to fit the casters. These blocks should be in readiness, in case of hemorrhage. Use a light-weight hair mattress unless an air-mattress is ordered by the doctor in certain cases.

Pillows should be medium-sized, filled with feathers or down. Hair pillows are good bolsters for building up pillows, while small pillows of rubber, leather or other goods, filled with kapok are indispensable, as tuck-ins, giving support to different parts.

At the head of the bed, on the right side from the patient, have the washstand conveniently near. On the left side from the patient have a small table for tray service. Or, in addition you can have a bedside tray, and there are several types with legs which fold up, or stand straight depending on the position of the patient. One of the best of these is made of wicker, and has a little basket at the side for letters or papers.

The dressing bureau should be on the side or in the corner, where the patient cannot see herself in the mirror. Have one small straight chair, one large easy chair—unsqueakable—a bed-couch or lounge, if space permits. Rubber tips should be used on chairs and table, or adhesive strapping can be substituted by cutting strips about one inch in width, extending up the leg, about one inch on each side.

### *Articles For Use in the Sick Room*

A room thermometer, which should be suspended on the level with the eyes, at a central part of room, not too near heat or the window.

A screen; one large serving tray; one small tray, for light nourishment or drinks.

Separate dishes and silverware for the use of the patient. Have these dainty and attractive, also a small cream pitcher, sugar bowl or castor, condiment set and a small teapot—a small Brown Betty teapot is most inviting. Have a supply of tray cloths, and napkins with extra serviettes. Where help is lacking, white paper napkins can be used on the tray.

Other articles for personal care of patient,



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**Finer Flavor** ✓

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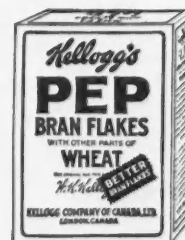
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**Full 10-Ounce Package** ✓

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Restores tired, Sleepless Nerves



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HADDON HALL**  
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Leeds and Lippincott Company

## New Ways With Grapefruit



### Grapefruit, Orange and Grape Salad

Grapefruits  
Oranges  
Large white grapes  
Lettuce  
French dressing  
Mayonnaise  
Chopped walnut meats

Cut grapefruits and oranges in halves crosswise. With a sharp knife remove sections and free from membrane and white portions. Peel large white grapes and remove seeds. Have equal quantities of orange and grapefruit and one-half the measure of seeded grapes. Drain juice from fruits. Arrange in nests of lettuce leaves, first a layer of grapefruit, then orange, and lastly a small portion of grapes. Pour over each portion a French dressing made with lemon juice instead of vinegar. Top with a dab of mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped walnut meats.

### Candied Grapefruit Peel

3 Grapefruits  
1 Quart of cold water  
1 Tablespoonful of salt  
Sugar  
1/2 Cupful of cold water  
Powdered sugar

Wipe the grapefruits. Remove the peel in six sections, lengthwise. Soak overnight in one quart of cold water to which has been added salt. Drain and place in a saucepan. Cover with cold water and bring to the boiling point. Remove from the fire and drain. Repeat three times, the last time cooking until soft, about four hours. Drain and cut in strips about one-eighth inch wide. Weigh. Take an equal amount of sugar and add one-half cupful of cold water to it. Bring to the boiling point and add half the grapefruit strips. Cover and cook till clear. Remove to a plate with as little syrup as possible. Roll each piece in powdered sugar and spread on a plate to dry. Proceed in the same manner with the remaining strips. Keep in glass jars.

### Grapefruit Frappe

1 Quart of water  
2 1/2 Cupfuls of sugar  
Rind of one-half an orange  
Rind of one-half a lemon  
2 1/2 Cupfuls of grapefruit juice  
2/3 Cupful of orange juice  
3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice  
1/2 Cupful of cordial

Put sugar, water and cuttings from the yellow part of the rinds in a saucepan. Boil for three minutes. Strain and cool. Add grapefruit, orange and lemon juices. Freeze to a mush and serve in tall glasses.

### Jellied Grapefruit Salad

1 Large cream cheese  
Salt  
Pepper  
Onion juice  
Cream  
1 Mold of grapefruit jelly  
Chopped walnuts  
Watercress  
Dressing

Mash the cream cheese with cream, onion juice, salt and pepper until it is the proper consistency to pipe. Place the mold of jelly on a dish and pipe the cream cheese around the mold. Garnish with chopped walnuts and watercress. Serve with dressing.

# 743 RECIPES

60 recipes for cakes

38 recipes for salads

40 recipes for sandwiches

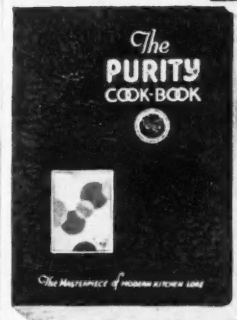
33 recipes for puddings

50 for rolls, biscuits, etc.

40 for lunch and supper dishes

and hundreds of others

In This  
New  
Cook Book



GREASE  
PROOF  
COVER  
OPENS FLAT

HERE is a splendid new cook book—complete and easily understood—published for the Canadian housewife by the millers of Purity Flour. Vastly more than a cook book, it is a complete course in home cookery. Several years have been spent in gathering and testing the recipes and in editing the Purity Cook Book. Look at this partial list of contents—

### LIST OF CONTENTS

Bread, Biscuits, etc.  
Soups, Fish  
Vegetables, Meats  
Poultry, Game  
Salads, Salad Dressing  
Gelatin, Jelly Desserts  
Frozen Desserts, Ices  
Cake Frostings, Fillings  
Cookies and Small Cakes  
Preserving, Canning, Pickles

Puddings, Pastry  
Apple Dishes, Sandwiches  
Cereals, Invalid Dishes  
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Drinks  
Luncheon, Supper Dishes  
Muffins, Waffles, Grid-  
dle Cakes  
Candies, Cake Making

The book is a veritable gold-mine of information, both for the beginner and the experienced cook. It contains an almost endless number of new and valuable ideas about food and how to prepare it. The new step-by-step "method" given with each recipe is especially clear and easily followed. If you want to be praised for your cooking, don't fail to get the new Purity Cook Book.

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Have you tried Purity Flour? If not ask your dealer for a bag today. You will be delighted with the rich satisfying flavour it will give to all your baking.

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I enclose 50c. for which please send me postfree a copy of your Purity Cook Book.

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## How to Use Bias Tape

*A Professional Dressmaker Gives Some Practical Help on a Difficult Subject*

By HELEN GERRARD

UNLESS one knows how to cut, join and use bias, one should be diffident about attempting to make a dress of any kind, for seldom is there found a design which does not call for the use of bias in one way or another.

Materials are made by weaving threads together. The "grain" of material really means the threads of material, and there are two kinds, the lengthwise or warp threads, and the crosswise or filling threads. Pull the material with the grain either way and it does not stretch, but pull the material off the grain and it stretches. This is bias. True bias is found by folding the material so that the lengthwise threads are running in the same direction as the crosswise—

cut, joined and folded. It is always accurately cut, well joined and is made of good material. The colors are guaranteed fast and come in a wide range. It can be pro-

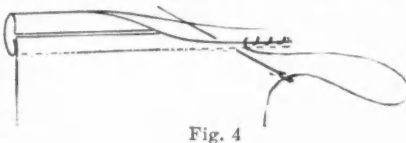


Fig. 4

cured in lawn, nainsook or silk and is inexpensive. Above all it is a great saver of time.

### Bias Binding

Straight edges may be finished with a hem, but curved edges do not lend themselves well to this method of finishing so we bind them. Sometimes we even bind the straight edges. The right side of the binding is placed to the right side of the material to be bound with the edges together. The stitching is made one quarter of the width of the bias, from the edge. If commercial bias is used, the stitching will come in the first crease. Nothing is trimmed off after stitching but the lower raw edge is folded to meet the upper edge, and the folded edge turned down to just above the stitching. The folded edge is then hemmed or slipped-stitched, care being taken that the stitches do not go through to the right side—Fig. 4.

When binding an outer curve, the bias is eased on so that it may not have a drawn look when finished.

When binding around an inner curve, as for example, a round neck line, the bias is slightly stretched when put on. If it is not done this way, it is apt to be loose, which causes the bias to widen—Fig. 5.

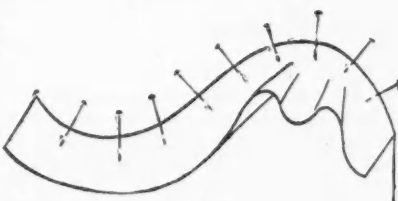


Fig. 5

When binding around a square corner, the edge of the bias must be exactly even with the edge of the corner all the way around. This will cause a pleat in the bias. This pleat must not be stretched down so the stitching must end on one side of the pleat and begin again on the other—Fig. 6.

Sometimes, to save time, it is necessary to stitch the bias in place instead of finishing



Fig. 6

it by hand. This is an inferior method, of course, but when properly done looks fairly well. As a good appearance on the outside is what we are striving for, the second stitching should be done on the right side and should be in the crease formed by the joining of the bias to the garment. On the wrong side, therefore, the folded edge of

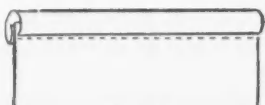


Fig. 7

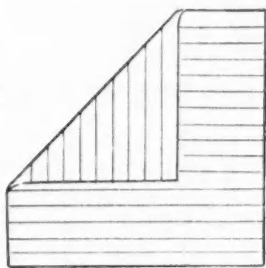


Fig. 1

Fig. 1. The folded edge will be true bias. It might be said that it is always best to cut bias true, for there are few cases in which bias that is not true is used. It is well, therefore, to get into the habit of being accurate in folding for and cutting bias.

Sometimes difficulties arise from not having the bias true. After the material has been folded and pinned in place, slit the edge and cut the bias strips the desired width. A gauge and a piece of tailors' chalk for marking will help in getting the strips even.

### Joining Bias

One is lucky to find a piece of bias that is long enough for the use to which it is to be put. Usually we find ourselves cutting bias from the left-overs of a garment. Bias must be joined on the grain or, in other words, with the threads of the material. If the grain is not easily seen, pull out one or two threads and cut in the space left. A seam made off the grain stretches and shows more



Fig. 2

than one made on the grain. To join the bias lay the two straight edges together so that the pieces of material form a right angle. At each end the edges must extend a short distance past each other to allow



Fig. 3

for the making of the seam—Fig. 2. After the seam is made, press it open and cut off the two little triangles which will extend beyond the edge—Fig. 3.

### Commercial Bias

One of the greatest aids to sewing is commercial bias—the bias one buys already

## Bissell offers new, easier way to keep rugs clean!

**3 things new "Hi-Lo" Bissell does that your old sweeper won't do**

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2. Sweeps linoleums as well as rugs. Usefulness doubled!
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**The New BISSELL SWEEPER With "Hi-Lo" Brush Control**

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Established 1869

Please send particulars of your Non-medical 20 Year Endowment Policy

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Age  C. E.



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Shimmering flashes of gold and silver—the onyx of black evening shadows—all the mysterious beauties of a moonlight night are captured in this lovely *Nocturne* design... graceful, distinctive modern. Keystoneware is on display at your jewellery, drug, leather goods or departmental store in single pieces and sets—in a wide variety of designs. Ask to see them.

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We all like to buy new clothes for cold weather, but sometimes it is quite a problem to figure out just where the money is coming from.

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Let our Club for Girls help you! Here are a few things which members have told us:—"I earned as much as \$5.00 in a single afternoon."

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are: bed-pan with cover; one urinal; sputum dish; wash bowl and large pitcher; sanitary chamber-pail; toilet paper; wash cloths; large bath towels and smaller soft hand towels; toilet soap; talcum powder; bath salts; pillow cases; sheets; blankets of all wool and light in weight and color; white spreads—in emergency white sheets can be used. Colored spreads are out of place in a sick room. Storm screens, made exactly like fly screens, but covered with cotton instead of netting. This admits the air but does not let it blow in, and acts as a barrier, for both rain and snow. Have one or more hot water bottles and attachments, with covers; paper bags, for sputum cloths, fruit peelings and odds and ends in the sick room. The bags can be burnt with contents. A roll of adhesive tape, antiseptic gauze; glass tubes or straws; a bottle of rubbing alcohol; absorbent cotton; one small medicine glass; one clinical thermometer; tongue depressors; an extra pitcher for water, and thin crystal water tumblers.

Other items that come in the luxury class are, the new electrical clocks which will automatically keep time and help guide in taking medicine, whether it is "one pill every two hours," or some other prescription. Others are small boudoir electric clocks, that have chimes to ring at a desired hour if preferred.

Little novelties especially adapted for a child's sick room are the new rubber vases which are sturdy enough to stand and hold, but flexible enough not to be broken. Little rubber mats to place under a flower pot for instance are also convenient and labor saving. The modern reading stand is an important item, for it supports itself on the bed, and holds an open book or other reading matter. This stand is light in weight and does not tire the most fretful patient. A clamped reading light, which can be taken off or put on, whenever and wherever desired, is ideal. It comes with a weighted base or clamp, which prevents tipping.

Save old pieces of clean white cotton or linen, as they have many uses in the sick room. Floors that can be washed, with small rugs on them are easier to care for than the carpet or rug that covers the floor.

Sickness is a time of trial in any household, but a selection of articles necessary for use will do much to make this trying period more agreeable to all.

(Next Month—Hygiene in the Sick Room.)

## PREMONITION

by Laura Goodman Salverson

"Why stand you, gentle mother,  
So lonely and so still,  
Your eyes, with fear and longing,  
Upon yon distant hill?"  
"I wait my son, O stranger;  
Perchance, ere sun be set  
His steps may lead him homeward  
From blue Genesareth."  
"But why these tears, O mother,  
When earth is still so sweet  
And snowy doves come drifting  
To garland round your feet?"  
"You cannot know, O stranger,  
What dwells within my heart—  
The bitter-sweet remembrance  
That makes the tears to start."  
"But why the troubled vigil?  
Youth needs must find its star,  
And follow it, thereafter,  
Howso' it lead afar."  
"My heart is heavy, stranger,  
With some impending loss;  
Last night I dreamed my lilies  
Were twined about a cross!"

## Clear drains this easy way



JUST sprinkle Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Grease and dirt at once dissolve. Germs are killed... enamel unharmed... and you've saved a plumber's bill!

● Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

**FREE BOOKLET:** The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells you how to use this powerful cleanser and disinfectant for cleansing toilet bowls and for all heavy cleaning jobs. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

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# LYE

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"I'll say  
**BLUE-JAY**  
DOES THE TRICK  
WISH  
I'D TRIED IT  
SOONER"



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And then the mild medication loosens the corn for early removal. Soon you're on easy feet!

Don't run infection-risk by cutting or paring corns. Insist on this safe treatment—genuine Blue-jay, the medicated Corn Plaster, made for thirty years by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, 35c.

# BLUE-JAY

# CORN PLASTERS

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A very helpful book; contains valuable suggestions for foot sufferers. For a free copy mail this coupon to Bauer & Black, 101 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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Street.....  
City.....Prov.....

## The World's Worst Job!

Continued from page 16

mentally and physically equipped to meet it.

You need the strength of a horse and a superhuman capacity for "hard labor" to be a newspaperman's wife, for while life is progressing in a vicious circle with ragged edges for the newspaperman and his wife, young Junior and little sister must live like other children. They must go to school at nine and return for lunch at twelve. They must have their bath at seven and go to bed at eight. They have birthdays and friends and immature minds to mold and—it's the newspaperman's wife's job to somehow include them in her day so that, so far as the youngsters know, she's just like little Johnnie's mother who lives across the way and is the wife of a travelling man with time enough to burn. The newspaperman's wife lives a double life—pardon me—the one her husband knows and the one her children know. The one calls for regularity and stability. The other demands that she battle life as it is meted out and does not ask too many "why's."

If you're not a good hostess you'll never make a good newspaperman's wife. When you're married to a man whose business is news you have to be prepared to receive guests at any hour of the day or night and that's fact, not fiction.

**N**EWSPAPERMEN number among their friends all sorts and conditions, from government ministers to section hands, and they gather them from the four winds. Because a newspaperman's appraisal is by personalities and mentalities, because the newspaper game is a friendly game and a roving game, hardly a day goes by that he doesn't phone and say, "My dear, Mr. Tripe is here from Tripeville. I'm bringing him up for a cup of tea."

If a newspaperman's wife has a spark of jealousy in her soul she's going to go through life miserable. Here's the reason. Women, so far as the average newspaperman is concerned, are judged and treated pretty much the same as men. The result is that both before and after marriage the newspaperman numbers among his friends many women, and to the average woman any sort of attention from a man is a "flirtation." Women can't help that. They're just made that way. The result is that a newspaperman has more women who believe he "had a case with them," than a sailor in port or a travelling man in Oskosh.

Because of the impersonality of "the affair" from the newspaperman's standpoint, he continues to regard these "female friends" in exactly the same light after he marries, and makes no bones about bringing them "up to the house" whenever they arrive in town. And what happens? The lady "comes up to the house," is entertained, is greatly flattered by this "re-fanning of an old

flame," sits with an "I know something you don't know, my dear" smile on her face, and says "Oh, Archie and I were such friends, don't you know?" If she knew newspapermen as I know them, she'd forget she is a woman and talk about anything and everything but personalities. If she doesn't, she "cooks her goose" anyway, for Archie invariably discovers that she's "a bit shallow," and forgets to answer next time she wires that "I'll be passing through Thursday next."

**B**UT, in addition, a newspaperman's wife has to battle other characteristics in her spouse. Her man is as absent-minded as any professor. When it comes to books he's the most forgetful man alive. He never has a book in his possession he can call his own, and yet he always has heaps of them about him—on the living room table, in the breakfast room, in his blue suit pocket, on the bathroom shelf and the bedroom table. Ask any librarian who contributes most to the "lost books" column, and he will inform you, without hesitation, "newspapermen."

A newspaperman is just naturally untidy. If a room isn't stewn with papers it just isn't "home." His training is responsible for this, for I've never yet seen a newspaper office where the "boys" were happy unless the place was littered with all sorts, sizes and kinds of paper. Remember the picture of the news room you saw in "Headlines?"

A newspaperman has an abominable business head and no value of money. They just don't make thrifty newspapermen.

And while we're on the subject of money I'd like to mention another thing. While a newspaperman demands more than the average intelligence in a wife, his salary—wretched subject—cannot support a woman who demands the luxuries intelligence yearns for. Books, smart furnishings, well-tailored clothes, paintings that one may live with, year in and year out, without having a desire to throw them out the window—all these are an intelligent woman's natural desire; but how are you going to get them on a newspaperman's pay? You tell me, Mr. Editor!

A friend of mine, the wife of a travelling man, bemoans the fact that she is so much alone. She's lucky. At least she knows when her husband is coming and when he's going. A newspaperman may not "go" so often, but he's always subject to call when "the story breaks" and that's liable to be at any minute of any hour.

As I said before—if I'd known, or if my friends had told me, just what this job "A newspaperman's wife" demands, I would have—I'd have married the boulder anyway, for there isn't a more sincere, intelligent, capable, kindly, constant, group of men in the world than those heroes of fiction and film—newspaper men!

## Livable Living Rooms

Continued from page 22

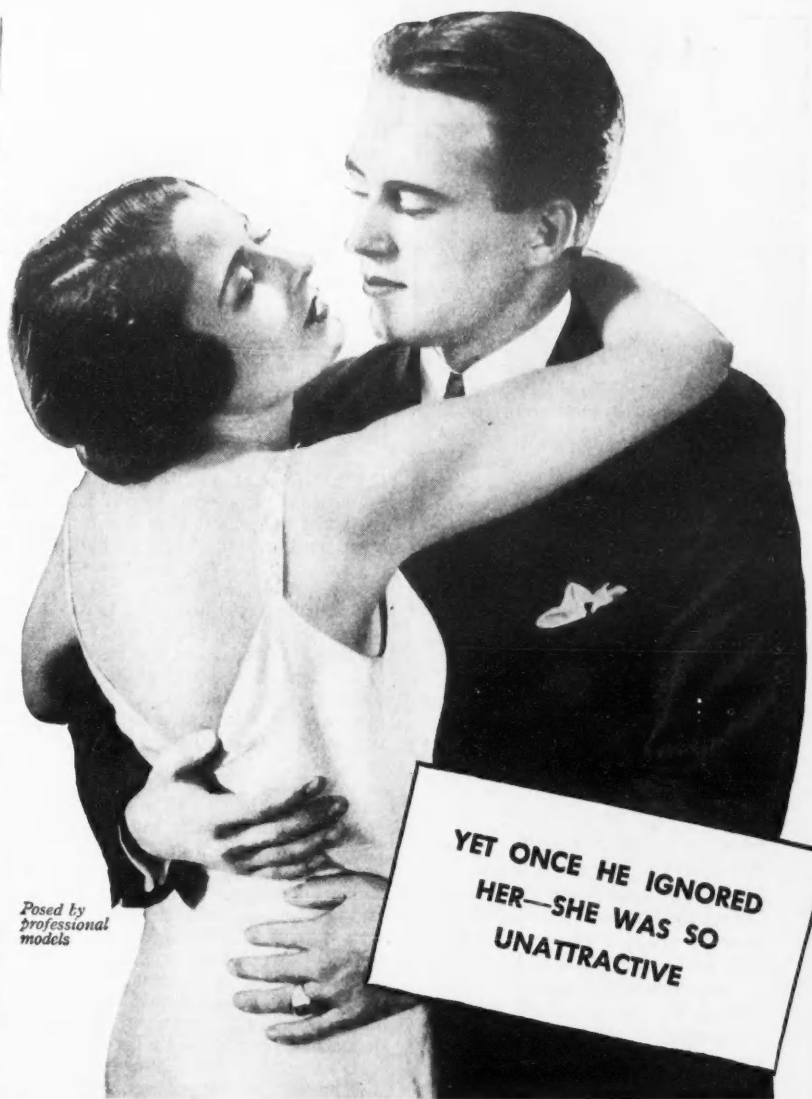
to invite companionship and conversation.

The chesterfield, by virtue of its size and importance holds the main interest along one wall. In front, a richly colored rug helps to emphasize this feeling of friendliness, picks up the colors of the scheme, and holds the arrangement together. A low coffee table is a resting place for magazines, books, candy or a tea service if we wish to offer the cheering cup. Another table with well-proportioned lamp, and small accessories, occupies a place at one end and a tip-top table is placed beside the comfortable lounge chair to use when desired.

The smaller group provides everything necessary for reading—good light, a place to lay down a book and the deep comfort of an easy chair. This is near the fireplace—

another focus of interest in any room which may be made much of from a decorative standpoint.

Many an otherwise charming room is spoiled by unsuitable accessories, poorly chosen pictures, out-of-date ornaments and useless knickknacks. On the other hand a rather commonplace, nondescript interior may be given distinction and a livable air, when we are as selective about the finishing touches as about the larger pieces. Don't buy the fad of the moment unless it is appropriate to your particular room and has either usefulness or decorative value to recommend it. It pays instead to search for just the right thing to fit in a certain place, for attention to detail is important in creating a really harmonious room.



Posed by professional models

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As you take Ironized Yeast, watch unattractive bones round out, complexion clear, new strength come.

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#### Beware of Counterfeits

Thousands of packages of counterfeit Ironized Yeast are out. Watch out—take no chances! Refuse any package not marked "Ironized Yeast". Don't put any tablet not marked "I Y" in your stomach. Only by taking genuine Ironized Yeast can you gain the test-proven benefits thousands have gained.

#### Results guaranteed

It doesn't matter how thin and weak you are, this new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in so many cases that it is sold under a positive money-back guarantee. If you are not more than pleased with the results of the very first package, its cost will be instantly refunded.

#### Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Canadian Ironized Yeast Co., Ltd., Desk 1611, Box 1323, Montreal, Que.

#### How new way builds weight!

For years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then it was discovered that yeast is extremely beneficial to health. Now this new treatment contains specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 2 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

## Freed From Pain At 95

What a great thing it must be for this woman, after suffering from rheumatism for many years, to be free from pain again at her age. She writes:—"I should like to tell you that since I commenced taking Kruschen Salts two years ago, I am completely relieved of rheumatism, from which I had been a great sufferer for many years. I am now in my 95th year, and much appreciate being free from pain, which I attribute to the regular dose of Kruschen."—(Mrs.) A. E. S.

If only everyone would realise that the "little daily dose of Kruschen" is just as important to internal cleanliness as soap and water are to external cleanliness, there would soon be no more constipation, no more sluggish livers, no more rheumatism, gout or lumbago.

Kruschen is a combination of six salts—each one is necessary to some particular organ of the body. Just what you need to persuade your system back into a healthy condition: very gently but very, very sure!



### Making Cushions Is Easy with PRISCILLA

Binding and trimming, the really difficult part of making cushions, becomes the simplest of plain sewing when you use Priscilla Bias Fold Tapes, which can be applied quickly and easily to all irregular edges, without a pucker... saving time, labor and cost.

You can also make all sorts of fancy bows, flowers and ornaments with Priscilla Silk, Rayon and Lawn Bias Fold Tapes, obtainable in 30 plain shades and exquisite two and three-tone color combinations, guaranteed tubfast. You can get Priscilla in Double as well as Single Fold.

Costs Little... Sold Everywhere  
**FREE FASHION CHARTS**  
Illustrating new fashions in dresses, children's wear, fancy work, slip covers, cushions, lingerie, aprons, household things, the use of Bias Tape, etc. Write name and address plainly to Dept. N.

## Priscilla BIAS FOLD TAPE

SILK-LAWN-GINGHAM-PERCALE  
The Kay Manufacturing Co.  
Limited  
999 Aqueduct Street, Montreal



### "NO GRAY HAIR"

Don't endure the unfairness of age-telling gray, faded or streaked hair. Tint it instantly to its natural youthful shade and lustre—any desired color from lightest blond to midnight black. Just comb thru clean, harmless, odorless Brownatone. No fuss, no muss. Immediate, guaranteed results. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. EE-22, Windsor, Ontario  
**BROWNATONE**  
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

the bias must extend beyond the first stitching so that it will be caught in by the second. This will necessitate the trimming of the seam a bit after the first stitching—Fig. 7.

#### Double Bias

On sheer, thin materials double bias is used. The two raw edges of the bias are placed to the edge of the material and the stitching is done one-third of the width of



Fig. 8

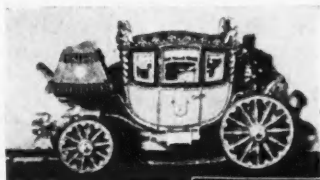
the bias from the edge. The folded edge is then turned to the stitching and hemmed as for single bias or extended past the stitching and stitched on the right side—Fig. 8.

#### Bias Facing

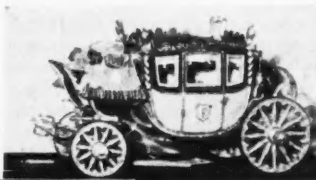
The rule for cutting double bias is to make it six times the finished width of the binding, while for single bias it must only be four times the finished width. The narrower the binding the better.

An edge may be finished with a bias facing rather than with a bias binding. It is, as a rule, a less difficult method and a good result is more certain. After the first stitching the whole of the bias is turned over with the seam on the edge. The lower edge may be hemmed or stitched in place. Sometimes the bias facing is on the right side of the garment and is used as a means of decoration. In this case the lower edge may be finished with an embroidery stitch, instead of machine stitching. When it is on the right side it ought never to be hemmed down, though it may be slip-stitched if care is taken that the stitches do not show at all—Fig. 9.

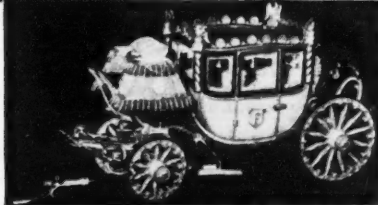
## Canada's Youthful Craftsmen



Only three of the finished coaches—but note the amazing perfection of each detail.



Boys from every corner of Canada proved their ability to copy the famous Fisher Body coach.



Results in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild contest show a high standard of workmanship

**TWENTY-EIGHT** delighted young Canadian craftsmen received their rewards recently for a year of perseverance and ingenuity in constructing their own beautiful little miniature model Napoleonic coaches. The thirty-six coaches were among the best of those entered throughout the United States and Canada in the \$75,000 competition conducted by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

Although not one of the University Scholarships offered in the international contest, was won by a Canadian boy, W. A. Fisher, president of the Guild, was particularly gratified at the high standard of craftsmanship achieved in Canada and expressed confidence in the Canadian boys' ability to take scholarships back to Canada in next year's contest.

Every coach submitted by a Guild member in Canada was an actual working model—graceful, glittering replicas of the coach in which the Emperor Napoleon rode to his wedding and his coronation, complete to the smallest detail.

Each of the twenty-eight boys received \$100 in gold, the two highest from each district also being given a trip to Detroit to attend the international convention of the Guild where the final judging took place.

Senior and junior winners in each of the seven districts in Canada were:

**Ontario:**—First Senior, Lawrence H. Berwick, Hamilton; First Junior, David Tennent, London; Second Senior, Milton Harvey Lake, Sault Ste. Marie; Second Junior, R. H. Guthrie, London.

**Quebec:**—First Senior, Ellsworth Lorimer, Waterville; First Junior, George D. Guy, Montreal; Second Senior, Laurent Lanouette, Quebec; Second Junior, Dominique Lamy, Verdun, Montreal.

**Maritime Provinces:**—First Senior, Wilbrod Cote, Edmundston, N.B.; First Junior, Howard W. Dickinson, Hartland, N.B.; Second Senior, John A. Wilson, Saint John, N.B.; Second Junior, Byron A. Best, Sydney, N.S.

**British Columbia:**—First Senior, F. J. Chalcraft, East Vancouver; First Junior, Alec C. Packford, Victoria; Second Senior, Allan D. Day, Field; Second Junior, Theos L. Lewis, Vernon.

**Saskatchewan:**—First Senior, Joseph Olafson, Mildmay Park; First Junior, George N. Orthner, Regina; Second Senior, Harold C. Arnold, Davidson; Second Junior, Joffre E. Dionne, Regina.

**Alberta:**—First Senior, Harman Rompain, Calgary; First Junior, F. J. Meester, Edmonton; Second Senior, Eric Marshall, Daysland; Second Junior, J. E. Roe, Edmonton.

**Manitoba:**—First Senior, R. N. Walker, Winnipeg; First Junior, Harry Cadario, Lac Dubonnet; Second Senior, J. S. McCaughay, Winnipeg; Second Junior, Nick Hrehorak, Winnipeg.

## End Pain SLEEP 8 HOURS



"Thank goodness we had some Sloan's in the house! Now you won't lose sleep."

"What a relief! And now I'll be able to go to the office in the morning."

## SWOLLEN ANKLE

—sprains, bruises

Healing white blood cells rush to the injured spot the minute you pat on Sloan's. Pain quickly stops. Swelling is kept down. "Black-and-blue" marks soon go... Keep a fresh bottle of Sloan's in the house always—for instant relief and a good night's sleep. Only 35¢ at your druggist's.

## SLOAN'S

World Famous Liniment  
used by 133 Nations

## CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

**Gifts** THE perfect gift is something different, useful, inexpensive, appreciated. CASH'S WOVEN NAMES answer these requirements ideally. Many of your friends use them and know they are best for marking all clothing and fine linen. Give CASH'S WOVEN NAMES to all your Christmas list.



Order from your dealer or write us.

J. & J. CASH, Inc.  
152 Grier Street  
Belleville, Ont.

## Acid Stomach is Dangerous

Sufferers From Indigestion  
CUT THIS OUT

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralize or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Bisurated Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Bisurated Magnesia, to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Bisurated Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable druggist. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative and is not at all expensive.

# THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP



**3 TIMES A DAY**  
clean pans  
*easier quicker*  
with **S.O.S.**

No bother with extra soap... when you clean "the S.O.S. way." See! Just wet the pad and rub! Stains and burned grease vanish instantly—aluminum gleams like new. Only S.O.S. makes cleaning so easy...because only

## S.O.S.



has PAD and SPECIAL SOAP ALL-IN-ONE

Free Trial Package—Write S.O.S. Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., 363, Sorauren Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

**JUST WET THE PAD AND RUB!**



**TEA-TABLE SILVER.** Nothing reveals a household so intimately as the way the silver is polished. Use Goddard's Plate Powder, famous for ninety-five years.

### Goddard's Plate Powder

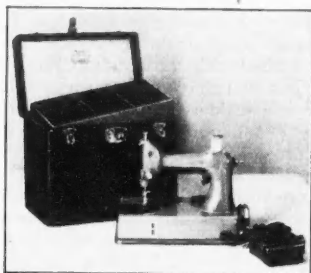
Sold in good class Stores  
Agents  
QUEBEC & MARITIME PROVINCES  
F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal  
ONTARIO, ALBERTA & BRITISH COLUMBIA  
W. G. Patrick & Co. Ltd., Toronto  
MANITOBA & SASKATCHEWAN  
Watson & Truesdale, Winnipeg

*A department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps*

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

EVERY once in a while something comes along that takes us out of our regular stamping ground. But, after all, the sewing room is so nearly allied to the workshop that I can't feel very guilty of straying so short a distance.

I was first introduced to the little portable sewing machine illustrated on this page by a friend who is a business woman as well as her own dressmaker. She is really rather a remarkable person, for she manages to dress in the smartest way by spending a mere



The newest portable electric sewing machine would make an ideal gift.

fraction of the amount that others of her friends put aside for clothes. She was working on a frock the other night that spoke subtly of Paris—the sort of thing one could not buy at a sale. She had just finished cutting it out when I arrived, and after she had pinned and tacked it together, she went to the cupboard and brought back the neatest looking little case. It seemed to be like a small square suitcase, but she calmly put it on the table at which she was working, opened it up and drew forth a little sewing machine.

Naturally, I was intrigued, for she is far too efficient a person to be working with a toy. It appears that the machine is the latest development of the Canadian General Electric Company along portable sewing machine lines. It weighs only fifteen and a half pounds, and yet is equipped with a motor which operates equally well on twenty-five or sixty cycle A C or D C current. I watched it working that night, and it was simply amazing how quickly and easily it ran.

The reason it is so nearly free from vibration, I learned, is because of its gear drive and low centre of gravity. It can even be used satisfactorily on a card table. Speed control is obtained by using a rheostat operated by the foot. The harder the rheostat is pressed down, the faster the machine sews. You can, if you want to stitch a particularly tricky piece of sewing, slow it down so that one can count the stitches. Or, on the other hand, when there is a straight seam ahead and the way is clear, the machine will speed up to one thousand stitches a minute.

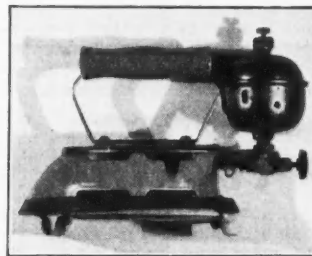
I thought at once how nice a gift this sewing machine would be—after all, Christmas is only a month or six weeks ahead, and you know what Christmas shopping is like. It would be particularly acceptable for the apartment dweller—the business woman who moves quite often from one place to another—or the woman who travels, or pays visits to relatives or friends. And, too, a machine of this light-weight type would be an excellent investment for any one who can make a little money by sewing for other people.

HERE'S a very practical thing for homes that are not electrically wired. The old family flat-iron has its disadvantages, to say the least, and yet it is really surprising in how many homes it is used as faithfully as it was ten and twenty years ago. We are apt, apparently, to overlook the fact that there is a type of iron that one can use that is neither heated by electricity nor by hot coal or gas. There's the oil-burning, self-heating iron that does its work quickly and efficiently, and makes that mountainous pile of washing dwindle faster.

So there is shown on this page the latest Coleman iron, the number 4A, and I think you will be interested in it because, as you can see, it really is a handsome thing. The big advantage in this new model is that it possesses the new Roto-type Generator, the latest Coleman invention. Which means that one can depend for a certainty upon the heat in one's iron being continuously even and safe. That's really a wonderful boon, for it saves one's peace of mind as well as laundry from being ruined. Then there is the new Gas-Tip Cleaner, which keeps the gas-tip open without clogging. One just turns a little lever and the needle cleans the gas tip. Nothing strenuous there.

Of course, with a self-heating iron of this type you are saved the necessity of ironing the family wash in the close, hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Usually, to save oneself steps from ironing board to stove and back again, the ironing is done far too close to the heat of the stove to be healthy. Being entirely independent of any outside heating, the Coleman iron can be taken right outside the kitchen, if you like—in summer even on to the porch where the fresh air can keep you fresh and vigorous.

The oil used is the regular untreated motor oil which lights instantly. No pre-heating is necessary. One simply strikes a match, turns a valve, and the iron is lighted. The iron has been carefully designed with regard to perfect balance and correct weight for easy ironing. The double point gives the same wrinkle-proof results on both forward and backward strokes. The tapered ironing edge slips easily into pleats and tucks, under buttons, and in and out of other hard-to-get-at places.



A real boon for homes that are not electrically wired—an iron that stays hot.

Of course, you are interested in the appearance of anything that you are buying—one's household equipment no less than the furniture. The body of the model 4A is finished in blue porcelain enamel to match the cool blue handle. The base is of highly polished nickel. Greater speed as well as comfort is ensured because, naturally, since the iron is always hot and the base is smoothly polished, fewer strokes are required; and then one need not stop to change irons either.



A cleaner and cleanser for carefully appointed homes. A little dissolved in water cleans easily and quickly in a scientific manner.

Ask your grocer  
Manufactured by  
Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.



CLEANS AS WELL AS POLISHES  
Paste or Liquid



BE SURE IT'S HAWES'

## Your Sewing Machine

Is it newly oiled and ready to dig into that pile of sewing? It pays to have it regularly overhauled, just as you do your car. The Chatelaine Pattern Service has a specially selected showing of fall and early winter styles on

Pages 68, 69, 70 & 71

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.



"What an Adorable Dress"

"Yes, and I made it myself for exactly \$3.79"

"THANKS to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have real smart style."

In a few weeks the Woman's Institute can teach you all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the expert dressmaker so successful. Prove to yourself how easily you can learn by this sensationally simple method—send for full information, free!

**WOMAN'S INSTITUTE**  
(Canada) Limited  
Montreal, Canada

Dept. C-257  
Send me—free—full information about course of instruction marked below:

- ☐ How to Make Smart Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money in Dressmaking
- ☐ How to Prepare Tempting, Well-balanced Meals
- ☐ How to Make Distinctive, Becoming Hats

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## "If that silk breaks again!"

When your silk thread breaks at the rate of once a minute, or gets into those annoying little knots that break the point off your needle, of course you feel as if you never want to look at a sewing machine again. Who wouldn't? No good silk thread ever behaves that way. That's why, when sewing all lustrous materials, you should always thread your machine with a silk thread that is labelled "J. & P. Coats."

Just try it and note the difference. It's strong, smooth and lustrous—doesn't break, snarl or knot—perfect for all silky materials and particularly for hemstitching. There are 50 yards in each spool.

There are over 100 shades of J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk and every one is Boilfast. Matching any material is the easiest thing possible.

You will find Milward's needles always dependable.



**J. & P. Coats'**  
BOILFAST  
**SPOOL SILK**

Is Made In Canada by  
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,  
MONTREAL  
Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

## City Order!

Continued from page 19

day a leaving slip will be tucked in with the bills in your pay envelope.

You must never "talk back" to a customer, nor waste time on personal calls. The supervisor listens in on the lines at unexpected moments from her monitor's board—not a pleasant duty, by the way—and should she overhear a girl telling a customer she doesn't know what she wants, or holding conversations with her friends or her neighbors on the board, the girl receives a warning. If this is not drastic enough to make her mend her ways, she is asked to hang up her set and turn in her locker key.

**S**PEAKING of sets, you must learn to recognize your own, to coil it up in a particular way and to stow it in a compartment marked with your own number. If it's a good set it's very likely to stray, so it pays to get to work early.

Gradually you learn what to say to an irate customer who blames you for sending her black thread when she wanted white, or to a clerk who doesn't want to be bothered hunting up information. You hold your tongue when a lady who tells you to send her order C.O.D. changes her mind and says, "No, you can send it on my charge account, after all." That means making out new bills, but it's all in the day's work. You close down gently but firmly on the garrulous customer, grit your teeth and keep on working when the supervisor's "Lines, operators!" cuts like a lash across strained and quivering nerves. You learn to find items with lightning speed in several pages of advertising; you'll have at your fingertips all sorts of detailed information, such as the widths and prices of flannelette and cheesecloth, the sizes of aluminum saucepans, the names of toilet preparations.

It's a wearing grind. Your ears ache from the pressure of the receiver, and the steel clamp binds your head cruelly. The smell of disinfectant solution on the mouthpiece is sickening, and if any of it gets on your skin it smarts and burns. The board glares like a Hydra-headed monster; each light means a voice waiting to clamor for something, and no sooner is it satisfied than another takes its place. The supervisor paces up and down incessantly, goading on aching fingers and tired voice. A weary back, cramped muscles, eyes that won't work quickly—ten minutes off in the morning, twenty in the afternoon and an hour for lunch are little enough relief in a day that stretches from eight-twenty to five-thirty. On rush days the morning rest period may be eliminated and lunch hour cut to forty-five minutes.

Yes; it's a wearing grind, but it's interesting. There is always the element of chance to help things along. Nine times out of ten you can count on the customer being a woman, but she may be pleasant-voiced or crabbed; she may give you a good order or ask a dozen questions and then hang up without so much as a "thank you." She may threaten to report you to the manager; again, she may call you "dear" and ask for your number so she can call you again.

**T**HE girls themselves? Little girls and big ones, fat and thin, fair and dark. Girls living at home; married women glad of a half-time to help out while their husbands are laid off or hunting for work; young widows with tiny children to support. Pretty girls in cheap bright dresses and flashy bargain-basement shoes; drab girls in tired-looking dark clothes; alert girls headed for one of the departments. There's Mabel, who takes orders with a speed which must intimidate the boldest customer. Her long nails, varnished a glittering pink, flash expertly among the plugs. She chews a large wad of gum; even when taking an order her jaws continue their rhythmic movement, ceasing only when the supervisor walks by. And Gladys, a dumpy little girl who has been in the department for six

years. She has a string of charge customers; one is her particular pet. "Oh, Mrs. Crawford," she purrs into the mouthpiece. "And how are you this morning?" Whereupon she murmurs sympathetic "Yes's" and "Noes" in the course of a recital of the ills which have befallen Mrs. Crawford and her numerous offspring, and is entrusted with the choosing of everything from a bonnet for the youngest Crawford to Sunday's roast of beef. "You'll be sure to pick it out yourself, won't you, dearie?" Mrs. Crawford asks. "I don't want anybody else to do my shopping but you."

Then there's Mrs. Martin, next to Gladys. A thin little woman with a face always drawn with anxiety. A year ago her husband fell and hurt his back. His company still pays him part-time wages, but he wasn't hurt while at work and they are under no obligation to continue indefinitely. If the money should stop coming, or if he doesn't get any better . . . Mrs. Martin refuses to think about it. She got back her switchboard job, and her husband and little son live at her mother's. She phones home in the afternoons when the board is quiet. "Hello, is that you, sonny? . . . Yes, it's mother . . . When will I be home? Pretty soon now. Have you been out to play today? Tell grandma to put on your muffler; it's cold. How's daddy? Better, he says? That's good. Mother can't talk any longer now, dear. No, don't start to meet me yet; it's too early. Good-by."

And Mary Gray. Mary was a telephone operator before she came to the store, and she is the fastest operator on the board. Her tongue is as sharp as her thin, shrewd features, but underneath she's the kindest-hearted of the lot. Her position is next to Mrs. Martin's, and on days when Mrs. Martin is heavy-eyed from sitting up half the night with her sick husband, Mary's quota is much lower than usual, but Mrs. Martin's is, surprisingly, a little better. Mrs. Martin mustn't lose her job. Mary can always get back on the big switchboard. Or so she says.

Maisie wears expensive clothes. No bargain-basement sales for her. She has a seal coat with a kolinsky collar and a beautiful diamond which she wears on her right hand. Her husband is a young mechanic. She doesn't live with him any more. When she leaves the building at night a long red car with nickelled fittings is waiting. Sometimes a shabby young chap watches it pull away from the curb with resentful, hungry eyes—Maisie's husband. He couldn't afford a car like that. Not even a cheap roadster. He's lucky to be holding a job at all these days. So Maisie lives at home and enjoys herself, and he boards in a cheap rooming-house and goes to movies alone. Maisie is one of the best girls on the board. There's nobody like her for smoothing down annoyed customers, the supervisor says.

All sorts of girls; girls whose business it is, for less than twenty dollars a week, to be patient, courteous, quick, helpful, industrious and untiring.

They grouse about working hard, yet they like it. Ask them whether they prefer a quiet day when the board is "dead" or one when the board is a continual flare of lights. Every one will tell you the same thing—the busy days are the shortest. There's a thrill in plunging ahead at top speed, in company with others. The speed itself is intoxicating, and there is an *esprit de corps* that is truly remarkable. Girls who complain about the organization when the board is slack throw themselves gallantly into the breach when the need comes. The big store is their store; its reputation rests on their flying fingers, their alert ears, their courteous voices.

They don't grow wings. They are, after all, human beings like the rest of us, and like us they get cross and tired and even rude at times. But they must carry on. It means their job.



## THE OIL THAT SAVES REPAIRS

Any oil will make household devices work more easily for a while. But 3-in-One actually does three things that cut repair bills!

As it oils, it cleans out dirty, gritty oil from moving parts. At the same time, it guards them against rust.

Three-in-One is specially blended from three good oils to do this triple duty. All household appliances need it regularly. Sold everywhere; handy cans and bottles.

Three-in-One Oil Co., Windsor, Ont.

## 3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

## The Ideal Christmas Gift

For full particulars see page 72

**A Bathroom Necessity**  
**Cleans Toilet Bowls,**  
**Removes Stains.**



**FLUSHO**

# THE PANTRY SHELF



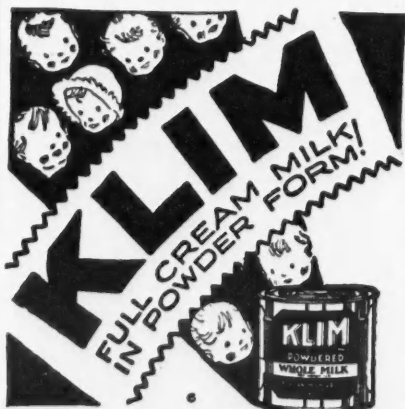
## CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Have you seen the new patterns on pages 68, 69, 70 and 71 of this issue?

### You Can Be Always Well

Write for free booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL" and other literature, also sample of Roman Meal and Kofy-sub, the new alkaline beverage, to

ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D.,  
516 Vine Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.



### COUPON

Canadian Milk Products Limited,  
115 George St., Toronto  
Please send me free booklet "Your Child's Diet."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## A Directory of Food Products and Their Place on the Menu

### CANNED VEGETABLES

by M. Frances Hucks

**N**OWADAYS the can opener is something to be taken seriously. No longer is it the subject of jibes and jeers, a thing of scorn to all the good cooks in the neighborhood.

There is sound common sense behind our right-about-face on the question—time, money and food value all enter into it. So, having sized up the situation, we exercised our woman's privilege to change our minds and vote the can opener one of the handiest and most useful kitchen tools. It is the key to some of the most delicious foods we bring to our table.

Everybody in this modern day knows the importance of a varied diet and, thanks to the good advice of nutrition experts, we look upon vegetables as a necessity in planning and serving satisfactory meals. So far, so good! In summer and fall there is an endless array of these praiseworthy products—fresh, cheap, good. But what about the winter months when our gardens are unproductive and the varieties on our market are much more limited and expensive? Can them when they are in season, you say. Splendid! Fine, that is, if you have the time and the facilities—a commodious cellar and spacious cupboards in which to keep them. But what about the busy housekeeper with a hundred and one demands on her time; what about the apartment kitchen with such little storage space; what about the jars that "go bad" and have to be thrown out?

Canned vegetables solve the problem for so many of us. The canner does the work in most efficient fashion, using vegetables fresh from the garden at just the right stage of maturity, cooking them at exactly the right temperature for the proper time, and packing them in sterilized containers of different sizes. The grocer stores them for us, keeping a supply which we may use according to our needs or fancies. We simply use the can opener.

And what comes out of the can? Vegetables just as wholesome, just as nutritious as the fresh product. Vegetables which contribute good flavor and attractive appearance to our meals and food value to our diet. Minerals and vitamins are there—in the spinach, tomatoes, sauerkraut, peas and many other good varieties.

No need to tell you all the kinds you will find on your grocer's shelves. A word, though, about the brand and the grade. The label is the only way you can judge the contents, so read it and buy what suits you best. If you are serving a salad or another dish where appearance counts, you may want a "fancy" uniform in size and color. If, however, you are not so particular on this point, a less expensive grade may be quite as satisfactory. The size of the container is another consideration; the housekeeper with a large family wants a larger can than the woman who prepares a meal for one or two people.

Uses for canned vegetables are legion. You know many of them. But, just by way of suggestion, the Chateleine Institute is offering recipes in which these excellent products play an important part.

Keep your shelves stocked and your can

opener handy, and there is no danger of monotony in your winter menus. You will not need any spring tonic along about next March.

#### Broiled Asparagus Fingers

- 1 Can of asparagus tips
- 1½ Cupfuls of fine bread crumbs
- ½ Cupful of grated hard cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Pepper

Drain the asparagus tips from the juice. Save the juice for a soup or sauce. Mix the bread crumbs and cheese, add the melted butter and seasonings. Roll each stalk of asparagus in the crumbs, place on the broiler pan and heat thoroughly, turning frequently to brown evenly. Serve hot with a garnish of pimento strips.

#### Sauerkraut Country Pie

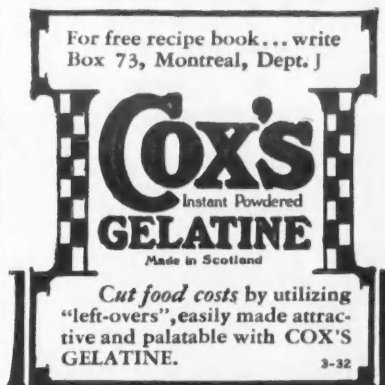
- 1½ Cupfuls of canned sauerkraut chopped
- 1½ Cupfuls of cooked minced meat
- 1½ Cupfuls of meat stock or diluted gravy or canned consommé
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dash of cayenne
- 3 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Combine the sauerkraut with the meat, the liquid and seasonings to taste. Turn into a greased baking dish. Cover the top with the well mashed potatoes, piling them lightly and leaving a rough surface. Dot with the butter and cook in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—for twenty to thirty minutes, or until the potatoes are browned.

#### Tomato and Corn Casserole

- 1 Can of tomatoes (No. 2½)
- 1 Can of corn No. 2
- 2 Sweet green peppers
- 1 Medium onion, thinly sliced
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated cheese

Drain three-quarters of a cupful of juice from the tomatoes and reserve for cocktail, soup or sauce. Cook the tomatoes for ten minutes, then add the corn, the green peppers which have been seeded and chopped coarsely, the sliced onion, butter and seasonings. Simmer for ten to twelve minutes and turn into a greased baking dish. Cover the top with the buttered bread crumbs and sprinkle with the grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—until the crumbs are brown.



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## Some Why and Wherefores of Little Folks' Meals

Continued from page 20

possible. After the process of washing and tidying themselves, the children need ample time to eat and enjoy the foods prepared for them. Variety is essential for children, not only to keep them from tiring of certain foods but to introduce more and more new dishes into their menu as they grow older. Dinner should be made up of an egg, or a serving of lean meat or a piece of fish, a serving of potato or rice or macaroni, one or two fresh vegetables, milk—sometimes used with the vegetable as soup—and a plain pudding or fruit dessert.

Suppers are simple, consisting of a main dish which may be cereal with milk or vegetable with milk, bread or toast, a fruit or milk dessert and sometimes a plain cookie. And always there is milk—if it is not an ingredient of the main dish or dessert it is served as a drink. On cold days it may be varied occasionally by heating with a little malted milk or making into cocoa, using just enough cocoa for color and flavor.

When a child is hungry between meals, a glass of milk with a cracker, or an apple or an orange may be given. But if this little lunch takes away the appetite for any part of the regular meal, no food at all should be given between meals.

The question of sweets and sugar for children is one which receives much discussion. Sugar is a good source of fuel in the body and, given in its proper place, is valuable for this reason. Because it satisfies quickly, it is best to use it only at the end of a meal after the other body needs have been met. Pure candy, plain sweet chocolate, simple cakes and plain cookies satisfy the desire for sweets and, when used as described, do no harm. However, children who have never cultivated a taste for sweets do not crave them.

It is almost as essential that children be taught to acquire the right attitude toward food as it is to supply the foods themselves, for "though the food be on the table, if it is not in the child, it can do no good." The right example set by the grown-ups is invaluable; their dislikes should never be discussed or noticed at the table. It proves very satisfactory from many standpoints to base the adults' meals on those planned for the growing children. Not only does it reduce the work in preparing meals, but creates in the children the right attitude toward the food when they see mother and daddy quietly accepting and enjoying the very same things that are on their plates. Slight differences in preparation and a few additions to the basic menu will satisfy grown-up appetites, and the knowledge that this is a part of their child's training will dispel the temporary longing for a piece of mince pie. A pleasant atmosphere and interesting conversation at meal time means that the children will associate food with happy times.

Refusal to eat some essential food requires careful treatment on the part of parents. The child may do this to attract attention; if he fails to get it, the neglected food will in all probability be eaten. If not, the child can, without harm, be allowed to go without food for a while and hunger will soon bring him back to the very dish he refused. Commands, threats and pointed comments should never be used. They are far less effective than the quiet ignoring of these episodes. However if the child exhibits a persistent lack of appetite in spite of a well regulated regime, including plenty of sleep and sunshine and a proper feeding schedule, the doctor should be consulted to determine the cause.

There is nothing that can give greater pleasure or satisfaction to parents than a straight, sturdy, clear-eyed youngster, abounding with life and energy, and nothing can cause greater worry and unhappiness

Continued on page 66

## Make plain food taste better



Of course, we all like to be fancy cooks, especially when we're having company, but unfortunately day by day and meal by meal we have to be plain cooks and keep our families happy with plain foods—and that takes skill and imagination.

As one plain cook to another, do you really appreciate how helpful Knox Sparkling Gelatine can be? It is a food that has hundreds of different uses in making plain foods taste better and go farther.

For example, have you ever taken a few tomatoes and made them into a delicious Knox Salad, as simply and economically as this:

### TOMATO JELLY SALAD

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup cold water    Stalk celery  
2 cups canned or 1 tablespoonful mild  
fresh tomatoes    vinegar or lemon  
1 tablespoonful onion juice  
juice    Few grains salt  
Few grains cayenne or pepper  
1 bay leaf, if desired

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except onion juice and vinegar, and let boil ten minutes. Add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved; then add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Any kitchen cup or bowl will serve as a mold. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise or cooked dressing, or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. The juice of fresh tomatoes makes a delightful salad.

You see, Knox is the real gelatine—it isn't colored and flavored to be used only as a dessert—it is pure, plain gelatine, a food with a daily use—a food that will help you serve better meals and save kitchen dollars. Why not order a package from your grocer? There is enough gelatine inside for four meals and recipes telling you how to use it. And, if you have not already received the Knox books, send in the coupon below—it will bring you ideas, hundreds of recipes and hints, for all kinds of salads, desserts, main dishes, menus, diets (even for reducing).

## KNOX is the real GELATINE

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for Three", "Food Economy" and  
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# INDIAN BRAVE

*Further Adventures of Two Brave Indians — Read Their Story  
— Then Make the Cut-outs and Play Them All Over*

By NORAH HOLDEN



**D**ESPITE the dangers through which they had just passed, Shuben and Acadie were all enthusiasm and set about making themselves comfortable as soon as they had seen their new friends safely off the premises. But first they ran hand in hand quite round their whole dominion and examined all its beauties. Then Shuben settled Acadie with a lapful of rushes, out of which to make blankets, while he went off to get the sticks to build a wigwam. During the morning he caught a tiny fieldmouse whose skin he stretched out to tan in the sun, while he took poor mouse home to make a stew. Acadie had discovered a whole set of acorn dishes for common, and even the half shell of a robin's egg to be used on state occasions. A knuckle bone that once belonged to a too adventurous bossie made an excellent stew pot, and in went the fieldmouse. You might not enjoy fieldmouse for dinner, but Shuben and Acadie thought it delicious, especially when flavored with a bit of wild onion while it was being cooked.

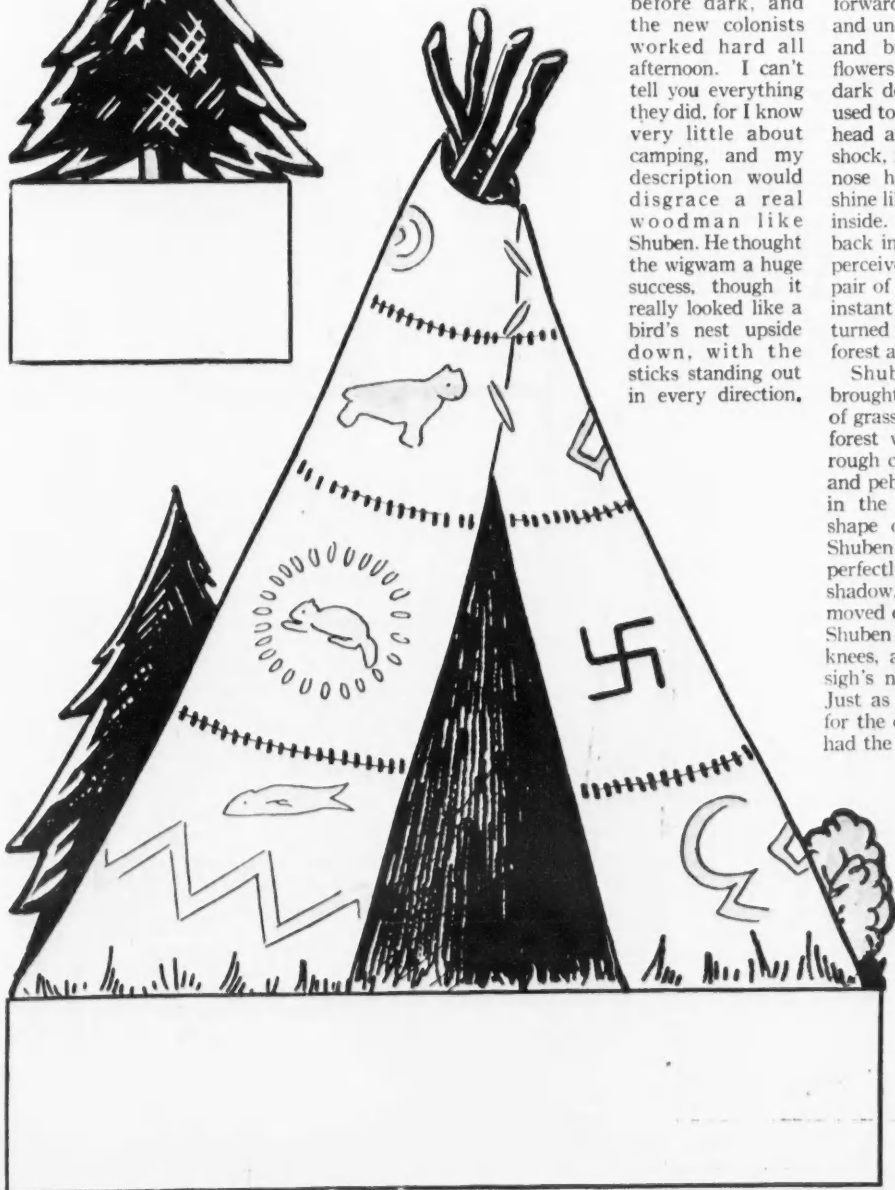
There was a great deal to be done before dark, and the new colonists worked hard all afternoon. I can't tell you everything they did, for I know very little about camping, and my description would disgrace a real woodman like Shuben. He thought the wigwam a huge success, though it really looked like a bird's nest upside down, with the sticks standing out in every direction.

Certainly when they sat down to supper, they were tired out, and not at all prepared for the exciting adventures that are coming next.

They were sitting over the embers of the fire in two minds about going to bed, when they were startled by a strange drumming noise that came from the great forest behind them. It grew rapidly louder and louder and at length, they could make out a more alarming sound under the thud of the war-drums, as they took it to be. A steady slow murmur and rustle was borne down the wind, as though a great army was moving toward the lake. Shuben became so alarmed that he decided to make Acadie get into the canoe, while he went into the tall grasses to find out what was the matter. He promised her that if he were caught, he would give one last whoop of warning and farewell. She shoved off with many protests, and he stole into the dark wood.

Although the great moon made the world outside full of a silvery day, in the wood of tall grasses the little warrior was in darkness. He went forward very cautiously, peering over and under the hanging stems of weeds, and brushing his face against the flowers underneath. Everything was so dark down there that he began to be used to the blackness, and as he put his head around a stem he got a fearful shock, for not a hair's breadth from his nose he spied something gleam and shine like a drop of water with a candle inside. The next second he crashed back into the trees behind, for he had perceived that he was looking into a pair of bright dark eyes! At the same instant the creature, whatever it was, turned and scuttled away toward the forest and the beating noise.

Shuben dashed in pursuit, and brought up on the edge of his own wood of grasses. Between him and the great forest was a patch of clear but very rough country sprinkled with boulders and pebbles. Each pebble and boulder in the clear moonlight had its own shape on the ground beside it, but Shuben soon caught sight of a small, perfectly round stone with a jagged shadow, which even while he watched, moved ever so slightly in his direction. Shuben got down on his hands and knees, and making not so much as a sigh's noise crept toward the enemy. Just as he was going to make a dash for the other side, the creature behind had the same [Continued on page 72]



# SOUR STOMACH



● Get rid of all that sourness and gas. End that bilious headache or any sluggishness caused by too much acid. Put the stomach and bowels in good order. Sweeten the whole system with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Be sure it is this bottle, with the familiar blue wrapper that tells you it is genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. The substitutes are *not* the same, and do *not* get the same results.



MADE IN CANADA

than a pale, listless, underweight child, dull-eyed and irritable. Fortunately, sane, sensible, scientific methods of caring for children are producing young citizens of the former type.

Some menus for children of six years or thereabouts illustrate the points discussed and the recipes included may help to vary the child's menu.

## Vegetable Soup

Use potatoes, carrots, peas, celery, asparagus, spinach or beans; cook in boiling water to barely cover until soft. Press through a sieve and measure two cupfuls of pulp and liquid. Combine the following ingredients:

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 to 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Pint of whole milk

Melt the butter, add the flour and salt and stir until smooth and blended. Add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is thickened. Place over hot water and cook for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the sieved vegetables and cook for eight to ten minutes longer.

## Scraped Beef Balls

With the edge of a spoon, scrape a slice of lean, raw round steak. Gather the meat into a flat cake and cook for ten to fifteen minutes under a low broiler flame.

## Lemon Gelatine Dessert

- 1 Tablespoonful of granulated gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cold water
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of lemon juice

Soften the gelatine for five minutes in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the sugar and salt, stir until dissolved and add the lemon juice. Strain into cold wet molds and allow to set. Serve with custard sauce.

Orange Gelatine is made in the same way, using  $\frac{5}{8}$  cupful of cold water, half cupful of boiling water, half cupful of orange juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and only three to four tablespoonfuls of sugar.

## Cocoa Blanc Mange

- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of cocoa
- $\frac{5}{8}$  Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cold milk
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of scalded milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of vanilla

Mix the cocoa, cornstarch, sugar and salt and combine with the cold milk. Add gradually to the hot milk, stirring constantly and cook over hot water for half an hour, stirring occasionally. Add the vanilla, pour into molds and chill.

If desired beat one egg with a little cold milk and stir into the cooked mixture. Cook for three minutes more before pouring into molds.

## Plain Cookies

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Eggs
- $2\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Tablespoonful of baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming. Add the beaten eggs and mix well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add to the first mixture. Add the vanilla, chill the dough and roll a little at a time on a lightly floured board. Cut with fancy cutters and bake at 350 degrees Fahr. for ten to fifteen minutes.



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For soups, stews, gravies..

FLAVOURFUL!

As a general cooking aid..

INDISPENSABLE!

BECAUSE..IT SUPPLIES THAT  
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Price 15 cents



134



481

380

## IN THE FORMAL MODE

Four Aspects of the Evening Way of Smartness

No. 481—Not too formal for casual evening parties, this graceful frock to be fashioned in chiffons, georgettes, or printed silks. In sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material for dress, with skirt cut crosswise.

No. 134—Graceful and slenderizing, and very becoming for larger figures, is this frock designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with one yard of 35-inch lace.

No. 380—For Sunday night supper parties; for bridge evenings, or the theatre, this style offers a distinctive note. In sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material.

No. 121—There's plenty of charm to the dance frock that wears two perky bows at the waist and shoulder. Designed in sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material.



## FOUR WINNERS IN THE RACE FOR STYLE

The new Fall and Winter Style Book of Chatelaine patterns, with hundreds of distinctive and practical new styles for professional and home dressmakers.

Price 25 cents.

All Chatelaine Patterns are one price—15 cents.



131



520



133



101

No. 131—Equally charming with or without the tiny jacket, this frock offers a number of interesting possibilities in fabric combination—in silk with a lace yoke; in light wools with a contrasting yoke; or in a plain fabric with a brilliantly striped yoke. In sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a yard of 35-inch lace.

No. 520—The chic of simplicity is illustrated in this frock with the smart little flares on the bodice and the gracefully flared skirt. In sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  of a yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

No. 101—There are many variations possible in this frock, in light and dark combinations, or in one color. Note the graceful flared skirt and smart sleeves. It would be smart in black satin with white yoke; or in two shades of a warm color. In sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with one yard of 39-inch contrasting material for the yoke.

No. 133—Here's a style that is equally effective as a sleeveless, cotton frock, or as a long-sleeved crêpe silk or light wool frock for street wear. The folded collar and new treatment of the sleeves are both chic notes. In sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for the long-sleeved dress.

# TO GREET THE EARLY WINTER

A quartette of distinctive frocks that are simply made, and very much in the limelight of the new mode.

Made in Canada from  
Paris and New York designs.



No. 115—To be worn with or without the gay little jacket, this coat frock has an interesting yoke effect on the dress that is very chic. Designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch dark material with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 39-inch light material.



No. 107—The younger figures can wear this type of frock with assurance of smartness—whether in contrasting fabric, or with matching blouse and skirt. In sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material for blouse, with 2 yards of 39-inch material for skirt, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35-inch material for camisole.

No. 104—There's distinction in every line of this new frock with the chic, slanted lines of buttons and graceful belt. In sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting.



No. 138—Nothing more charming—whether in plain fabrics or flowered silks, than this attractive dress in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved dress, with 1 yard of 35-inch contrasting, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of pleating.

The newest styles at  
one price - 15 cents.

# DRESSING THE YOUNGER GENERATION

For mothers to make for wee daughters, or for young daughters to make for themselves for smart Autumn wear



137

139

No. 139—The cape of this jaunty frock buttons to the dress, and may be removed, leaving another smart frock. Designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; and in 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 35-inch contrasting and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of ribbon.

No. 113—The circular skirt emphasizes the cross-over brief bodice in this very pretty dress for little girls, aged 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

No. 125—Two fabrics may be used to achieve this dainty little frock. Designed in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material for short-sleeved dress, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 32-inch contrasting material—a particularly pretty dress.

No. 105—When school girls are beginning to worry about the cut of their frock—let them wear this smart jacket frock that is so nice for school. In sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents.

No. 137—Swagger as can be, and gracefully youthful, this frock that is particularly good for the young girl in business. In sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; and 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35 or 39-inch material, with  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch contrasting for jacket.

No. 156—This adorable little frock has bloomers to match, and is made with long or short sleeves. In sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material, with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting material.



156

125

113

105

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



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forget fatigue

Archgrip Shoes nurse the  
arch, easing foot strain,  
giving refreshing sup-  
port. Walk all day —  
dance at night —

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ECONOMY.

SOLD THROUGHOUT  
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Ask your dealer—or write  
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**BLACHFORD SHOE**  
Manufacturing Co., Limited  
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An especially attractive gift for  
the bride-to-be and for every  
woman who travels—the new  
Selective Aeropack by McBride.  
Carries a complete wardrobe—  
dresses on separate removable  
rollers. Garments cannot wrinkle  
or crease. Ward-  
robe fixture may  
be removed and  
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Selective Aero-  
pack is easier to  
pack and unpack.  
Write for booklet  
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Co. Ltd.,  
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**MCBRIDE**  
AROUND THE WORLD  
BAGGAGE

"In shape he is like a spider. But we  
know the little wood spiders. We bow, and  
stop to speak as we pass. But this monster  
is the size of the moon, and as round. A  
moon of darkness that swings by a thick  
silken rope, and then descends out of the  
sky to scatter destruction and death. If you,  
great chief, could but condescend to lend  
your mighty wits to assist us, we might  
conquer him, but if you will not, alas!" And  
the old sinner turned his eyes up to heaven.

The look of saintly resignation in his  
bulging eyes was changed at that moment  
into one of frozen horror. Shuben looked up  
quickly. Acadie uttered a piercing scream,  
and at the instant, the whole camp was  
thrown into the wildest confusion. For not  
a foot over their heads dangled the most  
frightful monster Shuben ever hoped to  
behold.

He had come so silently that not a creature  
had heard him, and there he swayed to and  
fro, with a hideous grin on his fat, shapeless  
face. He had eight monstrous legs which he  
drew in and let out with a wicked glee, while  
every second his mottled shape came nearer  
and nearer.

Stunned for a moment Shuben seized  
Acadie in his arms and leaped with her  
clear of the pile of eggs into the struggling  
mass below. He forced his way through to  
the edge of the clearing, where he could get  
a view of the enemy. The big tarantula was  
hanging by a thick cord from an upper limb  
of the same fir tree from which Shuben  
himself had descended. The glow-worms had  
deserted at the first sign of danger, and the  
awful scene was lighted only by the moon.  
With amazing courage, the ants were  
endeavoring to rescue a few of their eggs,  
but even as Shuben and Acadie watched,  
the black cloud descended and blotted out  
the greater part of the pile, and many of  
the brave little soldiers, too. A cry of rage  
and fear went up, and the rest of the army  
fled in all directions. Shuben thrust Acadie  
under a weed and started for the pine-tree.  
The tarantula's rope was still dangling from  
the limb. Shouting his war-cry, Shuben  
caught himself up, hand over hand, from  
twig to twig and branch to branch, until  
he was within reach of the silken shining  
ladder. Seizing it sailor-fashion, he slid  
down it until he was directly above the  
monster. Then he let fly with his spear,  
straight at the creature's head. The taran-  
tula turned on his back, and, reaching for  
the end of the rope, enclosed Shuben in his  
terrible grip. Acadie covered her face with  
her hands, and a long wail went up for the  
champion whom all thought lost. But  
Shuben, struggling with all his might in that  
paralyzing grip, succeeded in getting an  
arm free, and with it his hunting knife.  
The poisonous head struck up at him, but  
in the same instant he drove his knife deep  
in the unprotected throat. The black blood  
spurted into the air, his relentless feet fell  
away limp, and the tarantula crashed back  
amid a welter of eggs, dead as a doornail!

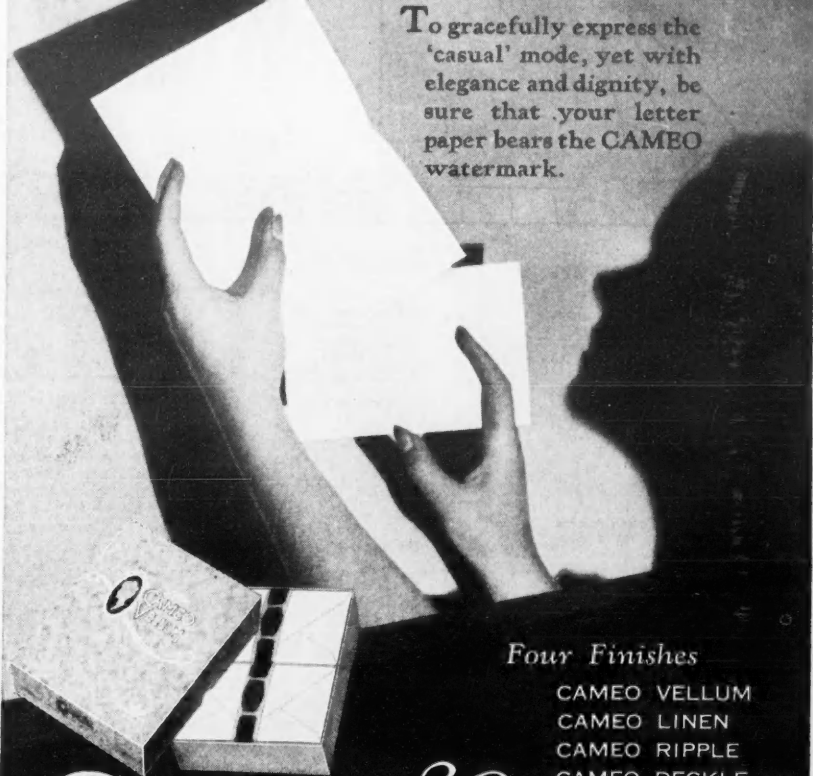
Such a shout as went up from the little  
black people! They seized on Shuben and  
lifted him high above their heads, all gory  
and glorious. Acadie was so amazed, and  
so delighted to find herself the wife of a  
hero that she forgot all the harsh things she  
had meant to say to him for leaving her  
under the dandelion, and wept all over him  
instead. Old Strawberry, whom they found  
under a heap of the slain with three legs  
broken, but still able to breathe piety and  
reverend sentiment, declared he had recog-  
nized his calibre from the first, and clasped  
him to what he had left of a breastplate.

In short there was enough rejoicing and  
flattery to turn the head of a Lindbergh,  
much more a little savage who had only  
been one day in his native forest. So Acadie  
decided to take him home before he was  
quite spoiled, and the little people bore them  
back in triumph to their own wigwam and  
their own lake.



## Obviously-in Good Taste

To gracefully express the  
'casual' mode, yet with  
elegance and dignity, be  
sure that your letter  
paper bears the CAMEO  
watermark.



Four Finishes

CAMEO VELLUM  
CAMEO LINEN  
CAMEO RIPPLE  
CAMEO DECKLE

**CAMEO Stationery**  
a Barber-Ellis product

## BUY A CANARY FOR YOUR HOME



With his song of cheer—from a  
throat so small  
A message a bird sends out to all  
Is "try to be happy"—a thing we  
all need,  
So give him your help—by use of  
"Brock's" seed.

Plan now to buy a canary for your home—or as a gift to someone. You will  
be well repaid by the money you invest in a canary. Daily he will cheer you  
in tuneful song and gay companionship. But when Dick is trilling merrily  
from his cage make sure you feed him the best feed.

Brock's Bird Seed is prepared from selected seed gathered from the four  
corners of the earth, and correctly blended to give your bird the diet he  
should have to keep him in good health and song.

Mail the coupon for a generous free sample of Brock's Bird Seed and a sample  
of Brock's Bird Treat—a wonderful bird tonic that every canary needs.

**BROCK'S BIRD  
SEED**  
and BIRD TREAT

Mail the  
Coupon



**Free Sample  
Coupon**

NICHOLSON & BROCK, LIMITED,  
125 George Street, Toronto 2.  
Dear Sirs: Please send me FREE, as advertised,  
a sample package of Brock's Bird Seed, enough  
for one week, and a sample of Brock's Bird Treat  
Name.....  
Address.....

320

33



## Lowest Prices in History of Chatelaine

IT IS so Easy, Economical and Satisfactory . . . to give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to the many friends you wish to remember at this joyous Season!

"Chatelaine" for Christmas Until Next Christmas is a Gift that will not be stowed away and forgotten when the Tree is dismantled.

### FOUR GIFTS for ONLY \$2.



# Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

for Christmas—Until Next Christmas

### New Low Prices on Gift Orders!

Single Orders . . . . . \$1.00 each

4 or More . . . . . 50¢ each

(one of which may be your personal subscription)

Orders in excess of 4 . . . 75¢ each 50¢

A Gift Order covers all Issues of next year, and so long as copies are available will also include the Christmas Issue of the present year. These Prices are for Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions. For United States and Possessions and Mexico, add 50c. per year per Order. For all other countries add \$1.00 per year per Order.

If your Gifts should be for present Subscribers, they will be entered to extend those Subscriptions, and Gift Cards will go forward just the same as though they were new Subscriptions.

Mail Your Orders Early

CHATELAINE.

153 University Avenue,  
Toronto 2, Ontario.

Date . . . . .

Please send Your Magazine, to each of the following for the whole of next year—the Christmas Issue of this year, if available, and my Personal Greetings and Good Wishes on a Gift Card supplied by you, to reach them as nearly as possible to Christmas Morning.

I am enclosing \$ . . . . . in payment of this order.

(1) Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

(2) Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

(3) Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

(4) Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

(5) Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

(6) Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

The Gift Card to carry Personal Greetings of } Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .

If your Gift List is larger than provided for on this coupon, attach a plain sheet of paper to contain the extra names and addresses; and write your own name and address on the extra sheet, to identify it.

NOV.

## Indian Brave

Continued from page 67

idea and they nearly knocked each other down!

The scout whom Shuben had surprised was not up to his knee, but he was armed to the teeth, and dressed completely in black armor. He had enormous eyes, and considerably more than the usual quota of legs, which he seemed very nimble at using. For as Shuben made a pass at him, he flung three of his spears with very bad aim and took to all six of his legs, with the best will in the world. Shuben pursued him, but the scout vanished into the great forest before the little warrior was halfway across the open. He was now very much frightened, and every moment expected the scout to come back with five or six friends.

"Poor Acadie," he thought. "She has seen the last of me." He could have wept for pure pity of them both.

But as the party who were to finish him off had not yet appeared, he picked up courage and the three spears with which his foe had missed him, and felt almost bold enough to go on. Very soon his curiosity got the better of him, and he crept into the great forest.

At last he began almost to be deafened by the noise of the drums, and climbing to the lower branches of a sweeping hemlock, he saw, not far ahead, a multitude of tiny lights. Going a little higher up and out, he found himself looking down into the strangest encampment imaginable. He now discovered that the lights were given off by a large body of glow-worms pitched in a huge circle, and burning busily to illumine their masters within. These were a multitude of creatures similar to the one whom Shuben had found at his post in the wood of grasses. They were squatting about a pile of white, oblong objects which Shuben took to be ammunition of some sort. While he was watching amazed, he saw some of the small fry hustling into the centre the very sentry whom he had encountered. The poor fellow bowed and scraped with great humility, apparently much distressed by the loss of his arms. His news seemed to make the assembly very uneasy. The drums beat ominously, and the elders had to go about quieting their troops. There was much head-wagging all around.

"Can it be," thought Shuben, "that for some reason they are afraid of me?" He puffed out his chest at that, but his pride was only a second ahead of catastrophe. Looking down, he saw that there was a row going on among the glow-worms on the other side of the circle. They were all collected in a bunch about a dark object, which they were pushing and hustling toward the centre. Shuben did not want to believe his eyes. But first he saw one pigtail, and then the other, then he spied a bit of wampum and a moccasin.

"But surely Acadie would have more sense!"

But Acadie it was!

The guards brought her to a standstill before the amazed elders. She was crying bitterly, poor little soul, and though she deserved all that might happen to her, Shuben knew there was only one thing for him to do, as a gentleman and a warrior. He crawled out resignedly to the end of his branch, gathered his lungs together and uttering the whoop of a lifetime, sprang down into the camp! He landed on all fours and nearly turned a somersault, but the assembly were suitably impressed. They sprang to arms, and advanced with a threatening murmur on the reckless strangers. Shuben drew his bow to all quarters at once, while Acadie seconded him with a few steps of a very lively war-dance. Altogether the company decided they were a game pair, and worthy of respect even in their present difficult situation. Several of the elders came up and tried to parley, waving their feelers and wagging their heads. Shuben tried to explain himself in the best English, but all the elders did was to stop their ears. One old counsellor in rusty armor stood his

ground however, and with his head on one side listened intently to Shuben's words. The latter, who was nearly frantic by this time, leaned over and shouted, "We're colonists, what are you?"

"We don't know what we are!"

"What disrespect to my grey hairs! Perhaps you don't know what you're doing here either?"

"Ask her!" said Shuben grimly.

But Acadie was equal to the occasion. Giving Shuben a black and saucy look, she flung herself down on one knee in a melting attitude, and cried,

"Two young and innocent strangers, reverend father, who, drawn by the great spectacle of your camp, come to crave your protection and assistance in making a home to grace your kingdom."

The old ant waved his feelers condescendingly above her head and went off to whisper with a couple of others.

"You and your long words!" hissed Shuben. "Why couldn't you stay in the canoe like a good girl?"

"Why couldn't you come home at a decent hour?" replied Acadie with a vicious nudge.

The elderly counsellor, who cherished as a great honor the name of Strawberry, laid a feeler gently on Acadie's shoulder.

"Despite the sad memories you recall, we find it in our hearts to pity you. Are you alone, my daughter, with this young person?"

"Don't trust him," whispered Shuben.

"All alone," replied the rash woman, though she went pale when Strawberry smiled at her grimly.

"But we will sell our lives dearly," shouted Shuben, "and give you jam stealers something to remember us by."

"That word! Spare us! But so they always were, hasty and inconsiderate. Our logic would have moved gods, yet they moped us away." Strawberry glared fiercely at Shuben.

The assembly had become more and more riotous. The throng pressed in closely upon the two captives. Shuben decided to take the bull by the horns, and backing toward the pile of what he took for shells, he shouted, "Let us go, or I'll blow every one of you into the middle of next week."

He struck a light from his tinder box and, snatching a feather from his head-dress, set it aflame and waved it above the precious pile. If the shell-like objects really had been full of gunpowder, the assembly could not have been cast into greater confusion. The elders desperately attempted to quiet the soldiers, and old Strawberry fell on his knees before them, shouting the magic word, "Eggs!"

"Join us, do not destroy us, great warrior," he cried. "Our tribe is in the most terrible danger. We are carrying those same precious eggs that you spurn from your lordly toes, out of reach of an enemy whom we dread even more than we reverence you. Be our ally, our leader. Only spare our eggs."

At this wholly satisfactory turn of affairs, Shuben condescended to parley.

"What's all this?" he enquired.

"Great chief," exclaimed Strawberry. "But a little while ago we lived happy, a settled community, under a log on the beach by the mighty river. There, one morning, our scouts reported strange and terrible events in the upper world. A ship had gone aground on an island not far out. Thereafter strange cargo came to us wreckers on shore; great golden globes of fruit on which we grew fat, and a whole tree of yellow things, which I had heard of, called bananas. We stripped the tree, and there in the middle we came upon him. We took him for dead, but at the tread of our young men on his armor he awoke, and with but one of his eight legs he slew a whole suburb of our people. We fled and he pursued. He found our log, he found our eggs. These few we rescued with untold labor. But even now he may be upon us."

"What is it, do you know?" asked Shuben.



## Owner Loyalty is a Big Factor in Oldsmobile Leadership!

**I**T'S a refreshing experience—talking Oldsmobile with an Oldsmobile owner. He may not dwell long on the car's smart appearance . . . he knows you take it for granted, just as you do the fact that Oldsmobile has all the latest features. But watch him get enthusiastic when you ask about performance. He'll tell you how Oldsmobile laughs at high hills and rough roads . . . skims silkily over highways at top speeds . . . nimbly threads its way through traffic.

And on the subjects of stamina, long life, and economy—now you've struck the pet themes of your Oldsmobile owner. You'll hear him say, "My car's as smooth and peppy this minute as the day I got it, and my speedometer reads in five figures. It just seems to be built so well it can't wear down. Ordinary

running expenses, like gas and oil, are far lower than I figured. And I never have to worry about repair bills."

We urge you to talk to your friends who own Oldsmobiles. They'll give you the facts—for these men and women represent that great group of owners whose loyalty is conceded to be one of the biggest individual factors in Oldsmobile's established price class leadership.

There's an Oldsmobile dealer in your community. Won't you accept his cordial invitation to inspect and drive the Six and Straight-Eight? He'll make a liberal allowance on your present car, and explain the advantages of GMAC, General Motors' own financing system, with the lowest carrying charges in the automobile industry.

## OLDSMOBILE SIX and EIGHT

# Meals of the Month

## Thirty Menus for November

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute Staff.

1 BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	16 BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
Sliced Oranges Muffins Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Spanish Rice Head Lettuce with French Dressing Canned Pears Wafers Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea	Orange Juice Oatmeal Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Waldorf Salad Fresh Coffee Cake Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Diced Turnips Cranberry Pie Coffee Tea
Stewed Prunes Grape-Nuts Plain Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cold Sliced Corned Beef Pan-fried Potatoes Celery Fruit Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Baked Spare-ribs Creamed Potatoes Canned Spinach Cocoanut Blanc Mange Coffee Tea	Apple Sauce Bread and Hot Milk Raisin Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Lemon Tarts Tea Cocoa	Broiled Liver Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Orange Custard Coffee Tea
Baked Apples Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Bacon Scalloped Corn Toasted Muffins (from Wednesday) or Crackers Jam Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Raspberry Cup Cakes Coffee Tea	Grapefruit Muffins Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Lettuce with Dressing Biscuits Tea Grape Jelly Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Boiled Potatoes Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
Grapefruit Corn Flakes Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Sweet Pickles Canned Raspberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Broiled Halibut Steaks Mashed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	Stewed Apricots Wheatena Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Salmon Croquettes (use left-over salmon) Fruit Jelly—Whipped Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes Parsnips Apple Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
Roman Meal with Chopped Dates Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Peppers Chili Sauce Brown Rolls Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Kidney Stew Baked Potatoes Carrots Individual Baked Custards Coffee Tea	Chilled Tomato Juice Puffed Rice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Mushrooms on Toast with Bacon Curls Fruit Salad Wafers Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Apple Rings Franconia Potatoes Diced Beets Apricot Tapioca Coffee Tea
Sliced Bananas and Oranges Bran Flakes Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Croutons Mixed Fruit Salad Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Fried Oysters with Lemon Riced Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Chocolate Pie Coffee Tea	Oranges Roman Meal Scones Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Oyster Stew Saltines Sliced Bananas Toasted Scones Tea Cocoa	Mulligatawny Soup Cold Sliced Pork Baked Stuffed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
Apple Sauce Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Creamed Salmon on Toast Stewed Prunes (cook enough for Tuesday) Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea	Prunes with Lemon Grape-Nuts Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Canned Corned Beef French Fried Potatoes Canned Blueberries Drop Cakes Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Onions Potato Souffle Stewed Tomatoes Lettuce Salad Cocoanut Cream Pie Coffee Tea
Prunes Bread and Milk Bran Gems Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Baked Beans Brown Rolls Dill Pickles Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Sliced Pot Roast Creamed Potatoes Diced Beets Roly-poly Pudding Coffee Tea	Corn Meal with Chopped Dates French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese Jellied Prunes Nut Bars Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Buttered Carrots Banana Short Cake with Cream Coffee Tea
Tomato Juice Red River Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie India Relish Biscuits Tea Jam Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Peas Caramel Junket Coffee Tea	Baked Apple Bread and Milk Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Cocoa	Chicken Soup with Rice Stuffed Celery Crackers Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Baked Potatoes Squash Fruit Gelatine Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
Raw Apple Puffed Wheat Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Potato Salad Preserved Plums Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	Grapefruit and Orange Juice All-Bran Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Sardine Salad Brown Bread Crackers Tea Jam Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Fried Oysters with Lemon Sections Creamed Potatoes Canned Spinach Steamed Carrot Pudding Coffee Vanilla Sauce Tea
Oranges Corn Meal Mush Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Cocoa	Spanish Omelet Waffles Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Boiled Cod Fish Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Potato Soup Cold Meats Mustard Pickles Canned Peaches Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Steak with Onions Brown Gravy Boiled Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Chocolate Ice Cream Cookies Coffee Tea
Stewed Figs Grape-Nuts Creamed Cod Fish on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Lyonnais Potatoes Banana and Walnut Salad Hot Chocolate Tea Cocoa	Ox-tail Soup (Vegetable Plate) Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Creamed Carrots Cole Slaw with Pimientos Steamed Ginger Pudding Coffee Tea	Malaga Grapes Tiny Sausages Waffles Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Assorted Sandwiches Dill Pickles White Layer Cake Caramel Filling and Frosting Hot Chocolate Tea Cocoa	Roast Duck Apple Sauce Baked Sweet Potatoes Creamed Celery Lemon Foam Coffee Tea
Grapefruit Bacon French Toast Coffee Maple Syrup Cocoa	Mixed Vegetable Salad Nut and Olive Sandwiches Baked Apple with Marshmallows Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Broiled Steak Mashed Potatoes Squash Creamy Rice Mold Coffee Tea	Sliced Bananas Farina Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cheese Toast and Bacon Baked Apple with Jelly Left-over Cake Tea Cocoa	Bean Soup Noodle Ring with Creamed Chipped Beef Harvard Beets Fruit Salad Coffee Tea
Cream of Wheat with Raisins Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Cocoa	Finnan Haddie on Toast Ice Cream with Butterscotch Sauce Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Head Lettuce Salad Baked Pumpkin Custard Coffee Tea	Oranges Shredded Wheat Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Buttered Carrots Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee Tea
Bananas Corn Flakes Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Frankfurters Pan-fried Potatoes Celery Canned Strawberries Ice-box Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Creamed Potatoes Buttered Onions Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee Tea	Apple Sauce Cracked Wheat Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Cabbage Salad Caramel Junket Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Veal Scalloped Potatoes Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea

Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of the Chatelaine each month.

*- Mossfield* **BLANKETS** *are an essential part of the Christmas picture*



"John, how lovely!"

"I've so often heard you say how you loved Mossfield Blankets—that I decided that you should have them this Christmas, dear."

## Value

The beautiful sentiment of Christmas can well be marked by real value in the selected gift. This season, perhaps profoundly, our thoughts dwell on the real worth we put into our gift selection.

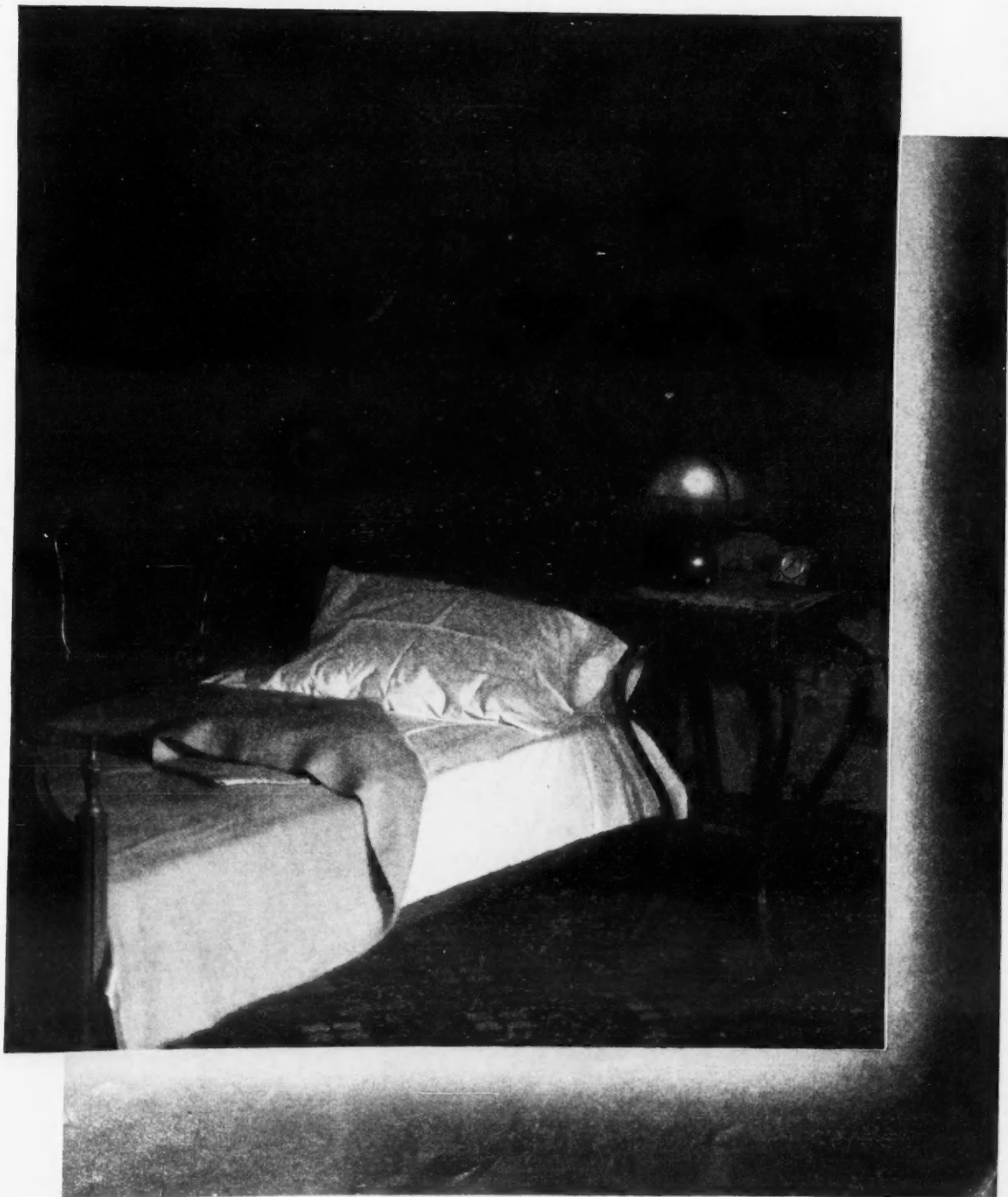
In Mossfield Blankets is found that intrinsic worth that on Christmas days for years to come will recall this year's Christmas gift.

*Mossfield*  
**BLANKETS and  
COMFORTERS**

Whites • Colours • Plaids

Lively textures—

Handsome patterns—



# « This Month With Our Advertisers »»

**A**GAIN and again in watching a woman turn the pages of a new magazine, I am impressed with her continuous interest in the advertising pages as well as in the editorial matter. Obviously, these days advertisements are an important part in the complete impression made by a magazine. And why not? Advertisers use the work of brilliant artists, writers and trained advertising men to present their story. They must constantly discover ingenious new ways of attracting interest. They must build prestige for their product; must make friends with the readers; must, above all, give them the urge to buy. Surely, the problem of an author who sets out to tell a good story is far more simple! Each advertisement represents the sum total of many minds' activity. And it must, in every instance "make good."

I know that already you have turned the pages of this pre-Christmas issue, and stopped again and again at the powerful advertising presentations. And bearing in mind our realization of just how much information we gain from the advertising columns and pages, they are more interesting than ever. I was particularly struck with the rich harmonies of color used in Simmons' announcement of their new Graceline furniture in color—the Institute recently used this very furniture as the basis for an article on color in the bedroom. In this case, the unusual and vivid colors that combine a plum-red carpet with the delicate green of the furniture and walls, stops us instantly. There's a lesson in interior decoration there for all to read.

Chateau Cheese, an old friend of *Chatelaine's*, is back again with a brilliantly colored page that attains distinction through its clever use of white space. See how the box of Chateau cheese with the bar of white above it, is brought forcefully to our attention. And turn, with me, to the page for Mossfield blankets, and their Christmas suggestion. We are given a large presentation of the actual blanket, set against the Christmas background, and an interesting photograph in color of a decorative bedroom, showing just how harmonious the right blanket can be . . . everything to sell a blanket! General Motors presents another exquisite Canadian painting with their new Chevrolet Six advertisement. Have you ever considered the value of these regular presentations of the best Canadian paintings? I understand that thousands of school teachers are using them to familiarize their pupils with the best in Canadian art—one of the values of advertising that I forgot to mention last month in my general listing of what every chatelaine could learn—and obtain—from our advertisers.

**A**FTER working very hard to obtain a powerful "human interest" photograph for our story on the work of the telephone girl in "City Order," I can appreciate to the full the beautiful photography in the page for the Hoover electric cleaner. Can't you feel the life—the vivid interest—and the up-to-the-minute character of this young chatelaine? And how interesting to see the new development in the type of advertisement—electric vacuums used to be advertised by stressing their mechanical devices; now the Hoover Company bases its presentations on the fact that every woman can possess one—from the "cottagey bride" to the richest woman in the world!

Palmolive's graceful girl before her mirror, to my mind, is born to be the centre of a magazine romance, and spells all that one associates with a rose-petal

skin. Wonder if we couldn't get some author to write her story, and say in a footnote "See page so-and-so for the heroine of this tale, and the reason the handsome hero fell in love with her!"

Another vivid page is given in the Pepsodent toothpaste ad. Here we have all that's needed to tell the Pepsodent story—the scientist with his microscope—the vividly pretty girl—even the film on the teeth to be impressed on our minds! . . . I think that the heading on the page for Libby's sauerkraut is particularly catchy—"Do your health a favor!" The broad streamer on which the three delicious dishes are photographed give a dramatic smash to the page.

All the women who have loved *Chatelaine's* baby covers will be enchanted with the Borden baby, with his grin, his curls and his twinkling eyes. See the clever psychology in this page? Undoubtedly that baby is "one hundred per cent"—and our instinctive thought is "How was he brought up?" The advertisement answers it—and offers a valuable baby booklet too.

The beautiful Elizabeth Arden model is with us again in a striking beauty presentation, linked with the perfection of the lilies—a good idea to link flower-beauty so definitely with the Elizabeth Arden preparations.

**A**MONG the interesting single columns is that of Western Canada Flour, advertising their famous Purity flour. I spent some time last night poring over the very clever cook book they have published; it has many advantages, among them, large type that can easily be read at a distance, and a binding that allows the book to open flat on the table. Recipes are modern and among the practical information every woman wants are many new serving combinations in the way of flavorings and sauces, as well as some delicious new recipes. Illustrations are in full color—and particularly tempting.

There's vivid color contrast in the Old Dutch page, which uses the Old Dutch cleaning sponge they are offering to impress their famous character on our minds . . . Illustrating the constant search for new ideas, is the Pond's page which uses the photograph of a well-known society leader as she is today, and as she was seven years ago. This is the first time, to my knowledge that this has been done. Have you ever noticed the idea before?

Finally a word of appreciation for the adorable youngster in his fuzzy bonnet who sells the idea of Lux soap to us; and for the dramatic photograph of the young woman in two poses, scrubbing the floors and in her evening dress—much after the thought behind Annabelle Lee's beauty page this month. Campana's Italian Balm, in advertising their new package, do it with an unusual and very striking photograph of a girl's head . . . And see how the unexpected treatment of the head in the ad. for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—in the old wood-block effect—stops us; an original presentation! . . . Delightful idea for a flowered spread and Canadian rug in the Andrew Malcolm advertisement for their distinctive Colonial furniture; and a nice ad. for Diamond dyes which are now featuring the most delicate tints as well as their famous, solid colors.

And so—a long month to enjoy this issue—until the Christmas one. Till then—

*Byrne Hop Sanders.*

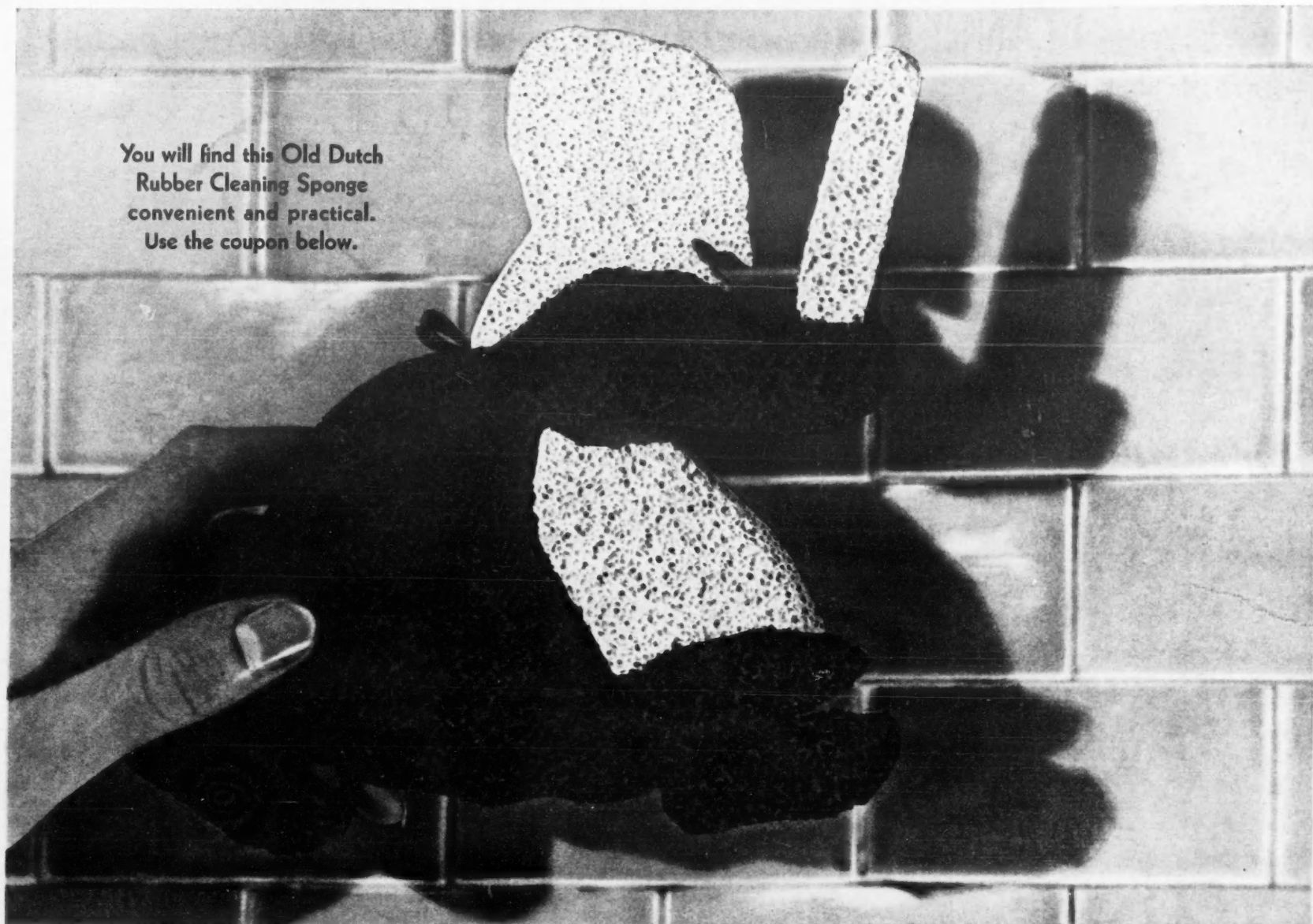
CHATELAINE'S

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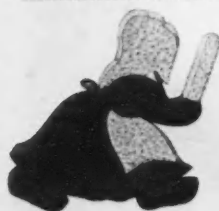
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